

WALES

ED ARTHUR'S

# Glory No More

underground operations  
from Cuba to Watergate

by Mike Wales

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Glory No More

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# Glory No More

by Mike Wales

*"If I didn't know Ed Arthur I wouldn't believe it — stranger than fiction and as topical as the morning newspaper."*

William W. Turner, author of *The Cuba Project* to be published by Houghton Mifflin and former member of the FBI in the 1950s and 60s when the events of this book were taking place.

Some men attract danger and excitement like a magnet. Such a man is Ed Arthur. You met him in *Sgt. Ed Arthur's NAM* by Ulf Goebel, meet him again in *Glory No More* by Mike Wales.

Arthur matched wits with the Ton Ton Macautes, the assassination brigade of Haitian Dictator Francois Duvalier in 1963, to spirit Clement Benoit, former Counsel General, out of Nassau to the safety of the United States.

Thrust into the limelight by this activity, Arthur was approached by a group which offered him \$90,000 to assassinate Castro. He turned his back on the entire scheme, believing it to have been concocted by the Mafia, which had its own score to settle with Castro.

Disillusioned by Castro's Russian commitment, Arthur threw in with the Cuban exiles, where he met Frank Fiorini, alias Frank Sturgis of Watergate break-in fame.

Arthur is a man who can not remain uninvolved, a modern day soldier of fortune. *Glory No More* takes you behind the scenes in a well documented story of CIA, FBI and other underground activities as one man actually lived it.

**ED ARTHUR'S**

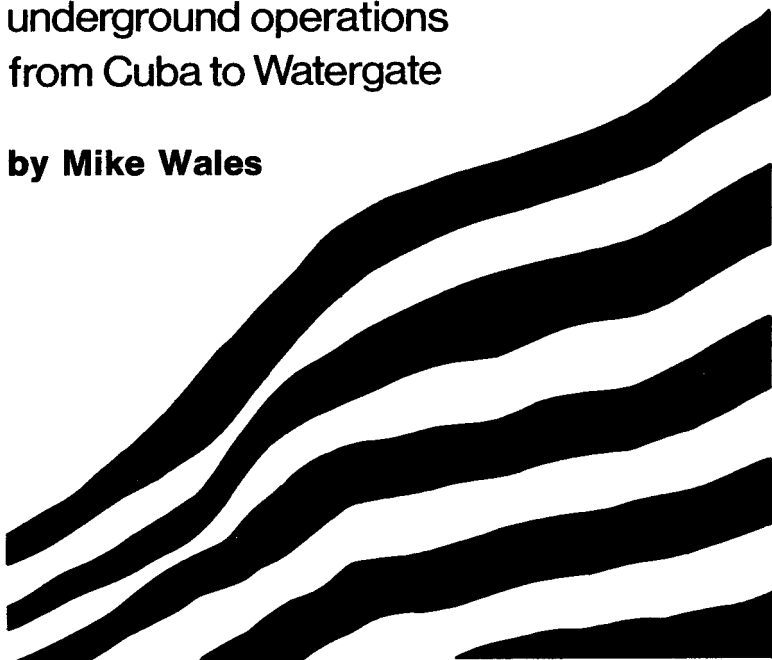
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underground operations  
from Cuba to Watergate

**by Mike Wales**



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*What I feel for these people would be very difficult to put into words.*

*Ed Arthur*





*This book is dedicated to the  
people of The United States  
of America, the greatest people  
on this earth.*

*Ed Arthur*



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**ED ARTHUR'S**

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**Glory No More**

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## CHAPTER I

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### *A Strange Kind of Foreign Policy*

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In 1959 Fidel Castro Ruz became premier and supreme ruler of the largest island in the West Indies group. In the weeks and months that followed, thousands of men, women, and children suffered and died as this convicted murderer, one-time lawyer, revolutionary, and Communist turned Cuba into a land of nightmares. Night after night, Castro's militia dragged people from their homes and hustled them away to stand before a kangaroo court, then a stone wall.

Thousands more were tortured while languishing in prison on the Isle of Pines.

For every bullet-punctured body that fell into the Cuban dust and every pain-induced shriek that echoed from the walls of the Isle of Pines prison, those men who have been in power in the United States government since 1955 should give a shudder and burn a candle. Their hands are stained and their souls are marked.

It was through the assistance of the United States that Fidel Castro rose to power. As his power rapidly turned into the most vicious kind of dictatorship, our government took

little notice. Eventually, Castro began nationalizing American-owned firms. Not until then did our government publicly state that it was somewhat upset with the unkempt leader's methods.

It was a strange kind of foreign policy, and it became even stranger.

The fact is that we had chosen to back a loser not in the sense that he lost the revolution, but that we lost Cuba as a friend in the Caribbean. It was a long time before our State Department would admit this fact. Castro's rampant slaughter of his countrymen brought a worldwide outcry but no action. Just another South American revolution, they said. After all, hasn't it always been this way? The winner takes all, including the opposition's lives. In a few years someone else will come along — another strong man — and it will happen all over again.

But in Cuba it hasn't happened. Castro is still there and the Cuban people are still being subjected to the same old Nazi tactics. The stone wall and the torture chamber are still getting a workout.

How could it have happened? How could the biggest nation in the world with the finest intelligence apparatus in existence allow Fidel Castro Ruz to take power? Dozens of knowledgeable writers have asserted that the United States government's Central Intelligence Agency had to know that Castro was a handmaiden of the Soviet Union.

Even if the CIA had somehow missed on Castro, there was no excuse for making the same mistake in the case of Dr. Ernesto (Che) Guevara. Guevara was a Moscow-trained military and revolutionary genius. Without his guidance, Castro would still be blathering away from the heights of the Escambray or long since dead and forgotten. Guevara paid the supreme price for his Communist beliefs on October 10,

1967, when he was shot and killed in Bolivia.

And what about those American adventurers who joined Castro in the Escambray, then left him to return to the United States with warnings that he was a hard-core Communist bent on Russianizing Cuba? Why were they ignored? Why weren't such men as Frank Fiorini and Niell Macauley heeded? Macauley had more reason than anyone else to know what Castro was considering. It was he who trained and commanded the maniacal ex-lawyer's firing squads before he sickened of it and finally returned to Florida.

Did the CIA never read the stories filed by journalists who had remained in Cuba? These newsmen wrote from firsthand observation about the swift erosion of the old Cuba into what it is today — a Russian stronghold grinning down Uncle Sam's throat.

Such top writers as Denne Bart Petitclerc, a *Miami Herald* correspondent in Havana, kept firing back stories about how Castro, in Russian fashion, was putting up pictures of himself in every school and forming children's brigades which today are crack militia. Nathaniel Weyl, author of *Red Star Over Cuba*, was accurately describing the situation in Cuba long before he published his book, labeling the Castro-Guevara takeover the "Russian assault on the Western Hemisphere."

Yet the United States government under Dwight D. Eisenhower, who took office in 1953 and left it in 1961, seemed to have a blind side when it came to Castro.

Perhaps the answer can be found in another man who made history during the same time span — Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R-Wis.), the all-time, number one hunter and baiter of Communists. Because of McCarthy's over-zealousness in ferreting out spies, and his subsequent fate, America had become inured to the wolf cry. Ironically, it

may have been McCarthy who inadvertently brought about the biggest Communist threat this country has ever faced. People had grown tired of hearing cries of “Communist!” from every quarter. They had begun to think that if indeed there were as many Communists in the State Department and Washington as the Senator from Wisconsin claimed, we might as well hand the country over to the Russians, because they had us outnumbered anyway.

So when the cry of “Communist!” went up again a few short years later in the Caribbean, people just were not listening. We had had Joe McCarthy and we had had the Korean Conflict and that was enough. Let the strutting fellow down there in Cuba shoot off his mouth. Who cared?

With the same kind of mental block, the United States government failed to act until its shameful Bay of Pigs attempt during the Kennedy administration. As a result, America is today in a precarious military position. The balance of power has been changed and a door has been opened for Communist takeover of South America, a situation even now developing. What is just as distressing to people who love their country is the fact that a megalomaniac has free rein to taunt and imprison Americans whenever it suits him.

John F. Kennedy inherited the Cuban problem. Then he compounded the felony by failure to back his own CIA-planned invasion. The Bay of Pigs defeat lost face for America all over the world; brought chuckles from both Russia and China; and all but convinced the Organization of American States that we were exactly what China had labeled us — a paper tiger whose claws were covered with the mildew of time and dulled by complacency.

On April 17, 1961, some 1,500 Cuban exiles hit the marshy beach at the Bay of Pigs. Those who weren't killed were captured and spent the next twenty months in fear,

confusion, and bitterness as prisoners on the Isle of Pines. Today the bitterness is still sharp and salty on their tongues. Talk to any one of the more than half a million Cuban exiles in the United States today. Whether he was a veteran of the Bay of Pigs invasion attempt or not, he will speak of John Kennedy and the CIA in terms laced with hate. Or talk to such men as United States Army Captain (Ret.) Hugo Sueiro Rios and Thomas Cruz, the tall, dignified Negro lawyer. Both stormed ashore with Assault Brigade 2506, hearts filled with hope that soon the monster who held their country in his claws would fall. Both will tell you today that victory was theirs until Kennedy went back on his promise and failed to provide air cover.

No one knows what intricate plans had been formulated behind the prisonlike walls of the giant CIA complex in Langley, Virginia. We do know that the Bay of Pigs failure brought about the retirement of the CIA's Director of Plans, Richard M. Bissell, Jr. Though the collapse of the invasion — almost before the rebels had emptied their rifles — was brought about by Kennedy's decision not to send air support, someone had to pay the price of the defeat.

Former CIA director Allen Dulles, in his book titled *The Craft of Intelligence* (published in 1963), ardently defended his CIA's action at the Bay of Pigs. He pointed that the decision not to send in planes was a command decision on the part of the government, and not the doing of his super-secret agency. John Kennedy, apparently taking his cue from former President Truman's attitude that "the buck stops here," admitted to the American public that he bore the ultimate responsibility for the defeat.

Manuel Artime, perhaps the most familiar name among the Bay of Pigs personalities, has said that air support was promised. Artime was liaison between the uniformed men

and their Cuban exile political backers, and CIA advisers.

Artime is still active in the Cuban exile movement, although he will blandly tell you, if you ask him, that he is in the "import-export" business and involved in nothing more clandestine than trying to outwit his competition.

Artime does not like to be interviewed, nor does "Pope" Perez San Roman, the Brigade's fighting leader at the Bay of Pigs. However, Roman's second in command, Erneido Oliva, an official of the Office of Spanish Relations in the District of Columbia government, has been heard to say that "Someday we will return, all of us . . . and this time we will win. . . ."

There were four Americans who will never get a chance to "return" to Cuba, because they never returned from their missions.

Of the planes that took off from Nicaragua as part of the invasion forces, four were piloted by Americans who were members of the Alabama Air National Guard.

In 1963, *Life* magazine interviewed the widows of three of the missing pilots. At that time it was learned that the women had been drawing \$550 a month from the Bankers Trust Company of New York, a frequent conduit for CIA funds.

At the same time, Albert (Buck) Parsons, a participant in air plans for the invasion, stated that he and the four pilots believed from the beginning that they would have air support from carrier-based jets nearby.

That belief cost Riley W. Shamburger, Wade C. Grey, Thomas W. (Pete) Ray, and William Baker their lives.

Some months after the debacle of the invasion, Washington appointed a blue-ribbon committee to evaluate the Bay of Pigs operation, and possibly endeavor to lay the blame somewhere other than on the doorstep of the big house

on Pennsylvania Avenue.

The panel appointed to investigate was composed of General Maxwell Taylor, who later became chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Allen Dulles, then director of the CIA; Admiral Arleigh Burke, then Chief of Naval Operations; and Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the President's brother. Their findings were never made public.

The Administration's assessment of its own responsibility was that President Kennedy listened to bad advice, failing at the same time to spot errors that doomed the operation from the beginning. The person or persons responsible for handing out the "bad advice" were somehow never named.

If one takes a close look at the role Kennedy played in the orchestration of the invasion, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that at least part of the bad advice was put forth by the President himself. In fact, a number of intelligence sources have since placed the blame squarely in Kennedy's lap.

Cited as evidence was Kennedy's order to change the original tactical air plan which had called for three air strikes on successive days by "Cuban-manned" B-26s. The idea was to do what Israel did later in 1966, that is, wipe out the opposition's air force while it was still on the ground. On Kennedy's orders, the air strikes were reduced to one, leaving Castro more than enough air power to make him master of the beachhead and winner of the battle.

One of the most heartbreaking episodes of the whole boondoggle was Kennedy's order for air reconnaissance after he had flatly refused to send American Fighters. The battered and beleaguered members of the Brigade, pinned down on the beachhead, looked up and, seeing those reconnaissance plans flying overhead, mistook them for fighters and cheered wildly. The only things shot by American planes that day



were photographs of the tragedy.

Waldo Castroverdes, now a teacher at a Miami college, took part in the Bay of Pigs invasion and later helped arrange the ransom of his fellow prisoners from the Isle of Pines. Recently he said, "We just could not believe that the United States, after all its assurance, could let us down. They had said we would receive air cover. We believed them."

The Kennedy administration has always claimed that it never promised the Cuban exiles American support of any kind. Yet one Cuban said, "What the hell difference did it make? They trained our people, furnished our weapons, brought in American pilots to fly the planes they gave us, and even had frogmen there who checked the beaches for mines. It was their war by then just as much as it was ours and the world knew it. The United States lost far more by backing down at the last moment than it would have if it had landed 10,000 Marines and captured the island and raised the Stars and Stripes. At least the world would have known you couldn't scare America."

*Life* magazine reported in a May 10, 1963 article that Kennedy sent a CIA official to Guatemala for the express purpose of reiterating to the invasion leaders that they would receive no United States air support.

There is just the slightest possibility that leaders of the exile army lied to its rank and file members. The leaders, however, stuck to their story. In the light of the monstrous credibility gap that has surfaced in regard to Washington's clandestine activities, there is also good argument that Kennedy did assure the Cuban exiles of air support but backed down when Russia started rattling its rockets shortly after the invasion was launched.

There is another facet of the shambles that has intrigued many students of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Why was the

invasion allowed to continue when American intelligence knew that Castro was warned and ready? In fact, he had arrested over 10,000 sympathizers inside the country and tossed them into jails and concentration camps in a successful maneuver to hamstring any uprising within the island itself. How could America's top military planners actually have believed that an invasion by 1,500 men, with no air support, and no support within the invaded country, could be a success?

Even after the Bay of Pigs invasion failed, the CIA could not keep its long tentacles out of Cuban exile affairs. Its agents continued to route guns and ammunition to the Cuban underground army along with advice, which the Cubans, already sporting fingers blistered at the Bay of Pigs, were wont to take with a whole shakerful of salt. The CIA has persisted in helping and today is still playing out its cloak and dagger role, often at cross purposes with both the FBI and agents of the Treasury Department's Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms Division.

One of the more classic blunders by the CIA was sponsoring an attack on the Spanish freighter, *Sierra Aranzuzu*, in September, 1964. The Cubans, never lacking in a flair for gallant actions, followed CIA advice again and, using two CIA-owned boats, roared down on the helpless *Aranzuzu* with all guns blazing, killing the freighter's captain and two members of the crew, and wounding seven others.

Undoubtedly the captain died because he was immobilized by astonishment when he witnessed the gnatlike speedboats racing down on him. All he carried in the way of goods that might have been considered dangerous . . . and then only at close quarters . . . was garlic. One of the CIA agents who set up the operation . . . and was said to have a penchant for puns . . . was later overheard by a Cuban to

remark, "This whole operation was a stinker from the beginning."

As usual, Secretary of State Dean Rusk earnestly assured the Spanish Ambassador that the attack did not originate from United States territory, but that it would be thoroughly investigated anyway. All the Secretary would have had to do to "investigate" was to ask someone at the CIA to send along an operations report.

It was after the Bay of Pigs invasion that an event occurred inside Cuba that was to change the life of one man and affect the lives of many others.

Castro ordered the execution of a likeable Cuban named "Chu-Chu" Montenes and started a chain of events that is still being spun out today.

Montenes had an American friend. A man named Edward Ivan Arthur, from Columbus, Ohio.

## CHAPTER II

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### *Ed Arthur*

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Edward Ivan Arthur had every reason to hate and despise the country of his birth. A native of Columbus, Ohio, he found himself quite early at cross purposes with authority. He was sequestered in reform school, thrown into jail, and painted with the brush of Peck's Bad Boy. Every time he rose up, he was kicked down again. But somehow, through it all, Ed Arthur held true to his belief that he lived in the greatest country in the world, and that it was worth fighting for.

At thirteen years of age, Ed joined the Ohio National Guard. When his age was discovered, he was discharged. Then he enlisted in the Army, and in 1951, spent six months on active duty. He was taking jump training at Fort Benning, Georgia, when his age was discovered again. He was promptly discharged from the army.

At the age of sixteen, then, Ed was without commitments and free in the world, after having been part of two very active organizations. He was an adventurer by nature. He was also young and full of energy. Soon, like many adventurers in the 1950s, he was drawn to Cuba.

Ed visited Cuba for the first time in 1954 and began a love affair with the Cuban people that has not diminished. He found them warm, friendly, and life-loving. In these terms, Chu-Chu Montenes was Cuban through and through.

Ed's second trip to Cuba was in 1956. On this trip, he met Bill Morgan, another adventurer from the States, who was on his way to join the Castro forces.

Ed's last return to Cuba was in 1958. At that time he too planned to join the Castro forces. However, the Batista government, nervous about the growing number of adventurers crowding Havana, was aware of a fellow named Ed Arthur. He was asked to leave. He did.

Castro took over in 1959, and only for a short time remained the heroic leader that Cubans had thought him to be. Stories of extreme cruelty filtered back, and after the Bay of Pigs failure, they increased. Many people were summarily executed, and among them was Chu-Chu Montenes.

Ed had tried to get Chu-Chu out of Cuba. All the effort, the battles with Customs and the State Department, had been for nothing. They wouldn't let him come to the United States, and now it was too late. Chu-Chu had died, leaving his blood to mark a stone wall somewhere in Havana.

During the summer of 1962, the things Ed knew and what he saw in newspapers and magazines churned around inside of him. Day after day, there were stories of refugees fleeing Cuba in tiny boats, or making the ninety-mile crossing to Florida on nothing more than a couple inner tubes and a prayer. They fried under the blistering Caribbean sun. Many hurled themselves into the water when the heat became unbearable. Others died under the guns of patrol boats.

Ed particularly remembered an Associated Press wirephoto showing a skinny wreck of a woman, clinging to a few boards and holding her sun-blackened baby, while a

United States Coast Guard Cutter maneuvered to pick them up. Later he learned that five people had started that journey, and three of them had quietly slid into the water and drowned.

Over and over again, Ed thought of Chu-Chu, that thin blade of a man who had sat with him in the dingy Santa Lucia cantina, drinking Cuba Libres and teasing the girls, and had taught him that one man can love another without feeling ashamed of it.

At night, lying in the small bedroom of his mother's house in Columbus, Ohio, he would sometimes shut his eyes tight, squeeze them until the black spots danced on the insides of the lids. Then the whiskered face of Castro with its odd, half-mad eyes, would suddenly appear, hang for a long instant, then dissolve, to be replaced by the thin, handsome face of the dead Chu-Chu.

"I owe you," Ed would mumble aloud. "I owe you, you S.O.B."

Chu-Chu would laugh and fade away, leaving Ed in a sweat, his teeth rasping against each other and his fists clenched under the sheets.

Ed made his decision.

A friend once said of Ed, "He's a rare combination . . . is our Ed!" Physically he is a big man, big in the shoulders, big in the chest, with powerful hands and arms. There's a quickness about him that is astonishing for a man of his size. His Indian heritage is apparent in his black hair. He has a tough-looking face . . . until he grins. That grin wins everyone. A quick, brilliant flash of teeth brings about a startling personality change. You wonder if the solemn-faced Ed and the smiling Ed are the same man.

But make no mistake about this: Ed Arthur will lay his life on the line for a cause. He will not, however, waste his

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own life or the lives of others. What he believes in and what he does with his life are important to him and he will talk volubly on these subjects. But if you have a probing mind and try to probe his, you will conclude that he never tells all.

These are the qualities he needed for the course he chose, and that course was, by his nature, the only one he could take.



### CHAPTER III

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## *The Buchanans and Friends*

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It was September 9, 1962, and south Florida looked more like south Florida than ever. There were more high rises, more apartment houses, more tracts, more people. And the newspapers down there were different from those in other parts of the country. Ed passed a dozen newspaper stands and looked with throat-choking pride at the glaring headlines, the blown-up pictures, the black sub-heads. They were telling the story straight, just as it was actually happening.

Rumor ran the streets like a can-tailed dog, howling in every ear. "There was going to be another Bay of Pigs! The United States was going to step in and declare Cuba the 51st state! Cuban agents had infiltrated the State Department! John Kennedy had embraced Communism and sold out the Cuban people!" There were Cuban exile agents behind every palm tree, and more guns were being run through Florida than had been moved before the Bay of Pigs.

Ed thought about the men who were locked up behind the grim walls of the prison on the Isle of Pines and figured the ones who died in that sell-out invasion were the lucky

ones.

Tom Posey, whom Ed had known in Columbus, Ohio, was in Pompano Beach. Tom had the contacts. He knew people who could open the door. He was setting up a meeting for tomorrow.

“Hell,” muttered Ed, watching the little old lady with the funny hat sidle away from him. “Hell!” he said, in a louder voice. Then he grinned as the woman scuttled down the street, staring back over her shoulder.

Ed walked around the block twice, each time checking to see if anyone was watching his car. When he was sure it was clean, he got in and drove north along Federal Highway until he reached the older buildings that marked the city of Deerfield Beach. He had been told to go to the office of the *Sun-Sentinel* a few steps off Federal Highway, and just walk in. As he swung the car out into the passing lane, he muttered, “Not so smart, that . . . they might be watching.” Then he decided if his contact had that kind of boldness, he could take his chances, too. He thought about the man he was going to meet.

Jim Buchanan. A newspaper reporter! A strange contact for involvement with the Cuban exile groups. He passed the *Sun-Sentinel* bureau office before he saw it and had to circle the block. Deciding that this one time he would forget security, he parked directly in front of the building and walked in.

A tall young man sat, one hip on a cluttered desk, talking down at a skinny, bespectacled fellow with a lean face and sharp eyes who leaned against a battered typewriter and puffed erratically on a cigaret. Walking up to the taller of the two, Ed said, “Jim Buchanan?”

The man sitting at the desk answered, “No, I’m Jim Buchanan . . . He’s my brother.”

"I'm Ed Arthur," he said.

Ed could feel the tension in the cluttered room as the two men stared at him. He took his second look at Buchanan and the doubts crawled around inside his mind as he noted the thinning hair, the quick slanting of the eyes as the man glanced at his brother, the nervous toying with the paper-weight. This was the man he had come all the way from Columbus, Ohio, to see?

Abruptly, Buchanan stood up. He stared at the big man and had his own doubts. He saw a tough, young-old face, big shoulders, big chest. Big all over. Dangerous looking. He glanced at his brother again and noted the tenseness around Jerry's mouth. He's not sure, either, he thought. The guy smells like a Fed. A lousy Fed. He even looks like a Fed. Open, boyish face. Crew cut. Flat, expressionless eyes. "What can I do for you, Mr. Arthur?" he asked.

He watched as Ed examined the dingy, paper-strewn office, a look of distaste on his face. "It isn't much, but then this is only one of our bureaus," Buchanan said, then cursed himself for trying to defend the *Sun-Sentinel* against this big stranger.

Ed drew a deep breath and said, "Tom Posey sent me. . . ."

He waited.

Again the brothers exchanged glances. Then Jim said, "I know Posey."

"Damn it!" thought Ed savagely. "These two jokers are scared green. I come all the way down here to find a spooky reporter named Jim Buchanan, and all he can do is say he knows Tom Posey!"

But he kept his irritation under control. "Posey said you could put me in touch with some people."

Jim Buchanan held out his hand. "ID?" he asked, and

waited.

Ed thought about walking out of the office, then realized sheepishly that the reporter was doing just what he would have done in the same circumstances. He handed over his driver's license, noted the raised eyebrows as Buchanan read the Ohio address. Then he gave the reporter a copy of his discharge.

"Play it cool and easy," he told himself.

He watched the two men go over the documents. Jim Buchanan was even writing down the particulars on a piece of copy paper. Finally, apparently satisfied, Buchanan looked up and said, "They look okay, but you realize I'll have to check them out. Anyone can pick up a discharge and a driver's license."

"I've got a hell of a lot better ID in the trunk of my car," Ed suddenly told him, turning toward the door.

"If they don't follow me out," he thought, "I'm going to walk away and try another angle." He pulled the door back and looked at them. Jim shrugged, looked at Jerry, then the two followed him out onto the sidewalk and around behind the car, both noting the Ohio plates.

Before he unlocked the trunk lid, Ed glanced down the street. Noting there was little traffic, he threw the lid up and stepped away.

"I'll be damned!" Jerry exclaimed. Jim stared down into the trunk at the gleaming steel of the three German Mauser rifles and the pasteboard box crammed full of .45 automatics and Walther P-38s. There was even a .303 Enfield sniper rifle, beautifully equipped with a scope. While the men looked at the weapons, Ed thought about all the work he had put into collecting them. "My key to the door," he thought. "And I just hope the key unlocks that door!"

A quick grin flashed across Jim's face as he said,

"Pretty good ID. Come inside."

As they walked back inside, Jim stopped at the door and looked along the street in both directions, then led Ed to the back of the room. One of the Telex machines was chattering a message. He leaned over to scan it, then looked up quickly, but Ed's face remained expressionless. Jim had the brief thought that it would be easy for the Treasury Department to set up just such an operation. Hell, they might have lifted that stuff in their last raid. He grinned to himself. Aloud, he said "So, what do you want from us?"

He decided to quit sparring. "I came down here because I wanted to go into Cuba and fight Castro . . . fight Communism. I needed someone who could introduce me to the right people."

"Another soldier of fortune," Jim thought wearily. "But what the hell. I'll check him out and if he's okay, we'll wing it from there." To Ed he said, "Come back and see me in two days. Call me first and we'll set up a meet. Okay?"

Ed hesitated, then grunted, "I'll call," and wheeled out of the office.

Jim walked to the door and watched him leave, thinking the guy looked too good to be true. "He looks too good to be true," he observed to his brother.

Jerry lit a cigaret and smiled, the parting of his lips hazily showing a brief glimmer of teeth through drifting tobacco smoke. "Check him down to his corns. Then we'll see. . . ."

"Yeah . . . We'll see . . . " Jim said thoughtfully.

Ed waited two restless days at Tom Posey's house in Pompano Beach.

Pompano Beach. A scattered city pushing at Fort Lauderdale to the south and Deerfield Beach to the north. Palm trees, green lawns, and perpetual summer. Neat little

houses where the northern snow birds live out the three or four months of good winter vacation weather, then fly back north when the sun turns the streets into frying pans and you have to run the air conditioner twenty-four hours a day. During the summer, the insides of the cars become ovens and you break out in a drenching sweat the minute you step outside. During the winter, the beach crawls with pale people trying to get a suntan to take back home to the cold north with them. Traffic jams the streets and south Florida turns into a national parking lot where, at any large shopping center, you can see every license plate issued in the United States. A place to play, spend money, and forget what the hell it was that bugged you back home.

Walking through one of the shopping centers and listening to the mixture of southern drawls, midwestern twangs, rolled vowels of the upper east coast, and peculiar patois of the west coast, Ed thought, "This is the way it must have been during the Biblical building of the Tower of Babel, when the Lord confounded the tongues of the builders so they would quit their foolishness."

Pompano Beach and Fort Lauderdale are easy places to get around in despite the madness of the tourist traffic. Highway A1A parallels the beach the length of the south Florida coast, while Federal Highway meanders in a general northerly direction, finally taking the traveler into Palm Beach County. Andrews Avenue is another north-south arterial. If the visitor stays on these streets, he can reach almost anywhere; but if he strays from them, he suddenly discovers why south Florida is called the Venice of America. There are canals everywhere. They cut across streets, leaving dead ends and cul de sacs. They wind in and out among the \$150,000-homes that line their banks. After a few days most visitors begin to feel they could get around better in a boat.

The sun in September is still a burning coal in the sky and only the early snowbirds have flown to south Florida, but there is a spirit of quickening expectation in the air as businesses begin to gird for the inundation of Yankees and their full wallets. The Chambers of Commerce are discussing promotion gimmicks while city councils worry the traffic problem like a well-gnawed bone. The first grumbles by the local citizenry are just beginning to be heard as they wait longer in supermarket checkout lines and take longer to reach the office.

Ed went out twice in the two days he waited for the meet with Buchanan, once to a shopping center to buy socks and again to pick up a carton of cigarets. Posey, a wiry, rapid-talking man, operated two beauty shops in Boca Raton, a rich man's town north of Deerfield Beach. So Tom went to work and Ed waited.

The second meeting with Buchanan took place across the street from the *Sun-Sentinel* news building. Suddenly, Ed was a part of the operation.

"We checked you out in Columbus and you clear perfectly," he told Ed. Then he began to talk about plans and Ed listened, dumbfounded, as the frail reporter rapidly outlined dozens of plots and schemes, all aimed at another invasion of Cuba.

"The Feds are driving us up the wall," Buchanan told Ed. "They're everywhere! First, they furnished men to train the exiles for the Bay of Pigs; then, when that blew over, they turned full circle and now they're haunting the hell out of us. Knocking over our weapons shipments and raiding houses in Miami. Our people hit the street and they've got guys from the Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms Division of Treasury swarming all over them. The damn bushes are crawling with CIA jokers."



Morosely, Jim took a sip of his coffee, then brightened. "We've outfoxed them more times than they've nailed us, though." He grinned. "Look, Ed, I'm going to set up a meeting with an attorney. A guy named Charles Ashmann. He's real active down here. And I'll also put you in touch with Dr. Orlando Bosch. And . . . let's see . . . yeah . . . You should meet Frank Fiorini. Fiorini first, I think. . . ."

It was all coming so fast Ed's head whirled with names he knew he'd forget in the next five minutes. "Who is this Fiorini?" he asked.

"A hell of a gutty guy," Jim said. "He was in Cuba with Bill Morgan . . . You remember Morgan?"

Ed had a brief flash of a tough face, dotted by two cold eyes as he answered. "Yes." "I met him in Havana in 1956. I was going to the Escambray with him to fight with Castro, but then got sidetracked into something else."

"Well, Fiorini and Morgan did go into the hills to fight with Castro. They stayed all the way right up till Castro took Havana and after. Then Morgan found out that Castro was really a Commie agent and he started working on a plan to knock him off. He, and Fiorini, got caught. Raoul, that skinny brother of Fidel's, murdered Morgan."

"What happened to Fiorini?"

"He was luckier. He jumped his guards and escaped. Managed to steal an airplane and fly out. Got back to the States. He's been fighting the Castro gang ever since. He's our man in the field. Been all over South America."

"I want to go down there, Jim. I want to go into Cuba," Ed said suddenly.

"Man, they kill people down there. You know that, don't you?"

Looking suddenly into Ed's eyes, Jim looked away and said softly, "Forget I said that . . . We'll see what happens

after you meet the heads of Commandos L.”

“Commandos L?”

“The L is for Liberty,” Jim said. “They’re a splinter group. They got tired of the leaks in Alpha 66 and broke away. They’re active as hell. There are some good men in it. Oscar de Tuya. Frank Gutierrez. Pedro Mumina. Oscar’s brother, Jorge. All good men.”

“Should I bring along the stuff I have in the car?”

Jim grinned. “I think they’d take that as a rather fine gesture,” he said dryly.

As Jim Buchanan had promised, Frank Fiorini was the first man, outside of the Buchanans themselves, that Ed was to meet as he gradually became active in the Cuban group.

Ed Arthur remembers that he was impressed with Fiorini, and continued to admire him for what he was doing for the Cubans. Fiorini headed up the International Brigade, which made many daring raids against Castro’s Cuba.

At that time, Fiorini was suspected, by some Cubans, of working for the Central Intelligence Agency on occasion. However, the relationship, if it existed, did not diminish his effectiveness as a very busy member of the Cuban exile armies.

Ed’s next introduction was to a group of Cubans and a Yankee or two! The house to which Jim Buchanan took him that evening was old, with white paint dangling in strips down its sides. As they walked up the shattered front steps, they could hear the low murmur of conversation coming from inside. The place was full of Cubans talking animatedly, gesturing, waving their hands occasionally at a large map of Cuba pinned on the wall.

“Jimmy!” one of the men cried, striding quickly across the room and shaking the skinny reporter’s hand.

“This is Ed Arthur,” Jim said, nodding in Ed’s direc-

tion.

The Cuban stuck out his hand and smiled. "I'm Doctor Bosch," he said. "Welcome to our house."

In the next half hour, Ed met half a dozen men, including Miami radio personality, Manolo Reyes. At one point during the long evening, he noticed a husky man in deep conversation with a small knot of Cubans gathered around the map, and asked Buchanan, "Who's the Yankee?"

"A reporter from the *Miami Herald*," Buchanan said laconically.

Ed stared at him. "You mean they trust him?"

"They trust me," he pointed out reasonably.

"But I heard the *Herald* was a liberal press."

"It is. That doesn't mean the guys who work for it believe in Communism or are too damned blind to be able to understand what Castro has done in Cuba."

Shortly after their arrival, Buchanan had taken Dr. Bosch aside and talked quietly with him, then came over to Ed and said, "Let me have your car keys." Accepting them, he passed them over to the doctor, who then motioned to two young Cubans. They detached themselves from the group and, taking Ed's keys, went out the door. Five minutes later, Ed was surprised to see them carrying the weapons from his car trunk in through the front door. After everyone had a chance to look them over and congratulate Ed, they were moved upstairs and the meeting went on.

"Aren't they afraid of a raid?" Ed asked Buchanan.

Buchanan answered the question with a smile. "Hell, they have two mortars stored under a piece of canvas on the front porch," he said.

"Besides, those guns you brought aren't illegal until someone tries to take them out of the country to foment revolution. The Monroe Doctrine says it's against the law to

ship weapons out of the States for such purposes, but there's no law saying a guy can't be a collector," Buchanan added.

"They're collecting mortars?" Ed asked Jim with a small grin.

"Yeah . . . They also collect automatic weapons."

During the next several weeks, Ed met the attorney, Ashmann, who assisted him and Buchanan in setting up a phony information bureau called *Americanos Por Libertad*, which they planned to use as a front. The reporter had talked Ed out of the notion of going to Cuba. "Hell, the place is overcrowded now with Cuban patriots . . . and a few Americans. We need you here," he pleaded. So Ed stayed.

During one of the meetings at Dr. Bosch's, Ed overheard a funny story involving two American intelligence agencies. The CIA had set up an operation, working with members of one of the Cuban exile groups, in which a cache of weapons had been hidden in an old warehouse. Shortly before they were to be moved, an agent working with the Defense Intelligence Agency tipped off the Dade County Sheriff's office in Miami and the warehouse was raided. "It was pure jealousy," Bosch said.

When Ed asked Bosch if the CIA was still working with them in spite of the Bay of Pigs blunder, he said, "Oh, yes, they work with us . . . when it suits them and when we do things their way."

During those meetings, Ed got an education. From an exile agent, he heard about the Russian submarine pens being built at Santa Lucia. He was told how the cement factories in Cuba were working around the clock in order to provide enough cement to stay up with construction on the pens. He was told how Russian soldiers and officers swaggered through the streets and how once, during some kind of alert, they had blocked off all the roads out of Havana and ques-

tioned everyone, even Cuban soldiers. "Castro no longer rules Cuba," Bosch said. "He is a puppet of the Russians."

Ed talked to dozens of exiles who had slipped across the ninety miles of sea between the island and Florida, many of them in rickety boats that had to be bailed all the way. Political murders were commonplace, committed on an average of two per week. Dozens of suspects were rounded up and shipped to the dread Isle of Pines prison off the southwest coast of Cuba. There they were starved and beaten by the guards, while the women were used as playthings for the prison officers and their visiting friends. Objectors were promptly shot.

Commandos L was made up of a political branch and a militant branch. The political branch handled public relations and collected funds for the purchase of weapons, food, and medical supplies, which were then smuggled into Cuba by the militant branch. The political branch also handled gun smuggling inside the United States and it was here Ed was to find his forte.

While Ed solidified his position among the exiles, Jim Buchanan was splashing the *Sun-Sentinel's* front page with story followed by story on the Cuban picture. No other newspaper in south Florida had his contacts and it soon became apparent that, if you wanted to know what was happening among the exile armies, you had to read the *Sun-Sentinel*.

Jerry Buchanan was more directly involved with the Cubans. A tough, quiet man who apparently feared nothing, he made dozens of runs by boat to Cuba carrying weapons and men which were dropped in lonely spots along the coast. American dollars were used to purchase many of the guns that found their way to the island.

Many businessmen in south Florida at that time sup-

ported the exile movement. During a conversation Ed had with Buchanan, the reporter let slip that his newspaper was even doing a little supporting. The powerful Gore family, who also owned the larger *Fort Lauderdale News*, was a prime source of support. Today, both newspapers are owned by the *Chicago Tribune*, but still operated by members of the Gore family.

Those Americans who donated money to the Cuban exile cause had a simple explanation. The exiles were fighting Castro; Castro was a Communist; Communism was America's enemy. Why not help the Cubans?

While Ed worked at setting up *Americanos Por Libertad*, Jerry Buchanan almost made his last run. He left Miami, via the Miami River, with a load of machine guns hidden inside oil-filled metal barrels. He had cleared the coast when one of his Cuban crew spotted a Coast Guard plane flying low on the horizon. Buchanan decided to make a run for the Bahamas. They were ripping along over the water when a cutter suddenly appeared off to the south and bore down on them, its bow heaving up a foaming white spray as it topped its throttle to the last notch and stretched out in pursuit. Later, Buchanan said, "We were damn lucky. We had a good lead on him and we just flat beat him to the Bahamas."

In order to shake the pursuing cutter, Buchanan had risked ripping out the bottom of his boat by barreling across a coral reef, knowing the deeper draft of the Coast Guard vessel would lock it out. The gimmick worked and they dumped the load of guns in a small cove, then boldly recrossed the reef and hove to while the cutter came alongside and its commander ordered the boat boarded. Finding nothing, the cutter's commander grinned sourly and waved them off, but hung around the reef waiting to see if they would return to pick up the dumped load. "Hell, that joker knew

damned well we got rid of those monkey guns, but he couldn't prove it," Buchanan said.

The guns stayed at the bottom of the cove until another day, their oil drum cases watertight and the oil inside keeping them rust-free.

Ed's meetings with the various members of Commandos L took place in the cocktail lounge at Hotel Pier 66 in Fort Lauderdale. "It was weird," he later told a friend. "There we were, talking about running a load of machine guns down to Cuba or feeling bad because Castro's soldiers had just caught and executed one of our people, and all around us Americans were slopping up the booze, with nothing more to worry about than clipping their stock coupons."

At that time Commandos L made at least one gun run into Cuba each week. They used a custom-built boat that could skip over the coral and could be sailed into tight spots along the coast.

It was at Pier 66 that Ed and the members of Commandos L came up with the idea of going into Cuba and taking pictures of the submarine pens, missile bases, and air fields that exile agents had told them about. Ed started buying camera equipment and experimenting with it.

Oscar de Tuya held briefing sessions with a one-time Castro army captain who had defected and had a lot of information about the pens and other Russian installations.

"If we can get those pictures and get them published in a major magazine, then maybe the people up here will believe Cuba's a threat," Ed told de Tuya. But one delay after another frustrated them. First, the boat broke down and both engines had to be replaced. "We were cheated on the damn boat!" Buchanan snarled.

"How the hell could anyone, knowing what these people were going to use that boat for, do a thing like that?" Ed

wondered.

“Money, old buddy, money. This frigging world is full of jerks who’ll sell out their own mother . . . or their country . . . for a buck,” Buchanan said.

“Probably the same guys who’re yelling the loudest about the ‘Commie threat’,” Ed remarked.

“The guy who sold us that boat was a real patriot,” Buchanan said dryly.

Once the boat was back in shape, Customs agents began to get overactive and the exiles went underground. It was too hot to do much, what with agents watching the Miami River and cutters roaming all over the Caribbean. It was during this lull that Ed heard about the Castro agent.

Somehow, the man had managed to infiltrate one of the exile groups and was communicating regularly with Cuba. Agents and freedom fighters planted in Cuba by the exiles started getting caught as fast as they hit the beach and frantic efforts were made to plug the leak. Then someone caught the man with his radio.

When Ed asked one of the exiles what happened to the agent, the man simply said, “We took him out in the Everglades and shot him in the back of the head. Dumped him in the swamp. Castro bastard!”

One of the exiles who had been on an aborted gun run told Ed this story: They had slipped out of the mouth of the Miami River one night, rendezvoused at sea with an exile mother ship, took on a load of weapons and medical supplies and made for Cuba. About twenty-five miles from the island, with the sun just painting the water a brilliant green, a Cuban Navy PT boat suddenly appeared and ran down on them. The little exile craft turned and tried to run for it, but was immediately fired upon. While three of the exiles began firing M1 rifles and .303 Enfields at the gunboat, two more ran to



the stern and ripped the canvas cover from a 20mm Lahti cannon mounted there. These weapons, used in snow country in Europe and usually mounted on skis, are vicious instruments of destruction for their size. This one was mounted on a spare tire, used to absorb the recoil, and the gunners got off a round almost immediately. To their surprise, it tore through the pilot house of the gunboat, leaving it a splintered shambles. The second round caught the gunboat's cannon crew just as they were traversing their weapon for a killing shot. They, and their gun, were blown over the side. The third round fired by the exiles ripped into the hull of the gunboat near the stern and it suddenly went dead in the water, its engines screaming. They had apparently shot away the driveshaft.

Small arms fire from the gunboat had riddled their own craft, leaving two men wounded and the boat taking on water. In spite of the damages, the exile craft managed to limp back to Miami where its holes were plugged and the two wounded men cared for by a Cuban doctor who, needless to say, did not report the incident.

"If we had had one more 20mm round, we would have sunk that boat," one of the Cubans told Ed. They had gone out with only three rounds — all that were available.

And the United States Customs cutters were making their inroads into the exiles' weapons caches. In the first few weeks of Ed's stay in Miami, the Treasury people and Customs nailed four boats between them, confiscating over \$30,000 worth of weapons and ammo and \$50,000 worth of floating stock.

"It's enough to give a dog the heartburn," Ed complained to Buchanan.

"You've got to expect it. We're breaking the law."

"Bullshit! We're helping fight Communists and the

government should be cheering us on instead of seizing our boats and equipment.” Ed snarled.

“That’s what I keep saying in my stories,” Buchanan said mildly.

“And who pays attention?” Ed wanted to know.

“Where do you think we’re getting all the donations we use to buy those guns?”

Ed knew he was being hardheaded, but each time one of the boats with its precious cargo fell into the hands of the Feds, he felt like bawling.

Clapping him on the shoulder, Buchanan said, “It could be worse. Castro’s people could be knocking off those boats. Then we wouldn’t get the men back. This way, they live to try again.”

#### CHAPTER IV

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### *The FBI Takes Note!*

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It was a Sunday when Ed discovered he was an object of interest to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and, as a consequence, set up a meeting with Jim Buchanan and Oscar de Tuya at Pier 66.

Sitting in a dark booth sipping their drinks, the three men looked like any other businessmen on a lunch break.

“You’ve got to work out a gimmick to keep the Feds off your back or you’ll be useless to the movement,” Buchanan said.

“But what?” Ed asked.

“Maybe he should go away for a while,” Oscar suggested.

“I figured Americanos Por Libertad would throw anyone off. It looks legitimate,” Ed said morosely, playing with his drink.

“Hell, they knew what we were up to the day we told everyone we were filing corporation papers,” Buchanan told him.

Ed had a sudden thought. “What if I’m just another

radical . . . a nut . . . fanatic? Raving on about Communism?"

"Make them think you're a super John Bircher," Buchanan said, his eyes bright with interest.

"Sure. The Feds usually ignore a guy like that. That's what makes the John Birch Society so effective. Everyone thinks they're a bunch of nuts," Ed pointed out.

"Might work," Oscar said musingly.

"I'll go to Columbus. Set up something there," Ed told them.

"What do you plan to do?" Buchanan was curious.

Ed thought for a moment. Then, as a glimmer of an idea stirred in the back of his head, he suddenly stood up and said, "I'll call you from Columbus in about a week," and walked out.

"Hey . . . What the hell? He stuck us with the bill," Buchanan marveled, as he watched Ed saunter out of the room.

Back in Columbus, Ed made his call from a phone booth, with the snow piled two feet high against the back and a cold wind whistling down the street, blowing sudden gusts of flakes against the door glass. He was shivering. He hadn't worn the proper kind of clothes and the zero temperature was cutting into his thin sweater like a well-honed icicle knife.

"Yeah," he told the mouthpiece. "I want some M1s and .45 automatics. Can you fix me up?"

The voice of the sporting goods store owner sounded metallic as it came over the snow-weighted wires. "I've got a few of both. I can fix you up. How many you want?"

"Five hundred M1s and fifty .45s."

There was a long silence on the other end of the line; then Ed heard the man take a deep breath as he said, "That's a hell of a lot of guns. . . ."

“Can you get them?” Ed’s words were tense, tough.

“I suppose so.”

“He sounds scared witless,” He thought, chuckling to himself.

“Okay, I’ll be out there tomorrow afternoon. You’re on Route 3?”

“Yes, it’s not far from town.”

“See you then,” Ed said, and hung up quickly.

Back in the car, he started the motor and waited for the heater to warm up, then pulled out onto the slippery street, driving cautiously. “So far, so good,” he thought.

When he walked into the sporting goods store the following day, he was carrying his .38 holstered in a shell belt. The store had a basement target range often used by local shooters during the winter. Ed walked to the counter, bought a box of ammo and went down the stairs, grinning inwardly as he noted the two men giving him the once over. One had been standing by the front door when he came in and the other was leaning against the counter. Both were dressed in conservative business suits and wore neat, dark ties. “No button-down collars there,” he thought, as he stepped up to a shooting slot, donned earmuffs, and concentrated on putting as many shots into the black as he could.

When he had shot away the box of ammo and cleaned his weapon, he walked back upstairs and stopped at the counter, staring at the owner. The man glanced nervously toward the front door, then looked down at Ed’s big .38 and said heartily . . . too heartily. “Well, how’d the shooting go?”

“Put 38 out of 50 rounds in the black.” Ed grinned.

“I’m the guy who called you yesterday . . . Ed Arthur.”

“Mr. Arthur?” The voice was smooth, cultured, and held a note of caution.

Ed turned slowly and the counter lounge was standing two feet behind him. He held out a leather folder and said formally. "FBI . . . my identification." Then he gave his name, but Ed didn't hear it.

When the agent started to put his ID away, Ed put his hand out and, scowling, said, "Let me see that. I didn't get a chance to read it."

The agent held up the document, waited patiently while Ed concentrated on it. Then, as Ed returned it, the agent said, "I understand you're looking for M1 rifles?"

"That's right," Ed said, putting just enough belligerence into his voice to bring a slight flush to the other's face.

"What do you plan to do with these weapons?"

"I think that's my business," Ed snapped.

"That's an awful lot of guns, Mr. Arthur. Five hundred M1s and fifty .45s. . . ."

"So . . . I'm a collector. Besides, what the hell business is it of the government's if I buy 10,000 M1 rifles? As an American citizen, I've got the right to bear arms . . . that is unless the Supreme Court hasn't ruled against that since yesterday . . . which wouldn't surprise me a damn bit."

"Well, Mr. Arthur, no one's telling you you can't own a gun. It's the volume we're interested in," the agent said reasonably.

"Well, someone's got to get prepared, pal. If we don't, the Commies are going to take over this country some day." Ed glowered.

"Paramilitary groups are illegal," the agent pointed out.

Ed laid his gun on the counter, deliberately making certain the butt was toward him and shifting it in such an obvious manner that the FBI agent stirred and his partner moved five steps down the room and unbuttoned his suit

coat. "Why don't you take the guns from the Black Panthers?" he demanded.

The agent sighed. "We do, whenever we can catch them with illegal weapons."

Ed, deliberately allowing his temper to run, snapped, "I suppose it would be all right for those black S.O.B.s to own a million M1s, but for an American citizen interested in seeing that his government doesn't fall into the hands of the Commies, that's a no-no, huh?"

"Did you ever hear of the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Arthur?" the agent asked.

"Yeah, I've heard of it and it's just like the Constitution. Those liberals in Washington have made it a toilet article."

Before the agent could answer, Ed turned to the store owner and snarled, "What are you, pal? Some kind of Commie agent?"

The man swallowed and looked helplessly at the two agents. The second agent said, "Don't worry about this hard head. He isn't going to bother you."

"And I ain't buying any guns from him! This clown just went on the blacklist where a lot of other Columbus people are," Ed snapped, picking up his gun and walking out.

In his car, he fought down the laugh until he was half a mile down the road, then pulled off and bent over the steering wheel and let it come.

It was two years before the FBI would look his way again.

On Monday of the following week, he called Jim Buchanan and told him he was starting back. He used a public telephone situated under a neon light. All he told the reporter was that the trip had accomplished his aim and when he would reach Miami. He left the following morning for the

long drive south, wondering how long the Olds would hold together.

It was late in 1963 that Frank Fiorini had an experience with the Cuban MIG's. It happened on an island owned by an American out in the Caribbean. Fiorini told Ed and Buchanan about it after he returned.

Fiorini and several Cuban exiles, members of the International Brigade, were using the island, with the owner's permission, as a radio station. They had anchored their boat at a rickety dock and were in communication with Exile forces on the Cuban mainland.

"There we were, on an American possession, when here come these MIG's. They buzzed the hell out of us on the first pass, then came in the second time meaning business," Fiorini said.

The MIG's first made a strafing pass, shooting up the island, dock, and boat. Then they wheeled away and came in again. This time they dropped several bombs. Fiorini and his Cubans ran for cover. The island's owner lay on the floor of his house and listened to the shell fragments raining down on his roof. After the MIG's left, the man told Fiorini, "I think you better get your boat out of here. I didn't bargain for this. Those guys just might decide to come back and finish the job; or send a cutter loaded with soldiers to wipe us all out."

Fiorini tried to talk the man into complaining to the United States authorities, but he declined. So the commander of the International Brigade took his men and his boat and returned to Miami.

It was also late in 1963 that Oscar de Tuya and Eloy Menoyo told Ed what had really happened to Bill Morgan. When Ed had met the American soldier of fortune in 1956, the legend of Bill Morgan had not yet developed.

Morgan was an ex-Marine. He had left his wife and



family in the States and followed the siren song of adventure into Cuba. There he joined Castro in the Escambray. His fighting reputation was huge. Cubans who fought with him, and later fled to Florida, told of how Morgan could out-walk, out-fight, and out-drink any four men. Oscar and Eloy were in prison with Morgan and had watched the big man slowly fall to pieces as the truth of Castro's betrayal dawned on him.

"But he would never admit it," Oscar told Ed. "Instead, he blamed it all on Raoul. He insisted Castro was using the Reds and would throw them out once he was in power. No one could convince Bill . . . not even Frank . . . that he was wrong."

So Castro's men came to the barracks outside Havana where Fiorini and Morgan were billeted and took them to prison. Even then Morgan wouldn't believe Castro was behind it. Days went by and Morgan, who had fought with Castro's people, had gone without food and water, had bound up the wounds of his Cuban comrades, had even buried some of them himself, could not, would not, accept that Castro was to blame for his imprisonment. "It's Raoul . . . or Che," he would tell his fellow prisoners.

Then one day Raoul ordered Morgan brought to his office. Later, the guard who escorted him told what happened. There was awe and admiration in the guard's voice as he described how the big American had laughed and shouted "Cuba Libre" and spit in Raoul's face. The little revolutionary ordered Morgan to get down on his knees and pray. Morgan stared at him, then broke into wild peals of laughter and was still laughing when Raoul shot him in both kneecaps. As he lay on the floor, he kept laughing and Raoul kept shooting, hitting Morgan in both shoulders and both arms. In an insane rage, the Cuban loomed over Morgan, the hot-barreled pistol waving in his shaking hand, and screamed for

him to pray for his life. Morgan spit at him again. His eyes wild, Raoul shot Morgan in the mouth, blowing the back of his head off.

The guard called him "Muy hombre," but Fiorini said disgustedly that Morgan was a damn fool who didn't know when to keep his big mouth shut.

Fiorini later jumped his guards and escaped from the island by stealing a plane. It was an old Mustang and it barely got him to Guatemala. Later, he flew on to Miami.

Ed had known and respected Morgan. His death at the hands of the Castro regime affected him profoundly. For days after hearing the story, he seethed with an inner rage, telling himself he was being a coward by staying safely in Florida while other men did the fighting in Cuba. Each time he asked Buchanan and Oscar about the possibility of his joining the exiles fighting in the hills, they would talk him away from it. "We need you here," Buchanan would say simply.

The last days of 1963 were days of frustrations and setbacks for Ed and Commandos L. Customs nailed several of their arms shipments, while radioed pleas from exiles fighting in the Cuban hills for more guns, ammo, and medical supplies kept coming in. During this period, Ed learned not to write letters or make phone calls unless absolutely necessary. Personal contact was the only way. He would meet various members of Commandos L at Pier 66 or on deserted stretches of the beach. He had several meetings during this period with Charles Ashmann, the group's lawyer, who was kept hopping, getting members of the revolutionary group out of jail after gunrunning arrests. They got hit by United States Customs, and by the British Navy in the Bahamas. It began to appear to Ed that the whole world was on Castro's side. He couldn't understand it. Stories

brought back by exiles were passed on to the CIA, who did nothing.

The FBI even went so far as to set up its own exile splinter group, while Agent Drew, the “Florida Cracker,” was all over Miami, infiltrating half a dozen of the exile organizations and buying information. Buchanan and Oscar told Ed, “That damn fool pays one of our men for a piece of crappy information. Then we use the money to buy guns. That’s about the only support we get from those people.”

Whether Drew knew he was helping the Cuban underground movement with FBI dollars is anyone’s guess, but Ed told Buchanan he doubted it. “Too gung-ho. He’d never pull a stunt like that.”

Ed discovered the CIA was just as active as were the Treasury people. “We’ve checked out every mother’s son that approaches us,” he told Buchanan. Commandos L assigned Ed the job of checking out people who offered help.

Money was coming in, but in dribbles. Ed found it terribly discouraging to spend \$5,000 for an arms shipment when the money was collected a dollar at a time, then see the guns seized by Customs. In later years he told a friend that the Cubans lost count at \$3 million on the amount of goods confiscated by the United States government. “If we had had that in one lump sum, we could have whipped Castro,” he said.

Ed arrived in Columbus, Ohio on a fund-raising trip. Two days later a man called and said he had two Thompson submachine guns for \$400.

Ed didn’t have the money.

## CHAPTER V

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### *The Bomb and The Baku*

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Ed spent his time in Columbus raising money, giving talks and radio and press interviews. During that time, events in south Florida were moving toward an incident that would electrify the nation, bring strong protests from the Soviet Union and arouse the wrath of our State Department. It would also result in stepped-up efforts, by Treasury agents and the FBI, to curb gunrunning and clandestine raids on Cuba by Cuban exiles.

Six months prior to Ed's trip to Ohio, he had met with six Cubans, four men and two women, at a house in Hollywood, just south of Fort Lauderdale. Among those present was Mario Alvarez, later to give his life for the Cuban exile cause while making a run through the Gulf with a boatload of supplies destined for revolutionaries fighting in the mountains of Cuba.

The group stayed up half the night discussing ways and means of building a bomb that could be used against a large ship. At first, the principle of a torpedo was discussed. When it appeared that the materials for the construction of a torpedo

would be difficult, if not impossible, to acquire, the group settled on a type of magnetic bomb. Ed carefully explained how C-4 plastic explosives were used.

After the bomb was constructed, members of Alpha 66, a Cuban exile group out of Miami, made the historic raid on the Russian freighter, *Baku*.

Prior to the raiding team's departure for Cuba, several tests were made with the bomb deep in the Everglades. During one such test, a member of the raiding party was badly injured by a premature explosion. It was finally decided the bomb would work.

Early in March, 1963, a small boat, the *Phoenix*, left Florida bound for a rendezvous with a mother ship waiting somewhere out in the Gulf. Once contact was made with the mother ship, needed equipment was loaded aboard the *Phoenix*. It then was towed to somewhere in the vicinity of the Anguila Isles, where it laid to in a cove, waiting for the right weather conditions before proceeding on its dangerous mission.

The bomb, now attached to the stern of the 22-foot *Phoenix*, hung suspended in its lashings. Seven men, including free-lance writer, Andrew St. George, waited impatiently for the jump-off.

The boat was also equipped with a 20mm Lahti cannon and a dozen rounds of armor-piercing ammo. There were M1 rifles of World War II and Korean Conflict vintage; .45 Colt automatics; blocks of explosives; Pentolite ammunition; and cans of gasoline liberally mixed with soap flakes, a vicious substitute for napalm.

The plan was a simple one. Cross the ninety miles of water separating the Florida Keys from Cuba; slip quietly into the harbor at Caibarien; run alongside the *Baku*; drop the magnetic bomb and then get the hell away and back out to sea

before Castro's Russian-made PT boats could go into action.

"The Cubans were like wasps buzzing around an elephant," Ed said later.

The navigator was Dale Tranquilino, a brawny, stocky man who had learned his trade in the fishing business. "Dale seemed to have an uncanny knack for judging distance and direction," Mario Alvarez said after the raid.

The trip was a rough one. The raiding party battled engine trouble and choppy water, and at times a drenching rain, but then finally reached a small island off Caibarien.

It was here that St. George, who had become extremely ill, left the 22-foot *Phoenix* and waited out the raid on land.

In an account of the action which he wrote for *Life* magazine, St. George neglected to mention that he was not aboard the *Phoenix* when it made its gallant run on the *Baku*. It is only fair, though, to say that he did not exactly claim he was aboard.

Tony Cuesta, a veteran of dozens of raids on the Cuban mainland, was in charge of the operation, but it was Ramon Font, the group's ordnance expert, who actually released the bomb. Alvarez, who called himself a "pretty fair electrician," spent most of the trip trying to keep the *Phoenix*'s twin engines running. "It was a hell of a job," he said. "The damn fuel line was rusting away and it kept sucking rust into the gas tank filter. That cut engine power, so I had to keep changing filters."

It was eight days from the time of departure from United States territory to the hour when the *Phoenix* made its final run alongside the *Baku*. At one time, the men were almost spotted by a PT boat. It came right past them. Its light missed them by five feet.

At less than a hundred feet from the black-limned hull of the *Baku*, Cuesta opened fire with the *Lahti*, slamming

rounds into the freighter's wheelhouse, then puncturing a neat line of holes along its hull just above the waterline. Wild, ringing shouts came from the *Baku's* bridge as her guts were riddled by 20mm rounds. Then the Phoenix's crew blazed away with everything shootable aboard. Rifle bullets whined off steel bulkheads, crashed with a brittle breaking of glass through suddenly darkened portholes, tore into the wooden superstructure, and caromed off the railing.

When the boat was within thirty feet of the dark hull of the *Baku*, Font lit the fuse of the bomb and prepared to drop it.

It was then the mission almost failed. The bomb became hung up in its lashings and Font spent several heart-stopping seconds working it loose. He finally wrenched it over the side and watched it fade from view, its powerful magnet sucking it inexorably toward the hull of the helpless *Baku*.

A split second after the magnet sucked the bomb against the hull of the *Baku*, it went off, sending a spiraling column of water high above the ship's superstructure, while glass cascaded from the shattered wheelhouse onto the deck. The *Phoenix* whipped around and ran wide open for the open sea, its crew still hurling shots back at the shuddering *Baku*.

It was March 17, 1963, and the *Baku* sat in the shallow water of the Caribbean harbor, a 13-foot hole blasted in her hull at the waterline.

The bomb that blasted the *Baku* did more than damage a Russian ship. It also blasted the United States State Department into action and brought tremendous pressure against the Cuban exile groups headquartered in south Florida.

Castro, already paranoically afraid of another Bay of Pigs, apparently believed the raid was a CIA-sponsored answer to a recent Mig attack on the United States transport, *Floridian*. (The Castro air force had shot up the transport in

the international waters of the Florida straits.) He quickly apologized for his “mistake” in relation to the *Floridian*, and coupled his apology with a strong “objection” to the *Phoenix’s* action in Caibarien’s harbor.

Russia put in her objection as well, while the Russian government-controlled press labeled the attack one by “CIA bandits hiding behind the skirts of Cuban malcontents who have deserted their country to embrace capitalism.”

The State Department excused its crackdown on the Cuban exiles by explaining the raid might invite Castro reprisals in Florida against Cubans there, as well as jeopardize the Soviet’s promised removal of its 17,000-man expeditionary force from the island, an attitude that Ed and the rest of the *Americanos Por Libertad* and *Commandos L* later said was “the most asinine thing we’ve ever heard of.”

Considering the fact that today Cuba crawls with thousands of Russian soldiers and technicians, the State Department’s position could be considered a bit strange. Also, the fact that the CIA was daily sponsoring similar raids led Ed and his friends to remark, “One hand in Washington doesn’t know what the other is doing, but it’s certain what both hands are doing is wrong. It’s like a pair of pickpockets continuously meeting each other on a crowded bus and lifting each other’s wallets half a dozen times.”



## CHAPTER VI

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### *The Wringer*

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In the summer of 1963, Dr. Clement Benoit, a quiet school teacher and lawyer from Haiti, unleashed a series of events that turned the Bahamas into a cauldron of boiling action. By his involvements, he also put the United States State Department on the griddle of public opinion, brought the CIA out of the woodwork, and tipped over the first domino in a stack of occurrences that eventually led to an invasion of Haiti and the deaths of hundreds of Haitians and several Americans, including four Dade County deputy sheriffs.

Dr. Benoit had served as Haitian consul general to the Bahamas until his defection from Haiti in 1958. From the day he turned his back on his country and Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier, he plotted and schemed to destroy the dictator.

In 1963, the Bahama government began to view with alarm the swiftly building revolutionary force of Haitians who were openly planning to invade Haiti, using Bahamian soil as a launching deck. Benoit was the acknowledged leader, exercising control over almost 3,000 Haitian re-

fugees.

Deciding it could go no further, the Bahama government ordered Benoit to leave the island, labeling him an "undesirable" and a fomentor of revolution. The United States was said to have helped the Bahamians make up their minds by putting on considerable pressure.

Charles Ashmann, the attorney who had helped Ed set up *Americanos Por Libertad*, was called in by the Benoit faction to intercede with the State Department in an effort to gain an American visa for Benoit. Ashmann, a persuasive man, finally succeeded, and Benoit left Nassau on September 12, 1963, for Florida, with Ed Arthur as the guardian of his life.

Ed landed in the middle of the Benoit episode when Jim Buchanan called him one night and told him Ashmann wanted to talk with him. "There's something in the wind," Buchanan said. And there was.

When Ed walked into the lawyer's office in the DuPont Plaza Building in Miami the following day, Ashmann outlined the Benoit situation and asked him if he was willing to go to the Bahamas and try to get Benoit out in one piece. "The Macoutes are down there, and there's still a kill order out on this man," Ashmann told him, "but we could use him in the movement. He has about 3,000 of his own people with him, and we might just be able to talk Uncle Sam into letting him bring them to the States."

The TonTon Macoutes were Francois Duvalier's secret police. Before his mission was completed, Ed was put through a wringer by the Macoutes' efforts to carry out an assassination order on Benoit.

There had been for some time rumors on the wind that Benoit was marked for death, and the rumors became more than rumors when a Haitian ship, the 40-foot sloop, *Vierge*

*Charitale*, showed up in the Nassau harbor, and dropped anchor. Ten heavily armed men, who claimed they were defecting Macoutes, appeared on the deck.

Apparently, the Bahamian government believed the stories that the Macoutes were out to get Benoit, as it immediately threw a cordon of police around Benoit's home on Fowler Street in Nassau. At the same time, it confined the visiting Macoutes to the deck of their vessel.

The Macoutes did not ask for refuge and Ed was later to remark, dryly, "Those were the first Haitians to escape 'Papa Doc' that did not come ashore and kiss the ground when they arrived in Nassau. Therefore, I had to conclude they were just a little more than they said they were."

Shortly after Ed was dropped from a plane onto the tourist-happy "paradise," he strode up Fowler Street, wearing an uncomfortably hot coat to conceal the heavy .45 automatic he carried crammed beneath his belt, and called on Benoit, using a letter from Ashman as his identification.

"Benoit seemed relieved to see me and he soon made it understood why," Ed related later.

The word had gotten to Benoit that the Macoutes had pulled anchor and sailed the *Vierge Charitale* away, but that it had later pulled in close to shore along a deserted stretch of beach and put several men off.

Quickly gathering up two of Benoit's bodyguards, Ed had one of them lead him to the spot where the boat had put in. A careful search revealed that indeed men had disembarked there. Splitting up, each man followed a particular set of tracks, but they soon lost them in the deep brush. Ed decided that, rather than comb Nassau and the surrounding area for killers sent by Duvalier, he would return to Fowler Street and let them come to him.

And so began a war of nerves.

For two days and one night, Ed sat in Benoit's front room, .45 and Benzedrine tablets on the table. "Before it was over, I looked like a tank had run over me. I hadn't taken time to shave and my clothes were wrinkled and my eyes looked like two pissholes in a snow bank," Ed related to Buchanan after he got back to Florida.

While Ed guarded Benoit and the Macoutes delicately probed the defenses of the house on Fowler Street, Ashmann was prodding the United States State Department and immigration people, trying to hurry the process of getting Benoit admitted to the country. The Bahamian government had told him to be out of the country by September 12, or face deportation back to Haiti . . . and certain death.

One wonders if the Bahamian government would have actually shipped such an important man back to Haiti. Said Ed: "Hell yes, they would have sent him back . . . just like they sent all those other poor devils back."

Whether the Bahamians knew it at the time, or not . . . and there is a strong probability they did . . . Benoit's army had vowed that if the Bahamian government attempted to ship their leader back to Haiti, they would "bathe the island in blood" even if they all died doing it.

It is a moot question now as to whether the exile Haitians then in the Bahamas would have acted in violence if Benoit had been denied entry into the United States. As it turned out, he was issued a visa and Ed and a Britisher, who had mysteriously attached himself to the Benoit entourage, escorted the Negro defector to the plane late one evening.

"This Limey and I . . . I figured he was British Intelligence . . . we kind of surrounded Benoit and headed for the plane. There was brush all along the runway and I sweated out a bullet in the back the whole way," Ed told Buchanan.

"To complicate matters, we had been warned the plane

had been wired for sound (booby trapped) and I kept waiting for a bomb to go off all the way to the mainland,’’ he said later.

The plane landed safely at Miami International Airport on September 12, 1963.

## CHAPTER VII

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### *Duvalier and the Mafia*

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When Charles Ashmann was asking for Ed's help in getting Benoit out of Nassau, he observed that the Haitian might be valuable to the Cuban exile movement. Benoit had about 3,000 of his own people with him, and Ashmann felt that Uncle Sam might be willing to let him bring them to the United States.

The possibility of getting Benoit's army into the United States was wishful thinking on Ashmann's part. The State Department, already trying to keep the lid on the Cuban exile movement, wanted no part of 3,000 armed Haitians frothing at the mouth for a chance to use Florida as a base for an invasion of their homeland. Neither did the Bahamas. In the next few years the Bahamian government, must to its lasting shame, sent hundreds of unwilling refugees back to torture and death in Haiti. Many of them, crowded aboard ships at gun point like so many cattle, were later to hurl themselves into the sea, considering drowning an easier death than the one they could expect at the hands of the monster who used voodoo and torture to rule their pocket-sized homeland.

Said Ed: “The Bahamian government . . . and, yes, the British government . . . will carry the stain of those people’s deaths on their souls as long as either is a nation or government.”

At no time in its long history has Great Britain or any of its colonies ever perpetrated such a tragic act. For those who stood on the docks and watched the soon-to-be-dead forced aboard tiny boats, it was a pitiful sight. And there were Americans on those docks — Americans who would undoubtedly fight the first man who even hinted they were not the saviors of mankind. But when it came to Haitians . . . black people . . . that was a skin of another color.

Ed, said of the event, “I never gave a damn what the color of a man’s skin was. If he was being murdered, tortured, or held in captivity, and needed help, I was willing to give it. I’m sorry, and ashamed that I can’t say the same for my country and some of my countrymen.”

It would have been a simple matter for the United States government to have disarmed Benoit’s men and let them come in. It would have even been simpler to allow the women, children, and old men to come in. Instead, they were crammed like cattle aboard boats and shipped back to “Papa Doc’s” loving ministrations. At the time Duvalier and his Miamian consulate, Eugene Maximillian, denied there were killings and torture. But today those Haitians who were in their country during that period will tell you that the thunderous volleys from the firing squads and the screams of the tortured echoing from behind the dismal walls of the ill-famed prison of Fort Dimanche will stay with them forever. No one knows . . . or will ever know . . . how many persons were murdered by the bowler-hatted little monster who cringed in his Imperial Palace, surrounded by his dreaded TonTon Macoutes and militia . . . and was even afraid of

them . . . and issued the death orders.

Many of the refugees who fled Haiti were escapees from "Papa Doc's" ire after two short-lived invasions were crushed in August, 1963. So fearful was Duvalier at that time that he had scores arrested, sending his Macoutes out to hurl grenades into homes and drag out the occupants, who, if they had even so much as given a member of the invading party a drink of water, were put to death.

Severed heads adorned posts in Port au Prince, their glassy dead eyes ignored by the cringing passers-by, who feared a similar, or more horrible, fate. A few who escaped Duvalier's wrath say the Nazis were pikers compared to Haiti's "president for life."

While the slaughter went on unabated, United States Ambassador Raymond L. Thurston gently hinted to the Duvalier government that the United States would have to take measures if any of its citizens were interfered with. The press called Thurston's remarks to the Duvalier government "veiled threats," but Ed remarked at that time, "I wouldn't be surprised if Duvalier slaughters every American in the country and tells our government to hop it. If he does, we will probably send letters of regret to the families and move our military mission out of Haiti in retaliation."

As it turned out, we didn't have to move the mission out. Eventually, Duvalier kicked it out.

When invasions began crowding Duvalier, he played the old "I'll join the Communists if you don't help me" shell game on the United States, but this time it didn't work. If we didn't interfere, neither did we assist him. Enraged at the United States State Department's apparent lack of interest in his plight, Duvalier then let it leak that he was planning a two-island alliance with Castro and instructed his consulate in New York not to deny the rumor. We still stayed out of the



mess.

Actually, Duvalier had always considered Castro a friend. In 1971, Mike McLaney, a minor hood with connections to the Mafia empire of Meyer Lansky, told a reporter, “‘Papa Doc’ once told me how he killed a whole boatload of Cubans who accidentally landed from the Windward Passage.’”

According to McLaney, the murderous little madman had bent toward him and, speaking in his dry, whispery voice, had said, “There were about twenty of them. I sent my Macoutes down there and they killed them all.”

McLaney, who runs the Casino Internationale in Port au Prince, the only gambling establishment in Haiti owned and operated by an American, tried to claim the Cubans were members of the Castro army, but a check of the records of three of the Cuban exile underground units indicated they were in fact Cubans fleeing from Castro. That was not the first time Duvalier had performed that little service for his neighbor to the northwest.

The connection between McLaney and the schizophrenic Duvalier is interesting. Shortly after Castro made his epic advance into Havana and declared the revolution a success, he accepted \$13 million in bribe money from various members of the Mafia who had casinos in operation in Cuba. As usual, the Mafia was trying to buy what they couldn’t steal or kill to get. But in tangling with Castro, they met more than their match and it was the first time on record that the Mafia really took a bad beating on a big deal. As it turned out, the bearded revolutionary was a bigger crook than even members of the Mafia. He promptly tossed the various Mafiosi into jail and closed their clubs. Later, he kicked them out of the country, keeping their money, of course.

McLaney was running the Nacional Hotel Havana

which he took over just before Castro came down from the hills. He, too, left, after milking the casino for everything he could get out of it. It wasn't long before the one-time national tennis star began looking toward Haiti. By 1969 he had a casino license and had become an apologist for Duvalier. Interestingly, it was while he was trying to get the license that rumors began to spread concerning mysterious boats, loaded with illegal weapons, that were seen sailing out of Brownsville, Texas and other ports in the Gulf of Mexico. These boats always seemed to end up dropping anchor at Port au Prince. Most of the weapons were crated and marked "machinery" and, surprisingly, their shippers had little trouble with inspection. While other importers were made to wait, and had their imports ripped open and gone over inch by inch, these mysterious crates were promptly landed and given only a cursory examination by port inspectors.

McLaney, fronting for Meyer Lansky, was paying the price for his casino license.

It was in August that the "Black Eagle of Harlem" appeared on the Haitian scene.

Colonel Hubert Julian has long been recognized as one of the world's most intrepid arms dealers. His clients have been anyone who wants to overthrow a government, start a revolution, or maintain a government in power. Colonel Julian has never been particular to whom he sells weapons, so long as he gets his money. It has been whispered on the wind that over the years he has dealt with Castro and Batista; Duvalier and those opposed to him: Rafael Leonides Trujillo Molina, the ruthless dictator of the Dominican Republic who was assassinated in 1961; Molina's successor, Joaquin Balaguer; another successor, Juan Bosch; Romulo Betancourt, president of Venezuela; Guatamala's president, Julio Cesar Mendez Montenegro; Chili's president in 1969,

Eduardo Frei Montalva; and a host of lesser revolutionary lights who have come and gone from the South American scene.

He drew some interest when he showed up in the Congo while Moise Tshombe, province president later assassinated by a "heart attack" in Algeria in 1969, was fighting the Central Congolese government.

Colonel Julian's arrival in Haiti stirred considerable speculation in press circles, who poured forth reams of copy sprinkled with innuendoes that Duvalier was buying guns from the Black Eagle.

Although he denied he was in Haiti on business, it is interesting to note that Julian was put up at the Villa Creole, a hotel commonly used by the government to house VIPs. He told the press he was recuperating after having suffered a stroke in England. If he did have a stroke, it was probably brought on by his strenuous wheeling and dealing in the Belgian gun markets where he bought over half a million dollars' worth of shootable hardware. He then flew to England and from there to Jamaica, where he made quiet arrangements to have the goods shipped to Haiti aboard a tramp steamer. Prior to Julian's sudden interest in Haiti as a place to recuperate, a Duvalier cabinet member's wife made a trip to Europe carrying over \$2 million. Her meeting with Julian was quite brief. Just long enough for part of the money to change hands. The balance was paid to the Negro gun dealer while he "rested" in Haiti.

To make things look good, the colonel told the press he had been abused by Haitian Customs and that he was going to complain to the United States State Department. He also claimed he had been on his way to the Dominican Republic and had only landed at Haiti en route. "I felt ill and decided to stay on," he said.

As a matter of fact, the colonel had booked his flight to Haiti.

Soon after “Papa Doc’s” death in 1971, his son, Claude, began circulating word in the world weapons market that he wanted not only automatic weapons, but tanks as well. Said Ed, “Maybe young Claude is afraid the Dominican Republic will invade him . . . or maybe he plans an alliance with old Whiskers down in Cuba. But, more likely, he’s just making sure another invasion by Haitian exiles doesn’t catch him with his pants down.”

## CHAPTER VIII

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### *Cuba: Russian Fortress*

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When the plane — with Clement Benoit and Ed Arthur aboard — landed at Miami International Airport, a large welcoming committee was on hand to meet it, including various members of the press. As the flash cameras went off, Ed noted half a dozen government types hanging around, as well as Ashmann and another man who was later to play a strange role in the Cuban picture. This man was Sam Benton, whose trademark was a fancy pearl-handled pistol. Benton was well-known in New Orleans. There were even rumors he had been seen paling around with Louisiana Mafia big-shot, Carlos Marcelo. On July 1, 1965, he obtained private detective license number 87-C from the State of Florida.

During Ed's long vigil in Nassau with Benoit, the Haitian had told him the whole operation to move him out of the Bahamas was backed by "some very important people in the United States government."

Said Benoit: "They have promised to help me retake Haiti and set up a democratic government there."

Ashmann also told Ed that "an American agency is

involved in putting up the money to get Benoit out. They want him in the United States and they keep saying he's important to our country."

Ed later told a friend, "Benoit fell for that old crap. They used him. All they wanted was to get Benoit out of the Bahamas before he stirred up too much trouble. He was a threat to the whole Caribbean. No one in our State Department wanted the boat rocked at that time and to hell with how many black men Duvalier killed in Haiti. With Benoit in Florida and his army in the Bahamas . . . and being kicked out of there as fast as they could be tossed aboard boats . . . he was hamstrung. Useless to his people and himself. They gave it to him, but good!"

Also waiting for the plane to land was Dr. Nathaniel Ostroff, who lived in Hollywood, Florida. He was a registered agent in the United States, representing Benoit. Ed and Benoit went immediately to the McAlister Hotel at Flagler Street and Biscayne Boulevard, where Ashmann had arranged for rooms.

There had been uniformed police and deputies from the Dade County Sheriff's Office at the airport, as well as the newsmen. Benoit had held a news conference while Ed tried to stay out of the way of the bursting flashbulbs. He was caught by the television cameras and at least four pictures of Benoit taken that day include Ed standing either beside the black man or in the background. In spite of his efforts, he cover had been neatly blown.

"It was then the Central Intelligence boys started playing games," Ed said later. He kept in close touch with Dr. Ostroff and Buchanan during the period he acted as bodyguard for Benoit, but the job wasn't easy.

One day, he called Buchanan and told him, "Benoit keeps going out to the airport to meet with the CIA. He won't

let me go along and I'm worried they'll get to him."

"Who, the CIA?" Buahanan asked.

"No, Jim. The Macoutes. I wouldn't discount the possibility that Duvalier has sent someone over here to do him a job."

"What the hell's he talking to those spooks about?"

"Benoit told me they were making all kinds of promises . . . saying they want to help the Haitian people. They're making a sucker out of Clement."

"Maybe they mean it," Buchanan speculated. "Bullshit!" Ed rapped. "All they want to do is pull his fangs. As long as they can keep him quiet, they'll keep the lid on down there and that's what they want."

"You want us to put someone on Benoit?"

Ed thought a moment, then sighed disgustedly. "No good. Those clowns know their business. You put a tail on Benoit and they'll take it out the first day. Besides, Benoit doesn't want it."

"He's inviting a bullet," Buchanan said.

"I know . . . I'm moving him out to Miami Beach to the Mount Vernon Hotel . . . I'll feel a little safer there," Ed told him.

"Ed, what about this character, Benton? What's his angle?"

"Ashmann brought him in . . . I thought maybe the guy was Intelligence, but now I'm not so sure. How about running a make on him and calling me back?"

"No problem. I'll take care of it," Buchanan promised, then hung up.

Two days later, he called Ed at the Mount Vernon.

"Benton is a dead end. I did find out he spends a lot of time in New Orleans, but what his bag is here, I haven't the slightest idea," he told Ed.

Later, Benton was to arrange a strange meeting between Ed and a group of men who were attempting to assassinate Castro.

During Ed's stay with Benoit, both in Nassau and at Miami Beach, the two men spent long hours in conversation. Ed was deeply impressed by the Haitian educator.

In a formal agreement drawn up between Benoit and Ed, the Haitian defector promised to put part of his army at Ed's disposal. The plan was a simple one.

Ed told Buchanan: "We'll form a coalition of the exile groups, wed them to Benoit's army, and mount an invasion of Haiti. Once we take it and topple Duvalier's government, we'll set up a government-in-exile down on the southern tip of Haiti and use the Windward Passage as a jumping-off place to invade Cuba."

"Does Benoit buy that?" Buchanan asked.

"Ten-four. He's in all the way. Once Haiti is under his control, we've got our base of operations."

It wasn't until much later that Ed told Buchanan that Benoit had signed the agreement before leaving Nassau.

The document stated: "This is to certify that the Parti Revolutionnaire Haitian in exile, which represents more than 3,000 Haitian refugees, has officially joined forces with Americanos Por Libertad under the command of Ed Arthur."

"Our main goal is to fight against tyranny, terrorism and dictatorship."

"More than 500 members of the Parti Revolutionnaire Haitian are ready to go and fight Duvalier and it agrees to link with the Americanos Por Libertad."

The letter was signed by Clement Benoit September 10, 1963, in the Bahamas. This was the day Benoit was ordered by the Bahamian government to depart Nassau.

While Ed worked to bring about a coalition between the



Haitian exile forces and the Cuban exile underground, the CIA was quietly undermining the operation. Two other men involved in the Haitian-Cuban operation at that time were Mario Cordona and Frank Bender, both suspected by Ed of being Communist agents.

Ed told Buchanan in 1963, "Bender seems to be working both ends against the middle. Keep our people away from him."

Mario Cordona later mysteriously disappeared and today no one seems to know the exact whereabouts of Bender.

After Ed and Benoit had been at the Mount Vernon Hotel for about two weeks, Ed called Buchanan and told him, "This whole thing is off. We can't do a damn thing with the CIA involved. They've infiltrated the whole operation and are handing out advice all over the place."

Buchanan sighed. "Won't those stupid Cubans ever learn?"

Ed told him grimly, "If they didn't learn from the Bay of Pigs, I guess they'll never learn. Anyway, let's pull Commandos L and Americanos Por Libertad out of the deal. I'll tell Benoit we're out of it and try to get him to go up to Columbus on a speechmaking tour. At least that way we'll raise some money."

Buchanan agreed, but Ed kept the agreement letter he and Benoit had drawn up and still has it today.

During 1963, the Caribbean boiled with action. Newspaper headlines blared their black warnings of Castro's doings while the United States State Department fiddled and the Cubans were being burned on operation after operation.

Feb. 21, 1963: "Cuban MIGs fire on United States shrimp boat *Ala* 60 miles north of Cuban mainland."

- Mar. 28, 1963: "Cuba MIG's fire on United States merchant ship *Floridian*."
- Mar. 31, 1963: "Sixteen Cuban exiles and one American captured by British and Bahamian police and their boat, the *Violin III*, seized."
- Apr. 27, 1963: "Castro visits Russia."
- May 9, 1963: "United States Senate reports on investigation of Soviet military buildup in Cuba."
- Jun. 5, 1963: "Eight-nation committee of Organization of American States says Cuba a Soviet military camp."
- Jul. 8, 1963: "United States freezes \$33 million of Cuban funds in American banks."
- Aug. 15, 1963: "Cuban air and naval forces land in the Bahamas and seize nineteen Cuban refugees while American forces watch."
- Oct. 21, 1963: "United States continues blockade of Cuba."

One afternoon, one of Ed's Cuban contacts called him and set up a meeting near the hotel. Ed, though reluctant to leave Benoit, went. He met the Cuban, known only as "Antonio," at a small restaurant and the man told him, "I have just learned the CIA has traded four Castro murderers they had in a New York jail for four CIA agents Castro had in jail."

The exchange actually took place on April 22, 1963, but Ed didn't learn of it until October. The CIA had quietly arranged a prisoner exchange for four agents Castro had thrown in prison. One of them was the internationally known wiretap wizard, Daniel L. Carswell. The other three were:

Eustrace H. Danbrunt; Edmund K. Taransky; and a woman, Mrs. Marjorie Lennox. In exchange, the CIA released Francisco "The Hook" Molina, a vicious killer and Castro executioner; Roberto Santiecteban Casanova; Antonio Sueiro Cabrera; and Jose Garcia Orellana.

The Cuban exile underground in Havana had learned of the exchange through a priest and had later passed word on to one of the Miami-based gun runners who brought it back to Florida.

"What were the CIA agents doing in Cuba?" Ed asked Antonio curiously.

"They were putting wiretaps on all the big hotels," the Cuban said. "There was even talk they planned to wire the Imperial Palace."

Ed chuckled. "How come Castro didn't just do them in?"

The Cuban rubbed two fingers together and said with a grin, "Money. The CIA had to come up with some money. They got the worst of the exchange."

"If Castro keeps this up, he'll get back all the dough we impounded in our banks up here." Ed noted. "Hell, we had to pay the equivalent of \$53 million for those 1,113 Bay of Pigs prisoners, and that's more than the \$33 million we froze in our banks."

The Cuban looked at him strangely. "You think your country shouldn't have paid the ransom?"

"My one answer to that ransom demand would have been 500 American bombers flying over Havana," Ed said.

"I'm glad they paid it," the Cuban grinned. "I was at the Bay of Pigs." Then he left.

Two days later, a friend in Columbus sent Ed a clipping that had Senator Kenneth B. Keating (Rep.-N.Y.) and Senator Strom Thurmond (Dem.-S.C.) claiming many Rus-

sian weapons were still in Cuba. The statement had been made Feb. 6, 1963. "So what else is new?" Ed remarked sourly.

The position of the United States vis-a-vis Cuba is difficult to understand until one considers the later revelation that brought to light the deal John Kennedy made with Nikita Krushchev during the missile crisis. The Soviet Union would promise to remove its missiles if the United States would promise to make no more attempts (such as the Bay of Pigs) to oust Castro. It was a gentleman's agreement and Kennedy and successive American presidents have honored it. Not so the Soviet Union.

Today there are hundreds of Russian military installations, including missile bases, in Cuba, most of them manned entirely by Russian soliders and technicians. Cuba is the Russian Gibraltar in the Caribbean.

Dozens of Cuban exile infiltrators have returned to Florida to describe the Russian operations there and the CIA has questioned many of them. Cuban refugees who have flown into Florida on the Freedom Flights to Miami have told American Intelligence how they worked on many of these installations, including the Russian submarine pens located at Santa Lucia. The most recent tabulation of Russian military power in Cuba was brought to the United States shortly before this book was started, by the brother of a Fort Lauderdale woman, the scion of a wealthy Cuban family. She is now a seamstress, her family's property taken over by the Castro government, her relatives murdered or forced to flee the island in tiny boats. Since she is still active in the Cuban exile movement, she shall have to remain nameless, as will her brother, who spent weeks at Langley, Virginia, feeding information on the Russian installations to the CIA.

In Havana, large-scale military construction has been

underway since 1962. There is a huge complex of MRBM and IRBM missiles in an underground installation located sixty-five feet beneath Havana. At Matanzas, there is a hidden MIG and military transport field. There are 10,000 Russian troops quartered at Caibarien, scene of the bombing of the Russian ship, *Baku*. At San Antonio de los Banos, there is an air base with underground facilities. At Pinar Del Rio, there is another underground military base. Still another is located at San Julian. Just across the narrow tip of Cuba from the United States' Guantanamo Bay base, at Baracoa, there is a huge Soviet spy school. There, Cubans and South American leftists and revolutionary types are trained in sabotage, infiltration, and assassination techniques.

There is also military construction at Oriente, Manzanillo, Guayabal, Jucaro, and Banos.

Frightening as these military installations are, the missile bases . . . which every president since Kennedy has chosen to ignore . . . pose the greatest danger to United States' security. One of the largest of these is at Holguin, a small city that is completely surrounded by Russian armor and so tightly guarded that no one, including Cubans loyal to Castro, is allowed inside the perimeter. On Frances Key the Russians have constructed another missile base, a large radio-sending-and-listening station, and huge docking facilities. Anyone approaching the area is automatically fired upon with no warning. The largest missile complex in Cuba is located at Remedios, a few miles south of Matanzas, while the harbor at Matanzas itself is heavily fortified and carefully guarded.

The Soviet military buildup in Cuba has made the island one of the most powerful military outposts in the world. There are thirty-two missile bases, twenty of them hidden in caves or underground where our U-2 spy planes cannot ferret

them out; a total of forty-one Russian military bases, many of them large storage areas where everything from the latest Russian tanks to ground-to-air missiles are stored; sixteen completed air bases and two more under construction; twenty-three civil airports that are now militarized; approximately fifty fortified ports, five of which are used to ship weapons to insurgents fighting in South America; several electronic stations equipped with the latest in guidance and listening devices; and ten naval and submarine bases, including the nuclear submarine base at Santa Lucia.

The United States, whose answer to this sort of threat in past eras has been to confront it directly, today vacillates and plays the artful dodger, apparently dedicated to Truman's concept of wars of containment, such as the one we fought in Korea and more recently, in Vietnam.

The Cubans who have come to the United States, at first considering it an interim refuge pending Castro's downfall, now know . . . even though many refuse to admit it . . . that an exile attack on Cuba would end in a greater catastrophe than did the Bay of Pigs. They knew that the Soviet Union is not about to give up its powerful foothold on the American continent, a foothold that makes future military blackmail of the United States not only probable, but a certainty.

Russia has won the first move.

We could have won it at the Bay of Pigs.

## CHAPTER IX

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### *Subject: Assassination*

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It was not long after Clement Benoit's arrival in Miami that Ed was approached by Sam Benton and asked to attend a meeting. Ed told Buchanan, "He's being damn mysterious about it all. Just says he wants me to go and talk to these fellows. If I disappear, have some of the boys knock him off. Okay?"

(Sam Benton, rumored to have been seen with Mafia big-shot Carlos Marcelo, was among the crowd at Miami International Airport when Ed returned from Nassau with Benoit.)

The house to which Benton took Ed was situated on a canal bank near the Fontainebleau Hotel. A \$400,000 monstrosity, it sprawled over half a block, sporting wide, green lawns and a sweeping driveway. Inside, Ed found himself staring at a tough-faced Italian about fifty-five years old. He talked in clipped tones, watching Ed with unwavering gaze, as if trying to peer down his soul . . . or evaluate the thickness of his wallet.

"We've got a little proposition for you," the man said.

Ed said nothing, watching a sharply-dressed, and obviously bored, bodyguard, lounging near one of the picture windows.

“There are about 90 big ones in it if you do the job,” the Italian said, still watching Ed.

“Who is it you want done in? Kennedy?”

The Italian looked disgusted, while the bodyguard stirred restlessly. “No . . . It’s an idea, though. Actually, we would like to see the fellow with the whiskers, down in Cuba, get invited to his own funeral.”

“Castro?” Ed was getting interested.

“Yep!”

“Now where the hell did this creep pop up from?” Ed wondered. Aloud, he said, “I like to know the people I’m working for . . . if I take the job.”

“Let’s just say I represent some of the large casino interests that lost a lot of dough when Castro took over. They want it back.”

“And you’re offering 90 grand for the job?”

The Italian grinned. “Too tough for you?”

Ed thought, “You stupid ass!” Then he said, “Forget it. It’s impossible.”

“Don’t jump to conclusions so fast. Back up and take a look at it. Tell me what you would do if you had the money,” the Italian said.

Ed thought a moment, then mused “I believe I’d use a plane. Find out when Castro was in the palace in Havana, then just fly over and drop a blockbuster on top of it and blow his ass off.”

The Italian grinned. “That might work, but our sources down there tell us he doesn’t keep a regular schedule. He has a habit of ducking out back doors at night or just leaving the building quietly. There’s no set pattern about his move-



ments.”

“You say some of the people who owned casinos down there are bankrolling this?” Ed asked.

“Well, there were a lot of guys who had a piece of the action down there. They got shafted by Castro.”

“Can you get a plane?” Ed asked.

The Italian hesitated for a moment, then replied, “We’ve already bought one. Equipped it with bombs, too.”

“Where is it?”

“In Cuba,” the Italian said softly.

At that moment a beautiful blonde woman entered the room and Ed noted she was pregnant. The Italian smiled at her as she sat near him, but didn’t introduce her.

“You own this place?” Ed asked suddenly.

“Let’s just say we have the use of it,” he answered. “Used to be where Batista lived.”

Before Ed could pursue the subject further, the telephone rang and the man got up to answer it. “Yeah . . . ninety thousand. I don’t know, but I’ll call you later when I’ve got more,” he said into the mouthpiece.

Then he hung up and returned to his seat. “Call from Chicago,” he said laconically.

It was then Ed made a decision. The whole thing smelled Syndicate and, \$90,000 or not, he decided to steer clear. He stood up and nodded at the Italian. “I’ll be in touch,” he said. As he walked out, tiny needles of unrest jabbed a pattern of tenseness across his back.

Later, Sam Benton told him, “That guy owned a casino in Havana and Castro shafted him. He wants to open the door again . . . get his dough back.”

Ed never met the man again and did not call him.

“It stank of the Mafia,” he told Buchanan.

People who hear this story invariably ask Ed, “Would

you really do it?" His answer is "Hell, yes! But not for the Mafia."

As it developed later, Ed's nose for La Cosa Nostra was excellent. The house to which Benton had steered him was located on Pine Tree Drive, just across Indian Creek from the Fontainebleau, hangout of some of America's top Mafiosi. When Ed visited the house on Pine Tree Drive, it was owned by Marcos Perez Jimenez, ex-dictator of Venezuela. Like many of his South American predecessors, Jimenez had fled his country with most of the national treasury, using it to live high on the hog once he arrived in the United States.

Jimenez had ties with the Mafia through the marriage of his daughter to Lee Brook. Lee Brook's father was Harry Brook, an old-time gambler and operator of casinos for the Syndicate.

Harry Brook's real boss was Meyer Lansky, who used Mike McLaney as a liaison man.

Apparently, the ex-dictator was doing the bidding of the Mafia in hopes it might later support his return to power in Venezuela. If the rumors that Sam Benton was the confidant of Carlos Marcelo in New Orleans were true, then the tie is even more interesting. Marcelo often used Venezuela as a second home in the days when Jimenez was in power.

As it turned out, Jimenez was not the only one who wanted Fidel planted. There were other forces at work in Miami during this period.

In January, 1971, muckraker Jack Anderson revealed, in his syndicated column, that the CIA had enjoyed a brief wedding with the Mafia in several attempts to assassinate Castro.

One of Anderson's top diggers, Les Whitten, an investigative reporter for the Hearst Headline Service headquartered in Washington, D.C., got most of his information from

another investigative reporter, Lonny Hudkins.

At the time of this writing, Hudkins was working for the *Baltimore News American*. He ought to have known what was going on, as he headed up one of the groups that had gone to Miami to recruit assassination teams.

When asked if he had worked for the government at that time, Hudkins said evasively, "Well, sort of. . . ."

According to the Anderson column, this is what occurred: The plot to do away with the whiskered revolutionary began as part of the Bay of Pigs operation, and was finally abandoned in 1963. In all, six assassination teams were sent to Cuba and all failed. Exile agents in the country at that time have said the plotters were captured and horribly tortured before finally being slaughtered by Castro's secret police.

In arranging for Castro's assassination, the CIA recruited Robert Maheu, a former FBI agent, who is best known for having once run Howard Hughes' sprawling financial empire in Nevada. This was not the first venture for the CIA by Maheu, who had previously performed small chores, and some big ones, for the spook factory while operating a public relations firm in Washington.

Maheu in turn recruited John Roselli, alias John Russell, Alias John Kasselle, Alias John Passelli. Roselli, whose real name is Gievanni Roselli, was a power in the movie industry until he got tangled up with racketeer Willie Bioff in a million dollar shakedown involving Hollywood labor unions. Bioff left this world rather suddenly when someone wired his pickup truck for sound in Arizona and he was blown into the sweet beyond by a well-placed bundle of dynamite.

Added to the unlikely tandem of Maheu and Roselli were CIA agents William Harvey and James "Big Jim" O'Connell. There were three teams actively recruiting

would-be assassins during this period, one of them directed by Lonny Hudkins.

Roselli's first attempt involved slipping poison tablets into Castro's food, using a cook in the Castro kitchen in Havana. The plan failed and the would-be poisoner died a hideous death. A second poison attempt also failed, so the schemers decided to fall back on crude old assassination by gunfire.

One of the assassination teams purchased its weapons from a gunsmith in Pompano Beach. The gunsmith later said he also sold the team parachutes. These men managed to reach a roof across from the Imperial Palace and actually got a shot at the dictator, but blew it. They paid the price in ghastly coin. According to a Cuban exile now in Florida, the assassins were nailed to a cross and left in the hot sun, hanging naked, to suffer the tortures of Christ. While they hung moaning in agony, their captors cut off one man's testicles and sewed them up in the other victim's mouth, mercifully hastening his death by strangulation.

Roselli, using two powerful speed boats, reputedly furnished by himself, ran several other assassination teams into Cuba, dumping them at isolated spots along the coast. During one of these dashes, a Cuban gunboat blasted one of Roselli's speedboats out of the water, tossing him and his men into the sea. They were rescued by their second boat and managed to escape in a rain of steel.

Part of the plot involved keeping the CIA in the background. This was accomplished by Roselli's cover story and the fact that Harvey and O'Connell traveled under assumed names. Roselli claimed to represent large oil interests who were trying to overthrow the Cuban dictator in order to recoup their losses resulting from Castro's supposed nationalization of their holdings in Cuba. All weapons used

in the aborted raids were supposed to have come from another country, but the Pompano Beach gunsmith later said the two rifles he furnished were of American make, as were the scopes mounted on them.

Less Whitten said in 1971 that Maheu would only admit that he occasionally did “special jobs” for the CIA, while Roselli fell back on a different kind of Fifth Amendment — the kind used by government officials who don’t want to talk — by simply telling Whitten, “No comment.”

Both William Harvey and James O’Connell later admitted they knew Roselli, but refused to talk about the Castro assassination attempts. John McCone, who headed up the CIA at that time, flatly denied the CIA had taken part.

In another Jack Anderson column appearing January 19, 1971, the Washington expose artist engaged in some interesting speculation.

First, he reported that President Kennedy, in a discussion with Senator George Smathers, revealed his suspicions that the CIA was involved in the assassination of Rafael Trujillo, the Dominican Republic’s dour dictator, and in the murder of South Vietnam’s Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963. (He was right about Diem. In late 1971, the director of the CIA in Vietnam in 1963 admitted, on television, that his agency was indeed involved.)

The Anderson column also reported that the CIA made five more attempts to kill Castro after President Kennedy put his brother, Robert, in charge of the CIA with instructions to shape it up. Did Robert know that his charge was blithely going about the business of trying to knock off Castro while being “shaped up” by him? Anderson speculated that there is a good possibility he did.

Then comes Anderson’s most provocative bit of speculation. “Could the plot against Castro have backfired against

President Kennedy?" he asked.

There is a strong possibility that Anderson was far closer to the truth than even he realized at the time.

Recall that the CIA's attempts to kill Castro began shortly before the Bay of Pigs, and were abandoned in 1963. President Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas on November 22nd of that year.

The murderer, Lee Harvey Oswald, had been extremely active with Fair Play for Cuba Committee, a pro-Castro organization in New Orleans.

Shortly thereafter, while millions of Americans watched their television sets in unbelieving amazement, a man by the name of Jack Ruby killed Lee Harvey Oswald.

Jack Ruby was seen twice in Havana — in 1961 and in 1962 — by Cubans who later were able to join the Cubans in exile. Both Ruby and Oswald had been on the exile groups' watch list and were kept under close surveillance prior to the tragedy at Dallas.

"We knew," said a Cuban exile, "that Oswald had gone to the Russian embassy in Mexico. That was where he received his orders from Cuba."

The House Committee of Un-American Activities has buried in its files, some interesting facts concerning Ruby and several of his Communist friends. Whether the Committee will ever make these facts public is anyone's guess, but there is a definite possibility that the CIA or the State Department asked the research agency to sit on the information "for the good of the country."

Was Jack Anderson's speculation correct? Did Lee Harvey Oswald assassinate President John F. Kennedy on the orders of Castro, in revenge for the CIA's attempts upon his own life? What role did the Russians play in the drama? The fact that Oswald was able to bring his Russian wife,

Marina, out of the Soviet Union with so little trouble contains an implication that the Russians were cooperative. Experience has shown that other Americans who married Russian women either were never able to get their wives out of Russia or spent years doing it. Yet Oswald breezed through the whole operation in a few short weeks. And why was he allowed to return to the United States with so little fanfare after having gone to the Soviet Union and publicly renouncing his citizenship? Why wasn't the CIA aware that this American defector had spent several months at Baracoa in Cuba? Or . . . was it aware?

Why didn't the Secret Service, normally so efficient, take steps to render Oswald harmless during the Kennedy visit to Dallas? Were they told by the CIA to leave Oswald alone?

Further, why wasn't it noted that a number of Cubans who were active in the pro-Castro Fair Play for Cuba organization were in Dallas shortly prior to, and during, the Kennedy visit?

Ed Arthur has made this comment: "Castro was always vindictive, and it's completely possible that he arranged the assassination of Kennedy. Most Cubans in this country firmly believe that's what happened and they have more information than almost anyone else."

## CHAPTER X

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### *The Mysterious CIA*

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The Central Intelligence Agency comes in for a share of flack in these pages, but it deserves the flack. When an agency with the huge financial backing the CIA enjoys — and with its pick of some of the brightest young men coming out of the nation's colleges — continues to trip over its own feet again and again, then perhaps it is time to pose a question. Is the expenditure of millions of taxpayers' dollars to keep the CIA afloat worth while?

One only has to examine some of the agency's operations during the past decade to see that something is radically wrong. When the CIA pulls a boner, it traditionally gives the public no explanation. The same is true of the FBI. Perhaps this is as it should be. One does not admit publicly that one's underwear is ripped out at the back. On the other hand, when the agency makes a blunder — such as the Bay of Pigs, the U-2 overflight, and the *Pueblo* — the public has a right to expect some housecleaning.

The *Pueblo's* Commander Lloyd Bucher sailed into Korean waters with a ship whose electronic gear exceeded its



armament by a ten to one ratio. When the chips came down, he surrendered. Why wasn't the *Pueblo* armed to the gun-wales? What kind of man was Bucher that he meekly surrendered to the North Koreans? He put the United States in a murderous international position and subjected our country to humiliation at the hands of the North Korean Communists. Shouldn't the *Pueblo* have been rammed full ahead into the nearest Korean vessel and gone down with all hands blazing away with .45 pistols, if that's all they had?

In the case of the U-2 spy plane, the same situation applies. Gary Powers had a poison pill on his person. His plane was equipped with a destruction mechanism. Shouldn't he have taken the pill and pushed the button and gone out in a ball of fire, as he had contracted to do when he signed up for the job? Instead, he fell into Russian hands and created another period of humiliation for the United States.

Now consider the case of Joel Kaplan, scion of the millionaire Kaplan family of New York, whose trust fund has long been used by the CIA as a conduit for funds used in clandestine operations. Joel murdered a man while on an operation in Mexico, and received a sentence of eight years in a Mexican prison. Efforts by the CIA to have him sprung proved futile. So the agency mounted an operation to snatch him from the prison yard with a helicopter, and pulled it off without a hitch. This daring rescue was supposedly undertaken by civilians who were trying to rescue Kaplan so he could return to the United States and claim a large inheritance. What the public didn't know, and this will be the first publication of it, is that the whole operation was planned in Houston, Texas, by Army Intelligence (who furnished the helicopter) and the CIA. It had been planned and approved, and was ready to go, almost two weeks prior to the actual rescue. Ironically, the Mexican authorities, in apparent inno-

cence, naively requested Kaplan's return to Mexico, submitting their demand to the FBI.

A south Florida FBI agent with almost twenty years' experience has commented: "When we go after one of the CIA's people, they just move him out of our reach."

You don't mess around with Mother CIA's people.

A good example of this is what happened to Joseph S. Farland, our Ambassador to Panama, in early 1964, just prior to the Castro-inspired revolt that all but tore the Zone apart. When Farland returned to Washington shortly before the Panama riots, he was kept away from everyone. A tremendously knowledgeable man on Panama and the whole of South America, no one even bothered to debrief him, let alone seek him out for advice on the Panama situation.

Why?

The CIA's station chief of Panama during the time Ambassador Farland was there had been a social butterfly interested in the bright life and gay parties. Farland was keenly aware of this. The ambassador spent almost a year getting the man ousted, an apparent mistake on his part. The CIA never forgets and it didn't in this case. As a result of its subtle pressure on Farland in Washington, it almost brought about an eruption in South America that could have turned the whole continent against the United States. Said Farland of the CIA in Panama at that time: "The station chief had exposed himself as a prominent figure in the high social world. I spelled this out repeatedly, to both the State Department and CIA's Washington headquarters, in terms of the Isthmus and American security. Neither acted. It took me nearly a year to get the station chief removed."

Farland then described the CIA in Panama as "under-zealous in knowing what was happening in Panama and over-zealous in building a CIA empire in the Zone."

No, you just don't mess with Mother CIA's people. Not if you want to keep your job and your sanity!

Panama was just one of many surprises the United States has experienced because of monumental failures on the part of its super spook agency. Among others are the North Korean invasion of South Korea; Soviet missiles in Cuba; Laos; the Berlin Wall; the Dominican revolution; Zanzibar; the Cambodian whiplash; Nehru's invasion of Goa; the *Pueblo*; Gary Powers and the U-2; the Bay of Pigs failure; the continued support of Duvalier; and today's monster missile buildup in Cuba which the CIA and the State Department refuse to believe, or are afraid to tell the American people about.

How much of the taxpayers' money is spent on the CIA? In 1971 the Senate voted down a proposed \$4 billion ceiling on intelligence appropriations after it was advised by five Senators, who act as one of the watchdog committees over the CIA, that it was not enough.

A conservative estimate of just how much is spent would put the figure at around \$10 billion, give or take a few million.

It is impossible to get a completely accurate figure on just how much this intelligence agency is given, as funds are disguised by padding various line item appropriations spread over several different money bills, mainly the huge defense bill.

Ed Arthur spent five years fighting communism in south Florida and the Caribbean, has had two hitches as a combat non-com in Vietnam (during which period he was wounded and highly decorated) and was a drill instructor at the Fort Carson, Colorado, Recondo (Reconnaissance Commando) School. He has traveled all over Central America and Europe. There are hundreds of dedicated men just like him.

Instead, the CIA recruits its people from college campuses and pays out huge sums of money for unfruitful ventures.

It is interesting to note that in 1964 columnist Henry J. Taylor was pleading for cooperation by United States citizens in supporting President Johnson, whose unhappy job at that time was to try to straighten out our intelligence apparatus before it got us into a nuclear war or gave away the country.

Taylor informed a shocked readership that the CIA in Cuba and Panama had been infiltrated wholesale by Soviet-trained Castro agents (most of them ground out at Baracoa) and that these agents were, with monotonous regularity, killing Cuban and Panamanian anti-Communists being recruited by the CIA. What Taylor may not have known was that the Cuban exiles in Florida were dumping pro-Castro agents into the Big Cypress Swamp and the Florida Everglades in a brutal clandestine war of tit for tat. It was a vicious game.

The last large gathering of Cuban exiles to take place in Florida was at Dinner Key Auditorium in Miami. Some 3,000 Cubans gathered there to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Bay of Pigs invasion. The auditorium crawled with CIA agents, agents from the Secret Service and from the Treasury Department's Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms Division. Waldo Castroverdes, a veteran of the Bay of Pigs, wisecracked, "We know all of them. It gives us a warm feeling of security to know they are watching over us."

The large gathering of agents at Dinner Key was not unusual. The CIA has a reputation for overkill. Said an intelligence agent from the CIA; "One dummy is bad enough, but when you put half a dozen dummies together, all you have is a lot of dummies."

Meanwhile Congress continues to vote itself blinders when it comes to knowledge of the huge operation. As a result, the CIA remains a mystery even to the body that originally voted it into existence. The agency is so secret that those members of Congress whose business it is supposed to be to know about CIA activities are almost totally in the dark about what their unwieldy stepchild is up to. The four highly select intelligence oversight committees might just as well not bother to meet!

Just what are the CIA's prerogatives? Congress had mandated that they were not to operate clandestinely within the continental United States. The CIA paid about as much attention to this directive as the FBI paid to the one confining its operation to the United States. The FBI has agents in many foreign capitals, while the CIA has offices in a great many United States cities.

For instance, call 388-4757 in Denver, Colorado and ask to speak to someone from the CIA.

The question remains: What do CIA agents do to earn their money inside the United States' borders? Capture spies? That job was handed to the FBI years ago. Check on the arrivals at the nation's international airports? Still the job of the FBI and Customs. And why does the CIA hire newspapermen — usually on a contract basis — to perform jobs for it, a practice started in the early Fifties? Is it a not-so-subtle method of compromising the press?

The CIA is one agency that used political assassination to attain its end. If it feels it is necessary to remove someone, he is usually removed, sometimes in bizarre ways. A graphic example was the plan formulated by the CIA to do away with Fidel Castro during his visit to the United States shortly after he came into power. A CIA agent calmly informed the New York police commissioner that a box of cigars had been

rigged with nitro and would be placed in such a way as to guarantee Fidel would sample its contents, with an undoubtedly decapitating effect on the dictator. The horrified police official put a crimp in the plan, probably because it was his unpleasant job to keep Castro alive, at least during the Communist's sojourn within his jurisdiction.

Columnist Ralph de Toledano in 1972 informed his readers of a CIA plot to murder Taiwan's president, Chiang Kai-Shek. The super agency had come to the decision that the Generalissimo was excess baggage on the world scene. According to Toledano, the CIA boys put together a \$5 million package of goodies and toddled off to Formosa to use them on the old Communist fighter. Apparently Chiang's intelligence was better than ours, for he knew of the operation before the CIA agents had time to take their first after-flight shower. The foxy general allowed the agents to blow the \$5 million in bribes and stayed out of their way until they were finally recalled, the job still undone.

It might be appropriate at this time to tip the CIA on Chiang's latest method of financing his paramilitary army, which the Formosan government does not finance. Chiang has quite a fancy little drug operation going, in which some of his people are processing hard drugs by the quarter ton. The stuff is finding a ready market in the United States.

Maybe it's a waste of time to tip off the CIA, as Chiang has been flying his chemists in from Bangkok via Air America (the CIA's air force in Vietnam) and paying them \$10,000 per trip. The raw material for processing is coming from the Thailand uplands.

Books dealing with intelligence (fiction) have glamorized the profession and coined a whole new language that is as revealing as the patois of the prison con, hippie, or drug addict. And intelligence operatives are as coy and cute

about dropping giveaway phrases as are the underworld people. For instance, ever since “The Spy That Came In From The Cold,” that term has become passé. Now it’s “I’m going to put on my overcoat,” or, “I’m due to go back into the chilly weather.”

“Spook” is also passé, but used in this book because it is still recognizable as a term meaning agent. Such terms as “resident agent, cutout, resident in place, handler, turned, low and high profile,” are still acceptable, but not to be used in polite company.

When one considers that the whole business is one of sending glorified Peeping Toms out into the world to peer beneath other countries’ window shades, one wonders why it costs so much money. As a Cuban exile in Fort Lauderdale noted, “If the United States government would just hand us the money it has spent to keep us from invading Cuba, we could buy the island outright.”

## CHAPTER XI

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### *Mission to Nicaragua and Costa Rica*

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Miami International Airport was crowded that day in January 1964, when Ed Arthur caught a Lanca Airways passenger flight bound for Nicaragua.

Ed was going to Managua, Nicaragua, and San Jose, Costa Rica, on a mission for Commandos L.

For several years, various Cuban anti-Castro groups in south Florida had been attempting to establish a mustering station in one of the South American countries. However, most of the South American rag-bag despots, dictators, and Communist fellow-travelers wanted nothing to do with the Cubanos who, they felt, could only serve to arouse the wrath of that bearded beast on the island of Cuba. It is true that some clandestine groups were operating in both Costa Rica and Nicaragua at that time, but only because the local authorities saw fit to turn their heads and pretend they didn't exist. Commandos L hoped to obtain official sanction. It was Ed's job to try to contact someone, in the Somoza government in Nicaragua, who would listen with sympathy to a proposition.



But that was not the only mission Ed was on. He also carried a complete code which he had been ordered to hand over to certain Cuban activists and anti-Communists in both Nicaragua and Costa Rica. This code was to be used later to coordinate raids into Cuba.

“There was a pretty well organized anti-Communist group in Nicaragua,” Ed said. He noted that this group seemed to thrive, in spite of the fact that the country was a police state, with machine gun-toting soldiers walking the streets. “The biggest one group I saw over there was guarding a Texaco oil company installation just across the road from the airport,” he noted wryly.

After negative results with the Somoza government in Nicaragua and a wild goose chase to Managua, Ed left the following morning and landed in San Jose, Costa Rica, noted the world over for being the home of the most beautiful women anywhere. “They weren’t kidding,” said Ed later.

He took a room at the Plaza Hotel, then went down to the hotel bar and sat on a stool at the far end near the door, watching the beautiful women pass through the lobby.

Half an hour later Ed’s contact came in. A lean American married to a Costa Rican, we shall call him “Joe,” as he is still active in Costa Rica.

“You know why I’m down here?” Ed asked.

“No, and I don’t want to know. All I was told to do was arrange a meeting between you and Father Frederick Guenette. He’s damn good. The guy started a kinda Boys Town of Costa Rica and he hates Commies. He fought with the United States Army during World War II.”

“Which part of the church is he with?” Ed asked.

“He’s a Dominican,” Joe answered.

“You arranged a meet?” Ed asked.

Joe had set up the meeting for 6 o’clock that night at a

restaurant he operated as a cover, and after he gave Ed directions on how to find the place, got up and walked out.

Ed located the restaurant within half an hour and entered, to find the priest seated at a table at the back of the room. Joe came over and introduced the two men, brought them cold bottles of Costa Rican beer, and went away. The two men sat and appraised each other for a moment. Then the priest raised his glass, smiled, and took a huge swallow, letting the beer slide down his throat with a sigh of pleasure. "The best beer in the world," he said.

Ed decided not to play games with the priest and told him flatly, "I'm down here as a representative of an American-based anti-Castro Cuban group called Commandos L. We are interested in setting up a base of operations in Costa Rica where we can train Cubans for infiltration back onto the island and maybe, just maybe, someday build a big enough strike force that we can hit the Cuban mainland and pull it off this time."

Several beers later the two men had worked out a tentative plan. Ed and Father Guenette coded the names of three Costa Ricans who were helping the Cubans. Alfredo, a lawyer, was code-named KNOT; Col. Starke, an officer of the 750-man Costa Rican police force, received the designation RUDDER, and a Col. Donato was SWING. Later the two men went to the city square where Alfredo had an office and discussed further plans.

It was decided they would approach an American who owned a 250-acre ranch located near the coast somewhere in the area of the port city of Puerto Limon and prevail upon him to allow them to use it as a training and staging area.

The plan was a good one and later over 400 Cubans set up a military camp on the ranch under Frank Forini and Jim Buchanan. Although Forini later returned to Florida, Bu-

chanan spent the next few years moving between Mexico and Costa Rica with an occasional side trip to Florida to pick up a load of weapons. In 1971 he was arrested while entering Mexico with a panel truck loaded with automatic weapons and ammo. The stuff was secreted behind false panels but somehow the Rurales got wind of the shipment and seized it. Buchanan was tossed into a Mexican jail but later turned up again in Florida a few months prior to the now famed Watergate Hotel break-in, in which Forini, who had changed his name to Sturgis, was arrested, along with four other men, removing bugging equipment from the National Democratic headquarters located in the building.

It took several days of meetings and long-winded discussions to set up the Costa Rica operation, which included several mail drops and designations of secret meeting places along the Caribbean coast where men and equipment could be off-loaded.

The priest attended each meeting and took an active role in the planning. What is interesting, is the fact that Father Guenette, was at this writing deep inside Chile where he was actively working against the Chilean Communists. He told Ed in Costa Rica, "Soon now, Chile will follow Cuba. It will become totally Communist if the United States doesn't do something."

The odd thing about the priest is the fact that he helped set up the Costa Rica operation. Why? Especially why when the United States State Department was so adamant about no American involvement in South America that could be pointed to by Castro or Russia? The only possible explanation is that somebody in the CIA was exceeding his authority. Father Guenette could not have made that kind of jump over the line alone. So, he had to have at least a partial clearance from the CIA. And they had to know all about the operation.

You can't hide 400 revolutionaries in a country as small as Costa Rica.

While Ed was in San Jose he decided to visit an active volcano located sixteen kilometers south of the city. This volcano had been spewing black ash over the countryside for several days. The priest furnished him a driver and car and shortly after noon Ed arrived at the base of the mountain and began climbing the winding trail to the top on foot, accompanied by his driver, a tough little Costa Rican from the back country. The driver spoke passable English and he drew Ed's attention to the fact they had company. Below them on the trail two white men were slogging upward, their suits and white shirts already starting to show the effects of the volcanic ash that drifted over everything.

The driver grinned and told Ed, "Two of your friends from up north."

Said Ed later, "I figured as long as they stayed their distance I wouldn't bother them, but if it looked like they planned to make a run at me I had every intention of feeding them to the volcano."

By the time Ed and the driver gained the top, the volcano was beginning to rumble deep in its guts and the smoke and ash was becoming thicker by the minute. The two tails had arrived at the head of the trail but kept their distance, merely standing and watching as Ed unslung his movie camera and walked to the very lip of the crater.

"Senor, do not approach too close . . . it is dangerous," Ed's driver called. But Ed, apparently enthralled by the raw power beneath his feet, stayed where he was, pointing his camera down into the gaping maw of the crater and shooting film rapidly. Then the volcano erupted.

It was a fierce eruption, blowing fire and hot gravel high into the air. As Ed kept the camera grinding away, putting on

film, the tower of flame shooting a hundred feet into the air above his head. Then he ran for the trail.

While setting up his camera he had also filmed the two men in the suits. They were later identified by a Cuban in Miami as members of a United States government team working the Caribbean out of Florida.

When Ed and his driver reached the top of the trail and started down, the two Americans were nowhere to be seen. "They just bugged out," he said.

When he got back to the Plaza Hotel, someone had given his room a thorough shakedown. "They did a sloppy job. There were fingerprints in the volcanic dust that had sifted into the room," he said.

After checking the room for bugs he went out and had dinner with Father Guenette, said his goodbyes, then returned to the hotel.

He left for Florida that night and the plane flew over Cuba, using the free commercial corridor.

Ed noted, "I was sitting on the right side of the plane looking down when we passed over Cuba and there was only one light on the whole damn island. Just one lone light. No cars, no houses lit up. Nothing. Just one lone light."

Back in Miami Ed turned over a copy of the code to Oscar de Tuya and briefed him on the mission. Shortly, after that, he left for Ohio.

## CHAPTER XII

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### *Gun-Run #1*

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In April 1964 Ed Arthur left South Florida in his 1963 Oldsmobile with \$200 in his pocket, a list of weapons given him by Oscar De Tuya and the name of a man living in Los Angeles, California. Shortly before he left, he contacted a girl he had met in Miami and asked her to fly to Columbus, Ohio, and accompany him on the trip. Ed had a thing about using girls for cover.

Said Ed later, "I had met my contact man. I knew only that he was a prominent Cuban who had been active in the anti-Castro movement for years."

The man's name was Frank S. Gutierrez. He was Commandos L's west coast delegate, a former Certified Public Accountant and executive in Cuba. His father, chairman of the board of directors of Commandos L, was Dr. Jose M. Gutierrez, former dean of the Faculty of Education of the University of Havana and a Governor Nominee of the Cuban District of the Rotary International.

As a cover for Ed's meeting with Gutierrez, the two men met at a Cuban rally where 250 Cubans gathered to discuss

plans for ousting Castro, eat dinner, and talk volubly on politics. When Gutierrez informed his fellow Cubans of Ed's mission, Ed was suddenly surrounded by hand-waving, back-slapping Latins. It's rather surprising that Ed's cover wasn't immediately blown. Perhaps it was, but no one cared. During that period federal agencies looked upon Cuban gun-running ventures with a certain tolerance, if not downright passive support. The CIA knew what Ed's mission was and apparently weren't interested.

After the dinner, Gutierrez took Ed across the room and introduced him to a man with a British accent. "Ed, this is José Norman. He is a writer and lived in Cuba many years. Castro has not been good to him or his family," Frank said.

Indeed Castro had not been good to Norman's family, or more specifically his son. It was while Norman was operating a ranch in Oreinta Province that Castro's goons came and took away his boy. They threw him into Lacabanya Prison and then tortured him for weeks on end. When Norman finally got his son back, the young man was a mental wreck and still is today. He had been callously broken by Castro torturers.

It was Norman who first published a list of Russian missile sites in Cuba, compiled from his own observations. They were ignored by both the United States State Department and the CIA.

During their Los Angeles meeting Norman offered to assist Ed in any way he could but had to tell him, "We have very little money out here and I doubt if we could raise enough to buy a box of .45 ammo."

A chance meeting in a Hollywood gun store led Ed to the weapons he needed and exposed him to a man he said was "probably the most potentially dangerous man in California at that time."

The man was 24-year-old Wayne Stevenson.

Said Ed, "I'd met some people in my time but this guy was crazy. In his way he was as fanatic as the Black Panthers are in theirs."

Stevenson lived near San Fernando and worked part time at the Hollywood Gun Store. He was a rabid anti-Communist and gun buff. He also had some interesting connections. One was with a man who held a federal firearms license. Stevenson used him to purchase weapons, which he later sold to Cubans or anybody else who wanted them to fight Communism.

In the May 1964 issue of *Guns & Ammo*, an article written by Frank Tulak "as told by Wayne Stevenson," appeared. It must have been worked up about the time Ed was dealing with Stevenson. "It described a truly horrendous weapon the Californian had invented — called by *Guns & Ammo* "The World's Most Powerful Shoulder Rifle" — it was a converted .50 caliber machine gun modified to fire single rounds. It could be hand-held.

"It would have made one hell of a sniper's rifle and I figured if someday somebody knocked off a prominent liberal and nobody heard the shot it would probably be done with just such a weapon," Ed said.

Here was a weapon that, in the vernacular of the early west, could "shoot a mile, then stop and throw bricks."

Scope-mounted and with a special device to eliminate recoil, the unwieldy-appearing single shot could be used almost anywhere. Anyone hit by the huge .50 caliber slug wouldn't need a second round wasted on him. One would be enough.

In describing the cannon Ed said, "I could damn near stand in Haiti and fire that thing across the Windward Passage and knock off a sugar cane cutter working the fields in



Cuba.”

The strange and deadly .50 was not the only weapon Stevenson had. Ed said his home was an arsenal, with everything from .45 automatic pistols to submachine guns.

Ed played Stevenson like a puppet on a string, knowing that a mistake could turn the lean fanatic against him in a flash, but also knowing that if anyone in California could fill his gun order it would be Stevenson. “It took me several weeks to gain the guy’s confidence but he finally decided to trust me. It was then I told him about working for Commandos L,” Ed said.

During his frequent visits to Stevenson’s home, Ed left Mirelle at their apartment, but finally took her along on a single visit to “make sure that somebody knew where I was if anything happened to me.”

Nothing did. Wayne, as soon as he found out what Ed wanted the weapons for, was only too eager to dig them up.

Interestingly, Stevenson, in spite of his vaunted anti-Communist sentiments, demanded \$500 for the weapons.

All during Ed’s association with the deadly gun buff, Stevenson kept talking about guerrilla warfare and methods of killing Communists. “He was obsessed with it,” Ed said.

During one of their conversations Stevenson suggested Ed write an article on the Cuban underground for *Guns & Ammo*. Stevenson knew Buz Fawcett, editor of the West Coast magazine, and took Ed around to meet him. The two men got on well and Fawcett evinced immediate interest in the proposed article. He promised Ed that, if he would write it, it would get published. With Stevenson’s help, Ed put the story together and it appeared in *Guns & Ammo* in November 1964.

Ed received the magnanimous sum of \$100 for the piece and later said the price was a “cheap shot” for what he

delivered. Included with the article was one picture taken in rather interesting circumstances.

One of the weapons Ed finally bought from Stevenson was a 20mm Lahti cannon. It came equipped with 100 rounds of armor-piercing ammo. One afternoon, before Ed left California with his illegal load, he drove his gun-run truck into an alley behind the *Guns & Ammo* building. Calmly, he and Fawcett unloaded the deadly Lahti, set it up in a lot, and Fawcett's photographer took pictures of it.

"It was a wild scene," Ed said. "Here we were, practically in downtown Hollywood, and we had this great big cannon sitting there in a vacant lot, and the back of the pickup loaded with rifles, pistols, food, and ammo, and were shooting pictures of the crazy thing."

In order to come up with the money to pay Stevenson for the weapons Ed was forced at last to part with his Olds. One afternoon he drove it to the Giant Felix Chevrolet Company at 3330 South Figueroa Street in Los Angeles and traded it for a 1957 pickup truck, got enough boot money to pay for the guns and return trip to Ohio, and have overload springs put on the truck.

Then Stevenson, assured of getting his money, contacted a man in Los Angeles, gave him Ed's list, and later telephoned Ed to tell him he could pick up "those items."

"I was amazed when I got out to Stevenson's house in the San Fernando Valley," Ed said. "The guns were in his garage and the place looked like an armory. I never saw the guy who came up with the weapons but Stevenson said they originally came from an arms distributor in Virginia. I think he called the outfit Interarms," Ed said.

He said Stevenson also admitted he sold guns to members of the Minutemen in the Los Angeles area and in Orange County.

During one conversation with Stevenson, the gun buff remarked, "One of the men in this area who is a big help to us and very sympathetic to our cause is Bob Muncaster."

Muncaster was a candidate for Congress running from the 17th District and lived at 2043 Generac Street in San Pedro. He had been described to Ed as "a man who can help you if you ever need it."

One night Stevenson took Ed along to a party in Palos Verdes, one of the plushier districts in the Los Angeles area, and Ed got a surprise.

"The place was full of space workers . . . guys who were working on our missiles and atomic warheads," Ed said. "I talked to half a dozen designers and engineers and those jokers had the damndest reason for forming an underground movement I ever heard of. They had somehow come up with the theory that the Chinese Communists were preparing to invade California from Mexico and they were getting ready for them. They had guns all over the house and one guy even had a Thompson sub-machine gun. All they could talk about was what a great guy Robert DePugh, the head of the Minutemen, was. . . . Here you had all these guys working on the ultimate weapon and yet they had collected a whole arsenal of small arms against some imagined invasion. It was crazy."

Ed said he tried to get the group to come up with some financing for the Cuban movement but met with complete defeat. "They were only interested in stopping this imagined Chinese invasion," Ed said in wonder.

The next day Mirelle flew back to Miami. "I wanted her out of it," Ed said.

In early August 1964, he left California with his load of contraband and headed for Columbus, Ohio. "I drove only during daylight hours. Too much chance of an accident at

night," he said. He would pull off the road when it got dark, hide the truck in a grove of trees, or behind a big rock (and once, in the midwest, inside an abandoned barn) and curl up on the front seat to try to sleep. "When I finally got to Columbus, I was so stiff and sore I could hardly walk," he said.

It was in Oklahoma that Ed almost came a cropper. He was barreling along the thruway and darkness overtook him while he was still looking for a place to get off the high speed highway and hole up for the night. Suddenly, a blinking light sparkled across his rearview mirror. An Oklahoma State Patrol car pulled alongside the truck and the brief growl of a siren ordered him off the road. "I thought, here we go," Ed said later. He got out and walked back, meeting the trooper just behind the truck.

"You've got a tail light out," the trooper said, and asked for Ed's driver's license.

When Ed handed over his Ohio chauffeur's license, the trooper glanced at the California plates on the truck and asked, "Where ya headed?"

"I told him I was going to Columbus. Always give a location that you are familiar with because the cop might just know the area and you can get tripped up damn fast if he starts that old routine, do you know so-and-so?," Ed said later.

While Ed sweated out a warning ticket, he waited for the trooper to ask him what he was carrying in the pickup box. Stevenson's father, a carpenter, had built the canopy for Ed just before he left California and it had two strong doors at the back, both of them locked. "If he had asked me to open the back, I would have had to do it and I wouldn't have argued with him or tried to jump him," Ed said. He pointed out that even if he got busted for gun-running, once it came out that the weapons were intended for use against the Communists a

jury or judge would be inclined to go light. "I would have told the cop where the stuff was heading and tried to talk him out of taking me in." Ed said.

Luckily, the trooper showed no interest in Ed's load. If he had, he would have found a 20mm Lahti cannon, 100 rounds of ammo for it, dozens of rifles along with over 5,000 rounds of ammunition, food, medical supplies, and uniforms.

Later, Ed fixed the tail light and finally arrived back in Columbus in the early afternoon. He hid the truck in a garage across the street from the Underwoods, old friends and fellow anti-Communists. "The garage owners didn't know what was in the truck," Ed said, "We just said we wanted some place to put it out of the weather for a while."

During Ed's absence Commandos L had been busy. At 10:00 a.m. Friday, June 19, combined forces of Commandos L and the M.I.R.R. (Insurrectional Movement of Revolutionary Recovery, a highly proficient exile organization that conducted at least five previous raids over Cuba) flew a rickety plane over the Cuban Sugar Mill "Reforma" at Caibarien in the Province of Las Villas, and bombed it into a smoking ruin. This episode was followed by screams of anguish from Fidel, who labeled the invaders "running dog CIA lackeys of the North American imperialists."

Unfortunately the raid cost high in blood. After its successful bombing run the plane was hit by flak from an anti-aircraft installation and soon picked up a Russian Mig that finally shot it down. The pilot managed to radio a brief account of the pursuit, then the message died. Members of Commandos L learned that one man had been killed during the air action and the other two were arrested on the ground after they survived the crash. They later made the long walk to the wall, where they were shot to death by the firing squad.

Shortly after Ed's arrival in Columbus, he reported by telephone to Oscar de Tuya that "the mission was a success." He then advised de Tuya he would be out of contact for about a month, but would deliver the "items" in the latter part of September.

Ed then left for Europe.

### CHAPTER XIII

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## *Gun-Run #2*

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After a tour behind the Iron Curtain came to a successful conclusion, Ed returned to Columbus, Ohio, and stayed with the Underwoods a few days. He then retrieved his truck-load of illegal weapons and drove them into Florida. He delivered them to a home in Coral Gables where Oscar de Tuya waited to claim them. Always meticulous, de Tuya gave Ed a receipt for the load and duly signed it.

During Ed's absence the truck remained in the garage across the street from the Underwood home. When Ed returned Mrs. Underwood told him, "While you were away we had a terrible lightning storm. Bolts of lightning hit all around this part of town and I was sitting at the window just staring at that garage over there and thinking what would happen if lightning struck it."

Said Ed, "If it had, there were enough explosives in that truck to blow up two square blocks."

Back in Florida Ed made contact with several Americans who were not members of any of the Cuban groups but were active in running boats into the Caribbean. The game

was a dangerous one. They would cruise about an area just outside Cuban international waters until a Castro gunboat hailed them. Then, when the gunboat got in close, they would open up on it with a Lahti cannon and submachine guns, riddle it from bow to stern, then race away.

“They had a damn fast boat that could outrun anything the Castro people had,” Ed said.

He went on several of these runs, but never got into a shooting scrape.

Some of the boats carried a .30 caliber machine gun rigged with a knee slate, so it could be fired in the same way a light knee mortar is fired. Five of the men also carried .30 caliber, fully-automatic carbines equipped with banana clips. On one trip they moved to within five miles of the island east of Havana to avoid normal shipping routes, but pulled away when they spotted the lights of a Castro gunboat bearing down on them.

“We were looking for another *Baku*,” Ed said. “That’s what I was living for. I wanted to pull off another such raid.”

The boat was disguised as a fishing boat minus the top structure (to guarantee a low profile on the horizon). Ed and his fellow soldiers-of-fortune would lounge about the decks fishing over the side and keeping a quick eye out for gunboats.

It was during these off again-on again raids that Ed began to wonder where Jim Buchanan got the money to operate. “He was supposed to be a reporter, yet Gore newspapers seem to give the guy free rein, letting him do just about as he pleases. Of course, he came up with a lot of front page stories. Matt Kenny of the United Press also came up with great stories, yet he had to keep his nose to the grindstone and earn his check.”

During this period Ed lived quietly on Coconut Drive in



Miami Beach, met with his Cuban friends at either Pier 66 in Fort Lauderdale, or a Miami cocktail lounge, and went out on several boat runs. Then Oscar de Tuya was contacted by an anti-Communist group in Kirkwood, Missouri.

With that contact began Ed's second gun-run.

A doctor was Ed's contact man. He was attending an American Medical Association meeting in Miami and the group in Missouri sent word that he would be willing to talk about furnishing weapons. A meet was set up in a Collins Avenue hotel lobby.

"The doctor was a six-footer who weighed over 200 pounds and talked with a slow drawl," Ed said. "He told me his organization could supply us with a full load of weapons. I gave him a list and he just nodded and said 'yes, we can get them.' We arranged that I would go to St. Louis after the doctor had confirmed the deal with his Missouri people."

A few days later the doctor received a call from his contact in Missouri, then called Ed and told him, "The word is go."

The big jet settled gently on the asphalt runway at St. Louis a few days later and Ed disembarked into a blowing wind holding the bitterness of coming winter, and made his way to the air terminal. As he passed inside, a husky man approached and gave him the agreed-upon password. When Ed answered properly, the man led him out to a late model Chevrolet. They drove to a house in west St. Louis where the man introduced Ed to another doctor, Harry C. Sammons of 128 West Jewel Avenue, Kirkwood, Missouri. Then they began talking about the weapons order that Oscar had placed with them.

"I'm not too sure we want to give up these guns," the big Missourian said. "We know the whole country is infiltrated by agents from out of the United Nations and we've got

to be ready for anything.”

The doctor said little until Ed finally asked him what his political philosophy was. Then he opened up. It seemed the group he belonged to had splintered away from Minuteman Robert DePaugh's organization and formed one of their own, because DePugh was “too violent” for them.

Two interesting aspects of Ed's conversation leaves one to wonder just how much the FBI and other government agencies really know about these groups. Sammons and the Missourian told Ed they had kept members of the DuBrois Club under surveillance and had even photographed them with hidden cameras as they debarked from planes.

Then the big Missourian dropped a bombshell. He told Ed, “If we need to send any messages to Florida we've got a surefire method. We can utilize pilots flying planes for the Missouri National Guard. They make regular trips to Homestead Air Base down there and they'll carry messages or anything else we want them to carry when they fly down.”

He said one of the pilots acted as a regular courier for the splinter group, carrying messages all over the country by National Guard jet.

Then Sammons told Ed, “We can arrange a meeting for you with DePugh. He's got a hell of a big arsenal. Everything you need, including automatic weapons.”

Curious to meet the legendary DePugh, Ed agreed and the two men arranged a meet for the following afternoon.

The next day they drove through a mild snowstorm to Centralia, Missouri and pulled up in front of a small, white house. “It wasn't much and I sure as hell wasn't impressed by it,” Ed said.

They knocked on the storm door and a man let them in. Ed found a barren room with a table and four rickety chairs in the middle of it. The big Missourian went away with the man

while Ed and the doctor waited in the cold room.

Then DePugh entered. "I was even less impressed by him," Ed said.

He found himself confronted by a tidy, nondescript appearing man wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt, and pale tie. He was about five feet, ten inches tall and weighed around 165 pounds. "We shook hands and the guy said 'hello' in a very soft voice . . . talking kinda slow, and sounded educated," Ed noted later.

The group sat down in the rickety chairs, DePugh across the table from Ed. Before the big soldier-of-fortune could say a word, the Missourian began expounding his philosophy.

He was against socialism, Communism, "those bastards in Washington who are selling out the country to the Ruskies," the Jewish liberal, super-intellec[t]s in the colleges, "those niggers who should be shipped back to Africa where they came from" and anything else that wasn't pure white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

Said Ed, "The longer the guy talked the more I wanted to punch him in the nose. He was a raving psychopath. I decided before we had talked five minutes that I wanted nothing to do with the man. If you had put him in a black uniform with jackboots and a mustache, he could have doubled for Adolph Hitler and most of what he said sounded like old Adolph."

When Ed finally broached the subject of guns to be used in the Cuban cause, DePugh balked. "I don't like the idea of all those greasers pouring into this country and causing problems," he said, and refused to sell or furnish guns to Ed's group.

Twice Ed almost got into an argument with the Minute-man head but they finally shook hands, somewhat grudgingly, and parted. It was apparent neither liked the other.

“He was a Sunday anti-Communist,” Ed noted later. “He wanted to get rid of Communism but when it came to fighting real Communists, rather than a bunch of United States liberals, he backed down. Guys like DePugh aren’t interested in getting rid of oppression. They want to bring it about as long as they end up running things. I’d hate to see this country run by the likes of Robert DePugh.”

On the way back to Kirkwood the doctor and his husky friend told Ed that DePugh had a hideout in the small town of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, where he counted many friends in both the police department and sheriff’s office.

Later, DePugh was arrested by federal agents in a rambling house outside of the New Mexico town. The basement of the dwelling was full of hundreds of automatic weapons and thousands of rounds of ammo.

When the group got back to Kirkwood, Ed was assured the weapons he needed could be dug up but that it would take time. “Once we get them all rounded up, we’ll give your man down there a call and you can come and get them,” the big Missourian said.

Ed flew back to Miami that night, and in January 1965 the call came. He drove the truck to Columbus, stayed three days, then called St. Louis and informed them he was on his way. He was told he would be picked up at a drive-in restaurant near the airport and given directions. A few days later, he pulled into the meeting place on the west side of the Mississippi River.

“When I got to those fellows’ house, they had every weapon on our list boxed up in crates marked ‘surveying equipment’ and all we had to do was load them,” Ed said.

It was while he was waiting for the delivery that he discovered just how smooth an operation the Missouri fac-

tion had going for them. As he drove along the east shore of the Mississippi River, the clutch on the pickup started going out. When he finally limped into the meeting spot, the midwest group took over the pickup and almost overnight, installed a new clutch, brakes, and a new battery.

He left St. Louis early the morning after taking delivery and pushed east, following the southern route through Arkansas and finally into Mississippi.

It was outside Jackson, Mississippi that he ran into the roadblock.

Stiff and sore from riding and sleeping in the heaterless truck, he was booming along the thruway just west of Jackson when he suddenly drove onto a roadblock manned by four State cruisers. He watched as a thin trooper stepped out into his lane and waved him down, thinking, "Here we go! Somebody had told them Ed Arthur is coming through with a load of guns."

As any smuggler can tell you, coolness is the watchword. Lose your cool and you lose the ball game. And Ed Arthur was a very cool number. He proved it conclusively at that roadblock outside Jackson.

Dressed in levis, boots, and a battered western hat, he crawled out of the cab and asked the trooper, "Hey, what the hell's happening?"

"Trouble over in Selma . . . bastard Martin Luther coon on the rampage again. See your license, please?"

Ed handed over the license and asked, "How come a roadblock way over here?"

"We're looking for any of those nigras bringing in guns to help their buddies," the trooper said, glancing at Ed's California plates and back to his Ohio license.

"That's a damn good idea," Ed said enthusiastically, "It's about time you guys stopped those friggin' rioters."

Then Ed really put on an act for the trooper. "People burnin' and tearin' up the country . . . Niggers runnin' around rapin' white girls . . . Pissin' in the streets . . . Stealin' and wreckin' white folks' property," he raved, while the trooper nodded in agreement.

"Well, we're out to stop them from importing guns into the area although I'd like to see them get them," the trooper remarked. "Give us an excuse to blow their black butts off."

As Ed went into another tirade, the trooper interrupted to ask, "What ya got in the back, there?"

"Surveying equipment on its way from California to Florida. Got a big construction job down there and they need this stuff," He told him. "It's special tolerance equipment made up just for this one job. Cost a bundle."

Handing back his license, the trooper asked Ed, "They pay good down there?"

Ed grinned, "Hell, yes. You ought to come down. You'll made a lot more down there than you will working for the State and you don't have to worry about some hopped up nigger shooting you in the back."

The trooper allowed as how he would watch his back, then explained he was from the area and guessed a man should stay where he's known. He then waved Ed on his way.

Recounting the experience later, Ed roars with laughter. "It was the funniest damn thing that ever happened to me," he chuckles. "Here they were, looking for guns, and I had enough weapons and ammo in that truck to blow Selma clean off the map. God, it was funny. When he started talking about King, I almost cracked "right on" but caught myself in time. An arsenal in the back of that truck and he was looking for guns. . . .!"

Ed admitted his stomach was doing flip-flops all during

the confrontation but noted, "When you lose your cool, you lose the war."

And his narrow squeaks weren't over yet. Just inside the Florida line he was again flagged, this time after he had passed a weigh station. The trooper asked him, "Did you stop at the weigh station?"

When Ed told him no, he asked him to open the back of the truck. "I figured what the hell, if ya gotta go ya might just as well go first class. So I threw open the back and stepped away," Ed said.

Ed's fatalism probably saved him. The trooper asked what he had in the boxes and where they were going and Ed told him, "It's a special consignment of equipment on its way from California to a construction job, a government job, at Port Everglades, down in Fort Lauderdale. I don't even know what the stuff's for myself but it's top priority."

He added that the firm he worked for was headquartered at Columbus, Ohio, and that the equipment was a rush order. "Why truck it then? Why not fly it?" the trooper asked, staring at Ed.

Ed stared back and said reasonably, "It's damn delicate stuff and they didn't want to trust it to the airlines. The last time they shipped some of this gear the airlines smashed open a box by accident and broke an \$18,000 piece of gear."

"Kinda rough on it bouncing around the back of this truck, ain't it?"

"All the equipment is packed in foam rubber and I take it real easy," Ed assured him, adding "I'm damned if I want to have to explain how a \$10,000 or \$15,000 piece of equipment got busted."

"You say you don't know what kinda job they're doin down there?"

"Nope. Haven't the foggiest. . . ."

The trooper stood there staring in at the crates and started a guessing game on just what the government was building at Port Everglades, until Ed finally said, "They need this gear tomorrow and I've got to gas up at least once more. Probably won't get a chance to eat, either."

"Sorry to hold you up," the trooper apologized, helping Ed close up the back. He then said laughingly, "Better get that stuff down there. Don't want to hold up Uncle Sam."

"It was funny," Ed said later. "All during that crazy conversation my mind was clear as crystal and I wasn't a bit worried . . . just kinda wishing the guy would get through with me so I could get on my way. Hell, if he had opened one of those crates and saw, say, that .30 caliber machine-gun, he would have flat fainted."

By the time Ed ended the gun-run and backed the truck into a garage in Coral Gables for unloading, Oscar de Tuya was there waiting. As soon as the truck was empty Ed drove north toward Pompano Beach, planning to spend the night with Tom Posey.

As he drove north through Hollywood he glanced casually into the mirror, noted the plain, green car lagging behind him and remembered having spotted it shortly after pulling into the town. "I wasn't sure they were tailing me but I decided to find out and swung into a gas station," Ed said.

The green car promptly stopped at a drive-in restaurant next door. "I waited until a waitress brought a tray out to their car, then tossed the attendant a \$5 bill and pulled a U-turn in the middle of the street and headed the other way. They stayed right with me. I don't know what the hell they told the car hop," Ed laughed.

He played tag with the green car all the way into Miami, then took the McArthur Causeway over to Miami Beach, then back toward Hollywood again where he stopped at a



telephone booth and called Posey, briefed him on the tail, and pulled away again. The green car had parked down the street, waiting patiently for Ed to make his phone call, then took up the pursuit again.

“Those jokers hung on like leeches and I decided to let them stop me,” Ed said.

He chose a narrow dirt road just south of Dania and took the turn into it on two wheels, watching with satisfaction the green car overshoot and have to back up to make the corner. “I had a brand new, specially-made Colt .45 in the cab of the truck and I didn’t want those bastards to lay hands on it, so at the first curve I had heaved it out into the bushes. I went back to look for it later but never found it,” Ed said.

He pointed out that he carried the pistol against the possibility of a hijack attempt by one of the Miami-based pro-Castro groups. “We had runners killed by those creeps and I wasn’t about to take any chances,” he said.

The road ended in a cul de sac and Ed barreled the pickup in a tight turn, throwing dust in a dense cloud, and slammed it to a stop. The green car almost ran into the truck and the two men who stepped out were not in the best of moods when they approached the big gun runner.

“We’re from Immigration and Naturalization,” one of them said, flashing his credentials.

“Hell, I’m not an alien,” Ed cracked.

With a sour look one of the men demanded his identification, carefully examined it, then asked, “How come you’re in Florida, driving a California pickup, with an Ohio license?”

“I’m in construction,” Ed said simply . . . and grinned.

The two men didn’t like the grin. “What’s in the back of the truck?” one of them snapped.

Ed cocked his head on one side, thought a minute, then said, "Nothing, but I have no intention of letting you look."

"Oh? Well, I think we can arrange to have a look," the man said, his face growing red in the light from the green car's headlights.

"You got a warrant?" Ed asked.

"No, we haven't. But we can hold you until we get one," the shorter of the two informed him.

Shrugging, Ed opened the back of the truck, stepped back, and said, "Be my guest."

One of the men crawled inside and Ed could hear him rummaging around and snarling a curse when he apparently bumped his head on the low roof. He finally clambered out, covered with dirt and dust, holding a pair of camouflage pants, an armband from Commandos L, and a .30 caliber round.

"What's this stuff?" he asked.

"Well, the pants I use for hunting, the armband is a souvenir, and the shell is for my hunting rifle," Ed told them blandly.

Then they started firing questions at him and each time he answered one of the men would walk to the green car and talk briefly on the radio then return and ask another question.

While one of them questioned him the other began checking the cab and suddenly grunted and walked back into the light, carrying Ed's passport, and staring at its pages jammed with visas.

"Is this your passport?" he asked.

"Sure, why?"

"What the hell were you doing in all these countries?" the federal agent asked.

"I told you. I work construction. I save my money and when I get a few grand I use it to travel around foreign

countries.”

One of the men allowed a flickering grin to pass across his face and asked softly, “You wouldn’t by any chance be running guns to the Cubans, now would you?”

Ed, suddenly looking innocent, said with mock severity, “Who, me? I wouldn’t do a thing like that. Why you guys would catch me in a minute.”

The agent grunted something under his breath, then told Ed to “get in your damn truck and get the hell outa here.”

The author later talked to an agent from the Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms Division of the Treasury Department. He verified that he was one of the men who stopped Ed. “We were sure we had him,” he said. “But he came up clean. After that we kept an eye on him.”

It was Ed’s last gun-run.

## CHAPTER XIV

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### *Haiti "Invasions"*

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On January 2, 1967, a rental truck was rolling south into the Florida Keys with two Cubans in the cab. In the back rode 1,000 pounds of high explosives, destined for delivery at a beachfront home at Cocoa Plum Beach on a remote section of Key Vaca, north of Marathon. The truck never arrived and its loss resulted in another aborted vest pocket invasion of Haiti, this one geared to win. According to Haiti watchers on the scene at that time, the invasion, if it had come off, would have proved a success.

It was the second attempt in three months. In November, 1966, the "Columbia Broadcasting System invasion," which was not an invasion, ground to a halt, mired in the emotions of Cubans and Haitians who could not compromise on lines of authority.

The plan was essentially that which Clement Benoit and Ed Arthur had agreed upon — combine Haitian and Cuban exile groups, overthrow Duvalier, and then allow the Cuban exiles to use the Haitian mainland as a jumping off place for an invasion of Cuba. But the plotters of this projected inva-

sion made one grave error. They agreed to allow the Columbia Broadcasting System to chronicle the events on film. CBS even hired that old standby, Andrew St. George, to document the invasion move by move. It was during this period that a number of Cubans in Miami began to suspect that St. George was one of Richard Helm's CIA spooks. He was always around when the action started, but when members of the various invading parties were nabbed and hauled off to jail, St. George was never among them.

The fact that it was actually filming a group of men involved in a blatant violation of the Monroe Doctrine didn't seem to bother the Columbia Broadcasting System in the least. Most of the prefilming was done in south Florida, while one segment was shot in a field near Kendall, in south Dade county. Later, in July, 1967, one of the Cuban trainees, Julio C. Hormilla, sued CBS, claiming the news broadcasters kept him from medical aid when a fellow "actor's" gun exploded and partially blinded him. "The defendant intentionally prevented any medical aid to the plaintiff until the cameraman could photograph the plaintiff in his agony and thereby add realism to the television production," Hormilla charged. He sued CBS for \$1 million. The company flatly denied it had taken part in the "staging" of any such scene. "There has never been such a news broadcast. We hire no extras for any documentary program and have a strong prohibition against reenactments of any news event," claimed Richard Salant, CBS vice-president in charge of news. Actually, he was right. They weren't actors. They meant business.

The aborted invasion was filmed by the Columbia Broadcasting System from its inception in a basement in New York City until it collapsed in Miami. The whole thing blew apart when the Cubans quit and charged the operation was

based on poor weapons and a phantom air force and navy. Napoleon Vilaboa, a 29-year-old Cuban exile and one-time rebel army Captain, was the man chosen by the plotters to head up the operation. He said later he agreed because he was led to believe it was a clandestine venture supported by the United States government.

Vilaboa and ex-Cuban senator Rolando Masferrer, who organized the invasion that never was, could not agree to agree. Masferrer, a long-time friend of Fulgencio Batista, had headed up a private army in eastern Cuba called Los Tigres (The Tigers) that fought against the Castro takeover. It was said that Fidel Castro hated Masferrer above all the rest of his tormentors.

Leading the Haitian exiles was Father Jean Baptiste Georges, a Catholic priest and former Minister of Education under Duvalier. Duvalier hated him almost as much as Castro hated Masferrer. In 1962, Father Georges went into seclusion in the Haitian capital of Port au Prince and was granted safe conduct out of the country in 1963. After that, he became active in several attempts to oust Duvalier from his shaky throne. The would-be invaders planned to install Father Georges as president of Haiti.

For several years prior to the aborted "CBS invasion," Masferrer had been a strong advocate of the Benoit-Arthur plan to overthrow Duvalier and then use Haiti as a jumping off place for an invasion of Cuba. The rank and file Cuban exiles in Miami didn't think much of Masferrer. Many of them remembered the ex-senator as a political terrorist in Cuba and wanted no part of any invasion tied to him.

The invasion force included 300 Cubans, 30 Haitians, and 20 American adventurers. Vilaboa later bitterly complained that he was assured the invasion group would be backed by bombing raids flown by men manning a B-26, a

DC-3, and four light, single-engine planes that would carry machineguns. Actually, the air force never existed and was only used as a carrot on a stick to lure Vilaboa and other recruits into the plot. Vilaboa even dug up seven Cuban pilots who were to fly the planes, but they never materialized. Masferrer also claimed he had a seven-passenger executive model craft at his disposal, in which he planned to fly Father Georges to Port au Prince, once the voodoo dictator was knocked out of the box.

Newsmen in south Florida couldn't help but notice the CBS crews scurrying around Miami interviewing Cuban and Haitian exiles, but were blandly told that the broadcasting company was merely doing a documentary on the life and times of a Cuban exile. There were other cover stories circulated at the time, few of which veteran newsmen from the Miami Herald and other Florida papers bought. Instead, they sat back and watched with some amusement, undoubtedly remembering other tales of pseudo invasions they had covered, only to have to placate their editors when nothing happened. During that period, a number of Cubans dropped broad hints that the invasion was being partially financed by CBS, but this was never proved. The fact remained that Masferrer and Father Georges had managed to raise \$350,000 for the attempt. This time the money did not come from Syndicate sources! Not with Mike McLaney moving closer to an understanding with "Papa Doc" and a ready gun market waiting in Haiti!

Things began to "hot up" when a CBS news executive, Jay McMullen, arrived in Miami to set up a command post the network planned to use to direct news coverage when the invasion jumped off. While this was going on, Masferrer was planting rumors that an invasion force had already landed in Haiti, a gimmick that shook Duvalier to the point where he

had a few more people shot.

According to Vilaboa, their plan was to land at an isolated spot on the coast, then take several villages in order to gain a needed foothold.

Vilaboa finally began to smell a rat and asked Masferrer to put up or shut up by turning over full military authority to him, including inspection of all military hardware to be used in the invasion and written guarantees that the Cubans would be allowed to set up bases in Haiti. Masferrer refused.

Surprisingly, Masferrer had managed to put together a rather impressive officer staff for his mini-assault. Among them were Rene Revenga, a 33 year old former rebel army officer; Oscar F. Ray, who had fought at the Bay of Pigs; Luis E. Chinae, another Bay of Pigs fighter; Antonia Rojas, a veteran of dozens of clandestine trips to Cuba; and Miguel A. Fernandez, later killed while operating inside Cuba.

Also involved were such men as Jesus Gomez Calzadilla, a former Cuban rebel army captain who was one of the original Castro expeditionaries from Mexico in 1956 aboard the boat, *The Gramma*. He was one of the lucky survivors of that ill-fated Castro invasion attempt which saw all but fifteen men killed or captured. It was this small band that formed the nucleus of the peasant army that later helped put Castro in the palace at Havana. Also involved in the aborted CBS invasion was the chief of the Cuban exile frogmen, Jose Carlos Prado and another Bay of Pigs veteran, Miguel Cabrera. All except Rojas quit when Vilaboa walked out on Masferrer.

Vilaboa's suspicions became aroused when he got a good look at the weapons that Masferrer had gathered together for the operation. Many of them were old and defective, while some of the heavier weapons, such as bazookas, did not even have ammo with them. What Masferrer used the



\$350,000 for is anyone's guess, but very few Cubans in Miami would have needed more than one guess to come up with the correct answer.

So Vilaboa, smelling slaughter for his men, backed out of the deal and it collapsed. What occurred in January 1967 may supply an answer as to what became of the money Masferrer had raised. It also leads to some speculation that Masferrer was planning to make a thrust at Haiti by a phantom force of ill-equipped and armed men, then later lead the real force into Haiti, like the Long Ranger to the rescue.

In December Masferrer was put in a still worse light when Eugene L. Maximillien, Haiti's consul-general in Miami, told newsmen that Masferrer had offered to call off the invasion for \$200,000. The consul-general said he had informed the United States government of the alleged offer.

Masferrer was quick to retaliate, broadcasting a statement that Maximillien had offered to join the invasion if he were assured a diplomatic post in Europe when the invasion succeeded. Both accusations were nicely geared to put the two men on the spot. If Duvalier believed his consul-general was involved in a sellout, Maximillien would not be around long, while Masferrer could expect the same fate if his followers believed he had planned to sell out the invasion.

Masferrer claimed Maximillien had sent the offer to join his planned invasion through an American, Mitchell Livingston Wer Bell, who was later to take part in the 1967 attempted invasion. Maximillien's story was that when he had received Masferrer's offer to sell out the invasion for \$200,000, he had gone to Haiti and presented the offer to Duvalier. "He promptly refused it," Maximillien said.

On the day after New Years, 1967, Masferrer made his second invasion move. United States Customs agents from the Treasury Department's Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms

Division had for several weeks been keeping a two-story house in a remote section of Key Vaca in the Florida Keys under surveillance. They had witnessed the comings and goings of both Cubans and Haitians. Trucks had appeared late at night and off-loaded mysterious crates. Then a 55-foot shrimp boat tied up at the rickety dock. Still the agents waited.

Then local law enforcement officers inadvertently sprung the trap when they stopped a rental truck moving south through the Keys and discovered it was carrying 1,000 pounds of explosives. The federal agents, deciding it was time for action, suddenly swooped down on the house and its occupants.

They found seventy men in and around the house and boat. They were dressed in a motley collection of combat fatigues, hunting outfits, and pieces of uniforms. Among the invaders was Rolando Masferrer and Father Georges.

Inside the house, the federal officers discovered a veritable arsenal. Ammunition, 120,000 rounds, was packed into boxes. There were 100 M-1 rifles, 50 carbines, 10 automatic rifles, 15 .30 caliber machineguns, six 60mm mortars, three 81mm mortars and 50 Belgian rifles.

Considering the fact that a short time before the incident, Masferrer's stock of weapons was so beat up that Vilaboa refused to take part in an invasion if his men had to use them, he had suddenly come by a rather surprising stock of first-class weaponry, to say nothing of the shrimp boat.

Undoubtedly the United States government was taking a long-term view of what could happen as a result of a successful invasion. If Masferrer's forces had ousted Duvalier, and Haiti had then allowed the Cuban exiles to set up a base across the Windward Passage from Cuba, Castro would have had no recourse but to invade Haiti at the first sign of

aggressive action by the Cuban exiles. If he had invaded Haiti, the United States would have been bound to interfere, which would have started the Soviet Union rattling her rockets again. It would have been the missile crisis all over again, but with frills. So Masferrer had to be stopped.

The key to how it was done lies with five Americans who were rounded up at Key Vaca. They were Joe Garman; Martin Francis Xavier Casey; Mitchell Livingston Wer Bell, III; Paul Thenore; and William Heusler.

Wer Bell, a 48 year old adventurer from Powder Springs, Georgia, was released from custody March 24, 1967, all charges dropped. Here lies the clue to how the federal authorities discovered the plot. Wer Bell had once been an errand boy for Eugene Maximilien. In November, at the height of that aborted invasion attempt, Maximilien had sent Wer Bell to Masferrer with an alleged offer to join the Cuban in the attempted overthrow of Duvalier. Later, Wer Bell turned up as part of the January invasion army. At the time, no one pointed an accusing finger at Wer Bell, but when he was later quietly released, there were some raised eyebrows among knowledgeable reporters and Cuban exiles.

After the invasion flop and his release, Wer Bell quietly disappeared into the woodwork, but later surfaced in Costa Rica with Frank Fiorini. Fiorini returned to Florida and settled down with his wife in Hollywood, announcing to all the sundry that he was through playing soldier of fortune and would from now on become a well-behaved citizen. Said Ed Arthur: "Bullshit! When Frank Fiorini settles down, so will I."

Masferrer's plan had been grandiose. After federal agents broke up his vest pocket invasion attempt in the Keys, he told reporters he would have taken Haiti and that thirty days later he would have launched a full-scale invasion of

Cuba across the narrow Windward Passage.

The plan smacked of Clement Benoit, although his name never surfaced. Some other impressive ones did. The plot had originated in New York and investigation revealed that a group calling themselves the Haitian Coalition had planned the operation and run the weapons into Florida from New York and Atlanta, Georgia. Paul Magliore, who was president of Haiti from 1950 to 1956, was one of the prime movers behind the invasion, as was Raymond Joseph, secretary-general of the Coalition.

Benoit, the architect of the Haiti-to-Cuba plan which he had worked out with Ed Arthur in the Bahamas in 1963, had taken an active, but silent, part in the operation. Ironically, Arthur was in Vietnam with the 1st Cavalry Division at the time.

Masferrer, who was later convicted of attempting to export guns from the country illegally and was sent to the federal prison at Atlanta, accused the United States of "protecting Fidel Castro."

In early 1970, Andrew St. George dropped a bombshell in the form of an article he wrote for True Magazine. In it he accused the Mafia and the CIA of waging a secret war over Haiti in which millions of dollars were spent and hundreds died. He also accused the CIA of sponsoring four unsuccessful attempts to overthrow the government of Haiti. He said the attempts occurred in 1964, 1965, 1968, and 1969. Conspicuously missing was any mention of the January, 1967, attempt.

There is an excellent reason why St. George left that invasion off his list. It was not sponsored by the CIA, but was instead broken up by them. The CIA did not want an invasion mounted they could not control and Masferrer was a man the CIA couldn't put strings on. As cited earlier in this book, the

United States did not want a domino procedure undertaken that would put it in direct confrontation with Russia. To knock off "Papa Doc" was fine . . . as long as it stopped there. As long as the CIA was backing the operation, the United States government could be reasonably sure that it would have a hand in guiding the destiny of the tiny kingdom, but if an independent force such as Masferrer's accomplished it, the CIA would be left out in the cold. So Masferrer had to go and he did . . . right straight to the federal prison.

Meanwhile, every CIA sponsored invasion fell flat.

St. George further alleged in his magazine article that the CIA and the Justice Department had discovered "hard" evidence that the Mafia was linked to Duvalier. One wonders where they were when Mike McLanney was angling for a casino license in Haiti. And it stretches the bounds of credulity to believe that the Justice Department's Organized Crime Section, very active in Miami at that time, had no inkling of McLanney's background. Still, considering the fact that they sat back while Meyer Lansky gobbled up the Bahamas, it could conceivably be possible they knew nothing about McLanney. Douglas McMillan, director of the Organized Crime Section in Miami in 1972, once admitted ignorance of who or what McLanney was and even asked the author if he had McLanney's address in Miami Beach.

According to St. George, the decision to knock off Duvalier came after President John F. Kennedy arranged for a psychiatrist to have dinner with the dictator in 1962 and try to determine if he was sane or not. Here was a man who had built an army of thugs and murderers and sent them through the streets and countryside with carte blanche to kill as they pleased. Here was a man who was responsible for hundreds of deaths; who kept a fully-equipped torture chamber in the basement of the Imperial Palace and used it; who flung

hundreds of innocent people into prison and had whole cabinets shot, replaced, and shot again. And Kennedy had to have a psychiatrist tell him Duvalier was mad?

One would wonder about Kennedy's sanity.

The head shrinker's diagnosis allegedly revealed that Duvalier was a psychopath with symptoms of paranoid megalomania. "He is a very sick man and needs to be relieved of the pressures of the presidency," ruled the psychiatrist, uttering what was probably the understatement of the century.

St. George alleged that it was then the CIA "undertook to relieve Duvalier of the pressures of the presidency."

Again it stretches credulity beyond reason to accept the fact that an intelligence bureau, capable of commanding resources in the billions and hundreds of supposedly crack agents, could not oust one tin-pot dictator from his control of one of the most backward and barbaric countries in the world. Perhaps they should have allowed Masferrer to do the job for them.

When St. George reported that the Mafia was furnishing guns to Duvalier while the CIA was busy training Haitian exiles to invade the country, he had accurate information. There were the patrol boats Duvalier came up with that were made in Italy. The Mafia had made arrangements with a Sicilian firm to provide the boats . . . a fast cutter type that could carry considerable weaponry . . . and then delivered them to the dictator as a payoff for McLaney's gambling concessions. Meyer Lansky financed the deal.

St. George's article somewhat dispelled the rumor that he was one of Richard Helm's spooks, although it was unkindly remarked by one ex-intelligence type living in south Florida at that time, "I heard from an old source that the CIA is ticked off at the Justice Department because it

hasn't managed to dry up the Mafia arms shipments to Haiti . . . Don't suppose old St. George planted that little piece, do you?"

It is interesting to note that when Duvalier heard of Masferrer's plan to set up a Cuban exile base in Haiti, he fed a statement to the world through Maximilien's mouth: "Duvalier's government is ready to offer Cuban exiles bases of operation if the United States permits it. But the United States president says he will not do it because it is against Washington's strategy. The freedom of Cuba rests with Washington alone."

Astounding!

Here is a statement attributed to Duvalier, a man who had once told the world boastfully, "I am the personification of Haiti. I take advice or orders from no one."

Then there was Duvalier's gruesome habit of having Cuban exiles who landed on Haitian soil gunned down by the TonTon Macoutes.

Also to be considered was the tight liaison between Cuban and Haitian refugees in the Bahamas and Florida. A man possessed of Duvalier's suspicious nature would just naturally have had to assume that if he allowed a Cuban base on Haitian soil, he would be running the risk of secreting the viper in his bosom.

Even though most people considered Duvalier insane, very few were willing to submit that he was stupid. A Cuban base would have been a distinct threat to Duvalier's regime, a threat he would have never allowed, even if the United States had paid him to do it.

Of course, it is entirely possible that our State Department had requested that the Cubans be barred, as a Cuban base on Haitian soil just did not conform to the government's plans for the Caribbean. One wonders just what our

government's plans there were and are?

One interesting bit of plotting surfaced after the Key Vaca raid. Federal agents discovered a blueprint for invasion which included setting up a base in Honduras with the aid of Antonio Imbert Barreras, a well known Dominican Republic general. According to the documents, Imbert had agreed to provide arms, men, and money for the Haitian coup. The plot makes sense when one considers that the Dominican Republic has long been a traditional enemy of Haiti, having conquered it twice, and was poised on its borders prepared for instant invasion during the 1964 Haitian revolution. Intelligence personnel in the Dominican at that time revealed that the only restraining influence on President Bosch was a big "no" by the United States government.

During the federal trial of the six leaders of the foiled 1967 Haitian invasion, a government witness, David Cabeza Coupau, one of the men who had been apprehended driving the truck loaded with high explosives, tried to introduce evidence through his attorney, Gino Negretti, that the CIA had helped plan the invasion. Judge Ted Cabot refused to allow the testimony, then informed Negretti that any supporting evidence would have to be submitted privately to him. It would be interesting to know which of the judge's ears the CIA was whispering into.

The spook factory had an excellent reason for short-stopping Cabeza's evidence. He had once worked for the CIA and was one of the first men to tip the United States to the Russian rocket buildup in Cuba. He had been extremely active with the CIA in the years prior to 1964 and had taken part in the plotting of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Judge Cabot even went so far as to rule that any evidence involving the CIA would have to get his approval before it could be submitted to the jury. As one of the Cubans said at the time,



“The CIA appealed to the judge’s patriotism.”

One of the prosecuting attorney’s arguments held that Cabeza did not work for the CIA in 1967, therefore he could not have access to information of CIA involvement in the planned invasion. If the United States attorney, William Meadows, or Judge Cabot, had really been curious, all they would have had to do was recall Wer Bell and ask him. One wonders why Negretti did not do this. Or they could have called in Cabeza’s brother who worked for the CIA at that time.

The trial ended with conviction of Masferrer, Father Georges, Martin Casey, Antonio Rojas, Rene Leon, and Julio Anton Constanza Palau. The charge had been conspiracy to export munitions of war and planning a military expedition to Haiti.

“Justice,” said Ed Arthur, “had been served.”

There were other aborted attempts to invade “Papa Doc’s” kingdom, but all failed, nipped in the fatigues by the Bahamian government or the United States. In March, 1968, the Royal Bahama Police raided a remote island on the Grand Bahama Bank and rounded up seventy-seven Haitians who had set up a guerrilla base and were training for another try at their homeland. They ended up in Nassau’s Fox Hill Prison and their weapons were confiscated.

In May, 1968, Jay Humphrey, a former Melbourne, Florida contractor, was paid \$1,000 to ferry a B25 bomber from Arizona to Florida. Later it flew out of the tiny airport at Immolakee, located on the edge of the Everglades 110 miles northwest of Miami, and dropped bombs in Port au Prince in an attempt at the Imperial Palace. A second bomber made that same run and was shot down and its crew executed by Duvalier. Apparently the Haitians were going far afield for their equipment.

The plane had been originally purchased from the Hamilton Aircraft Company in Tucson, Arizona by soldier of fortune Johnny Knight, a pseudonym for one of Masferrer's American adventurers. Later, Duvalier claimed he had captured both bombers. He may have, considering the fact that Knight has never surfaced.

In August, 1968, the Bahamas' government suddenly found the eyes of the world looking its direction with disapproval when Bahamian police opened fire on a boatload of rebelling Haitians, killing two and wounding twelve. They were objecting to being sent back to Haiti where Duvalier's firing squads were loading their weapons and licking their chops in anticipation.

The incident occurred when 128 men and 82 women broke out of the hold of the Bahamian government-owned ship, *East Ore*, and attempted to take it over. Even then the Bahamian government was still cautiously slipping Haitians back to Haiti, in spite of the fact that it knew many of them would end up either in prison or in front of firing squads. The excuse for this action was that the Haitians were taking over the Bahamians' jobs by working for cheaper wages.

The incident, which occurred off Long Island, aroused the sympathy of many Americans, but not to the point where the United States was willing to offer them the same sanctuary it offered Cubans. Meanwhile, millions of tourists poured more millions of American dollars into this paradise every year while decrying just such malevolent actions perpetrated by Iron Curtain countries. Said Ed Arthur, "At that time we had two brutal dictators within 100 miles of our southern borders who were murdering hundreds of people and a government in the Bahamas that was sending hundreds more to their deaths and we still maintained friendly relations with those countries in spite of withdrawal of United States

aid to Haiti and the blockade of Cuba.”

Arthur pointed out that the United States government’s “hands off” attitude toward Duvalier and Castro was prima facie evidence of a tacit kind of support and our tolerance of the Bahamas’ attitude toward her unwanted Haitian refugees a coldblooded reaction to tragedy.

## CHAPTER XV

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### *Glory No More*

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When Ed Arthur joined the Cuban exile movement, he was not merely lashing out in a personal fashion against Fidel Castro. To him it seemed that the Cuban exiles were the only people left in the world who were fighting for a cause.

Ed feels that there is glory in fighting for what one believes to be right. Many of his Cuban friends died for what they thought was right. However, when ultimate victory is foiled time after time by forces sometimes in opposition, and, amazingly, sometimes in competition, the glory fades. Men are dead, who should be living.

Ed came to feel this diminished satisfaction sharply in relation to the Cuban efforts. In June of 1965, he withdrew from active participation. He returned to Columbus, Ohio, and spent almost a year there.

Our country was struggling with the war in Vietnam. Ed reenlisted in the army in April 1966, volunteered for duty in southeast Asia, and was in Vietnam by September. There he became a recon-scout with the famed First Cavalry Division.

In Vietnam, as in the Cuban situation, he soon found

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that the fighting men were being hampered, and their lives endangered unnecessarily, by non-fighters in the home ranks.

The job was there to do, and our soldiers did it. But there was glory no more.

In May, 1967, Ed was wounded when the helicopter on which he was a scout was shot down and crashed in the Central Highlands of Vietnam. He was sent back to the states, hospitalized, and underwent several operations. He was finally able to return to Columbus. There, as a result of a complication arising from his wounds, he spent another period of hospitalization in Riverside Methodist Hospital.

When he was again free of the hospital, he became a member of the campus police force at Ohio Dominican College. During this period, he also did undercover work for the Columbus police department. One such effort took him to New York City to become a member of a narcotics gang that was running heroin into Ohio. In another case, he infiltrated a Minuteman organization in Detroit.

In December 1969, he reenlisted in the army again, managing to fake his way successfully through the medical examinations. Back in Vietnam, he became a member of the Rat Patrol with the First Cavalry Division. His old wounds start acting up, and a physical check-up was ordered by his commanding officer. This sent him back to the States.

Then came a period as an instructor at the Reconnaissance Commando school in Fort Carson, Colorado. Again the Vietnam wounds caused trouble. A medical officer ordered him discharged with full disability.

Ed Arthur naturally gravitates toward action. Shortly after his discharge, he became a sheriff's deputy, and later an undersheriff, in Teller County, Colorado.

But Ed always goes back to Ohio. In the spring of 1972,

he was living in Fulton, Ohio not far from Columbus. A book, SGT Ed Arthur's NAM, was being written about his experiences in Vietnam, by author Ulf Goebel. Ed Arthur's Glory No More was also under consideration. Otherwise, Ed was living a relatively quiet life.

It was not so with someone he had known in his active anti-Castro, pro-Cuban, gun-running days. Frank Fiorini (now Sturgis), who had once escaped from a Castro prison, had later headed up the International Brigade, and made many daring raids, was getting himself entangled in the "caper" of the century.

## CHAPTER XVI

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### *Watergate! Oh, Watergate!*

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It was June, 1972, and presidential aspirant George McGovern's campaign was limping along on crutches furnished by the nation's leftists, anti-war cliques, and various eastern anti-establishment types who, though not very effective, were nevertheless loud. Incumbent Richard Milhous Nixon was ensconced behind a protective wall built of the fiber of four years as the nation's man in the White House and a favorable poll, which gave him a smart lead over the senator from South Dakota.

George McGovern desperately needed a cause celebre — a handle — a gun loaded with scandal bullets he could aim at the head of the Republican Party. The Liberal candidate had suffered a grave setback when Senator Thomas Eagleton of Missouri fell by the wayside, crucified on the tip of muckraker Jack Anderson's vitriolic tongue and a history of mental illness he couldn't keep inside the closet.

McGovern's vow to support Eagleton as his choice for vice-president "1,000 per cent" was broken on the wheel of public opinion and Sargent Shriver, a Kennedy man, was

tapped and accepted the challenge that half a dozen other leading Democratic lights had shunned as if the invitation was to play the leading role in a firing squad demonstration rather than to run for the second highest office in the land.

Battered, bloody and almost broken, McGovern stumbled on, attacking Nixon's fiscal policies, his stand on Vietnam, and alleged failure to keep enough of a percentage of the working men of the nation on the job. But they were challenges, lacking in steam, in appeal to Americans who had never had it so good in spite of the wage freeze and still spiraling price increases. Nobody was listening.

Nixon, the encumbent, had very little to say. He was busy sending Henry Kissinger, the globetrotting White House representative with portfolio, on secret missions; busy visiting China to breach its great wall of silence and ostracism; and going to Russia, where pacts were signed and the president presented a Cadillac car to Leonid Brezhnev, which the Russian leader promptly stored in a garage.

Nixon was complacent and McGovern was desperate when an ugly tangle of high-rise buildings sprawling across Washington, D.C.'s horizon suddenly became the focal point of one of the most bizarre cases of political espionage to hit the country in years.

Until June, 1972, the Watergate complex was just another huge, ungainly office and apartment complex blighting the landscape of the Capital and cluttering up the view for those less financially-endowed persons living in smaller buildings in the area. It was big, it was plush, and it was expensive. If it ever made news it was probably in conjunction with another strident declaratory or accusatory message winging over the telephone wires from ex-Attorney General John Mitchell's wife, Martha, who lived there, to whatever media source she chose to enlighten on that particular day —



or night.

Other notables lived at the Watergate complex while a number of offices were occupied by well-known Washington business firms. Included on the roster of renters was the Democratic National Headquarters, at which national chairman Larry O'Brien occasionally hung his hat and used the telephone to coordinate the Democratic campaign.

On the sixteenth day of that June in 1972, Frank Fiorini (Sturgis) appeared on time for work at the Pan American Aluminum Corporation in Miami, where he was ostensibly a salesman. On the same morning, Raul Godoy, alias Virgilio R. Gonzales, a locksmith, went to work at the Missing Link Inc., 221 NW 8th Avenue. He told the dispatcher he would be quitting at noon, rather than the usual five o'clock. Bernard Barker first checked in at his office, Barker and Associates Inc., at 2301 NW 7th Street. Later, he paid a visit to Miguel Suarez's office, supposedly to discuss a number of real estate deals. Jene Valdes, alias Eugenio Martinez, was in the throes of a divorce. He appeared for a hearing in Circuit Court at 11:45 A.M. and left at 12:15 P.M.

On the afternoon of the same day, these four Miamians arrived at the Washington National Airport. They were picked up by a black Chrysler carrying Virginia tags. According to police, investigation disclosed that this was a car from the Avis Car Rental Agency, leased to Barker.

Later that Friday afternoon, the four registered under cover names at the Watergate Hotel, next to the Watergate Office Building.

As subsequent events revealed, there was a fifth man in this group. That was James McCord, who did not register at the hotel because he lived in nearby Rockville, Maryland.

At 2:30 A.M. on Saturday, June 17, security guard Frank Wills, was quietly making his rounds of the giant

complex, checking doors and windows and wishing his shift were over so he could return to his one-room, third-floor, walk-up apartment and watch television. But Wills' routine was to be drastically interrupted that night.

As he passed a door connecting a stairwell to a basement garage, he noticed it had been taped so it wouldn't lock. Wills calmly removed the tape and continued on his rounds. Why he didn't call police at that moment, or at least launch an investigation of the building for possible intruders, has never been explained. The fact remains that he did call police when he returned to the same door ten minutes later and discovered someone had re-taped it.

All seemed as it should as three police officers checked out the building floor by floor, until they reached the sixth floor. There they found the door to the offices of the Democratic National Headquarters jimmied, and noted flickering lights, and heard voices emanating from inside.

Bursting into the office with guns drawn, they found five men busily rifling files, stuffing documents in boxes and dumping what they weren't interested in on the floor. The surprise was mutual, but before the police could issue the order of "hands up, you're under arrest" one of the intruders was alleged to have shouted, "Don't shoot! You've got us."

The five intruders, soon to be labeled "The Watergate Five" were wearing surgical gloves, carried walkie-talkies, and were equipped with sophisticated camera equipment and electronic gear. They were also wearing dismayed faces as they were hustled off to jail.

The cops didn't realize what they had netted until later and by then Washington had one of the juiciest political scandals in its history. One of the men, James W. McCord, 53, of Rockville, Maryland, was security consultant for the Republican Committee.

A shocked John Mitchell, at that time heading up the re-election committee for Nixon, immediately stated no one in the White House knew anything about the Watergate affair. Both the Republican Committee and the re-election committee hastily announced that McCord had resigned some months earlier — a bad move on their part as it soon came out that McCord had not resigned but was working at his sensitive job right up to 2:30 A.M. June 17, 1972, when he was led handcuffed from the Watergate complex.

George McGovern and Larry O'Brien launched a verbal bombardment at the Nixon forces, accusing them of everything from acting like Adolph Hitler to carrying on nationwide surveillance of everybody connected with the Democratic National Party.

Said O'Brien in a beautiful display of justified outrage, "This incident raises the ugliest questions about the integrity of the political process that I have encountered in a quarter of a century."

It was also the best box of political ammunition O'Brien had had handed to him in a quarter of a century.

It was at first suspected that the five men were installing electronic bugs in the Democratic party offices. Information later developed by the Justice Department and an FBI investigation revealed that they were actually removing planted electronic bugs.

Authorities who shook down the room described its contents as worthy of being used on a *Mission Impossible* television show. But the most interesting finds among the welter of spook equipment were two address books listing the name of Everett Howard Hunt, with notations reading "W.H." and "W. House."

Thus "The Watergate Five" became "The Watergate Five Plus One," and the line that trailed out behind them

reached back to the White House. More interestingly, it also led straight to the CIA.

Among "The Five," James McCord had the longest amount of time in the CIA. He had been employed by the spook factory as a security specialist, safeguarding agency installations. After nineteen years service, he allegedly retired to set up his own security agency.

Bernard Barker was well-known in the Miami area as a fanatical anti-Communist. A Cuban-born citizen of the United States, he was extremely active during the abortive Bay of Pigs fiasco. He operated under the code name "Macho," as one of the CIA's key links to Cuban exiles training in Guatemala and Costa Rica.

Raul Godoyn, alias Virgilio R. Gonzales, was the only one without apparent CIA connections. A specialist in locksmithing, he was probably recruited by Barker to handle the actual break-in at the Watergate. The second Cuban in the operation, Jene Valdes, alias Eugenio Martinez, had worked for the CIA, smuggling refugees out of Cuba and into the United States. He was employed by Barker, who operated a Miami real estate firm.

Of "The Five," Frank Fiorini (he had changed his name legally to Frank Sturgis) was the greatest enigma. He had been an enigma even in the days when Ed Arthur knew him. Frank Fiorini had been the first man to whom Jim Buchanan had introduced Ed, during Ed's adoption into the Cuban exile family.

Fiorini has never flatly stated he worked for the CIA but has intimated as much a number of times. If he did, it was undoubtedly on contract. Arthur has said he knows of a number of raids on Cuba and Cuban shipping Fiorini mounted for the CIA, but doesn't know whether or not the husky ex-fighter pilot was actually on the CIA payroll. Prob-

ably not. Although the Virginia spook factory likes to use men like Fiorini, they hesitate to hire them outright, considering them a little too flamboyant and obvious to function as good agents. And Fiorini was conspicuous in his craving for notoriety, an apparent failing suffered by many such men.

E. Howard Hunt, the sixth man, had worked as a \$100-a-day consultant for White House troubleshooter, Charles W. Colson, who hired Hunt during the Pentagon Papers flap in 1971, apparently to try to plug leaks in the sieve-like State Department, Pentagon, and the Administration itself. He had spent a total of twenty-one years as a CIA field man in Latin America, the Far East, and Spain. On the side, he put his extensive knowledge of the clandestine to work for him by grinding out a whopping forty-five spy, detective, and science fiction novels. Hunt and Barker had close ties. Hunt had been Barker's CIA controller during the Bay of Pigs operation, in 1962.

Hunt allegedly retired in 1970 and took a position with Robert R. Mullen & Company, a Washington-based public relations firm, with exceedingly close ties to GOP party leaders.

Tipped off that the five bumbling break-in artists had come a cropper, Hunt alleoedly exclaimed, "Good God!" then he promptly "went underground."

When Charles Colson was informed of Hunt's alleged connection with the Watergate Five, and the observation presented to him that it indicated some sort of conspiracy by someone in the White House, he screamed, "Guilt by association!" White House press secretary, Ron Ziegler, at first refused to comment, then labeled the whole episode a "third-rate burglary" in which the administration "obviously" had no part.

Later, at a news conference, President Nixon told

Americans, "The White House has had no involvement whatsoever in this particular incident."

While former Attorney General John Mitchell continued to deny that there was a connection between the Watergate Five and Nixon aides, the FBI launched a huge investigation, looked upon with a jaundiced eye by Democrats, who observed that the Bureau was investigating some of its own people (in the Administration) and therefore could hardly be expected to remain impartial.

Rumor ran the gamut from the tale that the break-in was committed in a search for incriminating documents that would embarrass the Democrats, to the speculation that it was a strictly anti-Castro operation in which the five men were seeking proof that the McGovernites were secretly playing footsie with Fidel.

One of the more interesting theories put forward by an ex-intelligence agent who spent a number of years in South America (and who shall remain nameless to protect him) was that the Watergate Five were after proof that the Democrats had put up a Manchurian Candidate. Asked how he had come up with this observation, the ex-agent said, "Take a look at the people Fiorini has been fooling around with."

An investigation by the author of Frank Fiorini's activities just prior to the break-in turned up some interesting facts, but nothing to back up the agent's theory.

The soldier-of-fortune had been making trips to South American countries, acting as an agent for Mitch Wer Bell, and attempting to interest various Latin army commanders in Wer Bell's deadly bag of tricks manufactured at the plant he managed until mid-1972 in Powder Springs, Georgia. Among the more fanciful items turned out by the firm, MACS, Inc., of New York City, were silencers for M-16 rifles, and such things as fountain pens that were capable of

firing a .22 bullet. Fiorini worked closely with Miamian Jerry Patrick Henning, who allegedly took Wer Bell for \$65,000 in some kind of business deal shortly before the Watergate Caper. Both Fiorini — who it was rumored, was employed by the Hampton Roads Salvage Company in buying and selling marine equipment — and Henning, were successful in lining up a number of South American sales for Wer Bell's exotic wares. However our State Department refused to issue MACS an export permit, because the Department apparently didn't relish the idea of the assassination-programmed Latins getting their hands on the kind of equipment sold by Wer Bell.

Shortly before Watergate, Jerry Patrick Henning turned up in Miami, announcing to one and all that he was through with the "business" (probably gun-running) and was planning to settle down. At least one federal officer told the author Henning was going "loaded with heat," meaning he was carrying a gun. Curiously, Frank Fiorini also turned up in Miami with the same story. He was going straight too. No more involvement with the anti-Castro Cubans, he told intimates. No more running around the Caribbean! He would now settle down with his wife and become a model citizen.

Another of Wer Bell's agents in the South American field, and a close friend of Frank Fiorini, was Bill Kaiser, a soldier-of-fortune like Fiorini and Wer Bell, who vanished from his Miami haunts a few days after the Watergate Caper hit the front pages of the Miami Herald. Kaiser later surfaced in Port au Prince as a guest at Mike McLaney's Casino International. A Miami federal agent told the author the FBI wanted very badly to have a chat with the elusive Kaiser, hinting that he had played a role in the Watergate break-in.

A third man involved with Wer Bell and Fiorini was Murray Middleman of Philadelphia, whose connections re-

main a mystery. But Jim and Jerry Buchanan, Ed Arthur's old compadres, do not remain a mystery, although just what they were doing the night of the Watergate break-in is anybody's guess and might be of interest to federal officers. Both Jim and Jerry were long-time friends of Fiorini, having worked with him and Arthur in the early days of the anti-Castro movement. Both were in Costa Rica with Fiorini.

Ed Arthur said shortly after the break-in, "This is definitely not the type of operation Frank would become involved in. He would not do something of this nature just for money, so he had to be looking for something definite, something he knew was in those offices at the Watergate."

Federal officers in Miami who had tracked Fiorini's comings and going for several years agreed with Arthur. The Watergate Caper was just not a Fiorini-type operation.

If looked at carefully, it was not the kind of operation any of the other men involved — with the exception of Gonzales — would mount. Consider that E. Howard Hunt and James McCord had a combined total of forty years in the CIA. Consider that McCord's speciality was security and Hunt's was general espionage, which includes every facet of breaking and entering. Consider that Martinez was also CIA-trained. Consider that Fiorini had survived in the spook game since the 1950s. Would these men — all specialists — have really been capable of bungling a simple break-in?

As one federal officer said upon hearing of the bungled job, "If those are the kind of men the CIA is turning out, we had just as well hand the keys to the Pentagon to the Russian KGB."

So what else is left? A put-up job? Barry Goldwater advanced this theory. But, considering the five men's backgrounds, it wouldn't stand up. All of them were avowed Communist-haters. All of them probably considered George



McGovern the greatest threat to America to come down the pike in years. At least two of them, Fiorini and Barker, were, at the time of the break-in, turncoat Democrats. They had bolted the party after John Kennedy blew the Bay of Pigs operation. Barker had many GOP friends in Washington, as did Hunt.

There was considerable speculation that money bought them and, considering the amounts named later as “operating capital,” it might have been conceivable in the case of Martinez and Gonzales. Barker and Hunt, however, were both solvent at the time. Fiorini would not become involved in anything, money or not, unless he felt it would hurt the Communists. Fiorini was, above all else, an American patriot.

One of the most telling arguments in favor of fish smell in the Watergate Caper is the fact that none of the men involved were armed. All of these men carried guns for years. To them, as it is to every man and woman in the spook trade, a gun is part of their attire. To go without one on a mission anywhere is to break a cardinal rule. The histories of these five men were replete with violence (with the possible exception of Gonzales). Why then did they go unarmed when they broke into a building allegedly to commit burglary? It would have been more in keeping if they had knocked out Wills, tied and gagged him, and posted a man with a sub-machine gun at the stairwell entrance, while the rest of them carried at least .45 automatics. But no guns! As one agent remarked, “Curiouser and curiouser,” when he heard the gun-toting five had been caught with their guns down.

If they were searching for a particular item, it is not inconceivable they would take along any other documents that looked interesting. If they were replacing batteries in the bugs — which federal authorities indicated they were — they

would still grab anything that appeared interesting. That's the way the CIA trains its people. Everything is information and if you're going to take the risk of breaking in somewhere, make it worthwhile, but get what you went after first.

Did the Watergate Five get what they went after before they were arrested?

The usual procedure is to grab the desired item and send one man out of the target building with it while the rest of the team stays behind to dredge up anything else that may prove interesting.

There is evidence that two men did leave the Watergate only seconds before police nabbed the five bungling break-in artists. Alfred C. Baldwin III, a former FBI agent and security guard to Martha Mitchell, told the *Los Angeles Times* he had been hired by Hunt to monitor listening equipment in room 723 of the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge located across the street from the Watergate. It was, he alleged, while functioning thus that he watched two men — one of them Hunt — leave the Watergate carrying two suitcases. They entered a car at almost exactly the same moment police were slapping handcuffs on Barker and party on the sixth floor. Baldwin said Hunt later came into his room and told him to gather up all the listening equipment and take it to McCord's house at Rockville, Maryland. Hunt then ran out of the building, Baldwin said. Baldwin followed Hunt's orders and took the listening equipment to McCord's house.

An examination of the known facts as they were presented to the public seven days after the break-in might be interesting:

Questions were being asked as to why anyone would bother to bug the Democratic headquarters offices in the first place. Nothing incriminating or even mildly embarrassing would be kept in so public a place, with secretaries, cam-

paign workers, and even strangers, running in and out at odd hours. And no high-level campaign strategy would be worked out there. Again, too public.

Police were busily searching for an additional four more persons they refused to identify but claimed had been registered at the Watergate Hotel two weeks prior to the break-in as part of a group that included four of the five later arrested. Both Washington police and FBI agents revealed on June 22 the men they were searching for were members of a Cuban anti-Castro organization and that they had been at the Watergate Hotel from May 26-29. They had identified themselves as members of a Miami-based organization called Ameritas. While police were announcing the mysterious organization was anti-Castro and based in Miami, knowledgeable Cubans in both Broward and Dade counties said they had never heard of it.

Meanwhile, as the five break-in artists were being held under \$50,000 bond on burglary charges, more and more conflicting facts were surfacing. Police revealed that of the four men being sought as possible members of the original break-in team, two were from New York, one from Kansas, and the fourth from Miami, and that one of them was probably Cuban.

As more names continued to surface James McCord was fired by John Mitchell. His face covered with egg as he tried to close the barn door after the horse had gone AWOL, the ex-attorney general declared ex-spook Hunt “‘was not operating either in our behalf or with our consent and I am surprised and dismayed at these reports.’”

A few weeks later there was some speculation that Mitchell’s “‘surprise’” may not have been genuine. He resigned from the President’s re-election committee, telling newsmen it was because of an ultimatum his vociferous wife

had given him to "get out or I get out." As he drummed himself out of the campaign corps to the tune of statements by his outspoken Martha that she could tell people "a whole lot about the Watergate thing," more and more lines were cropping up that tied the fandango caper tighter and tighter to the re-election committee and its eager-beaver workers, many of them high on the White House aide roster.

The break-in had occurred on a Saturday. Mitchell fired Hunt on Sunday. By Monday, rumors were circulating that Hunt was implicated and Tuesday the New York Times, a little slow on the uptake, finally got into the act and reported Hunt had flown to Miami to meet with Barker prior to the break-in.

Hunt was taking it on the chin while still maintaining a low profile. He was suspended from the payroll of the Robert E. Mullen and Company, the public relations firm he had allegedly worked for as a writer since 1970. The firm told newsmen Hunt was suspended as an employee absent without excuse.

*The Washington Post*, almost rabid in its efforts to nail Nixon and the Administration to the Watergate cross, was frantically digging in all directions and came up with one interesting tidbit early in the game. The paper noted that one of the two private security guards on duty at the Watergate June 17 had been summoned for disciplinary action by his firm. Said the Post, "The unidentified guard is alleged to have left his post shortly before the break-in, saying he was ill."

The Post also claimed that Robert F. Bennett, president of the public relations firm where Hunt worked, acknowledged he was the principal organizer of dummy campaign committees whose function it was to raise money for the re-election of Nixon.

The Watergate Five's lawyers, Douglas Caddy, also came in for some verbal flack from the *Post* when it revealed he had worked in one of Bennett's offices while he was liaison between Bennett's firm and a major client. The *Post* said he had shared office space with Hunt.

Other facts that turned up in the rapidly escalating investigation revealed the five men arrested had, either in their possession or in their hotel room, \$6,300 in cash in consecutively numbered \$100 bills. The FBI promptly traced the bills to the Republic National Bank in Miami.

Later that week further information turned up disclosing Barker had transferred \$89,000 from a Mexico City bank to his account at the Republic National Bank prior to the break-in. He then withdrew the entire amount on May 8.

Further information concerning the mysterious Ameritas organization came to light, revealing it was actually a Florida real estate corporation formed in 1969 by Miguel Suarez, who had made an unsuccessful bid at one time for the Miami mayor's chair. He was a strong Nixon supporter and a Miami business associate of Barker, also in the real estate business. Suarez claimed stationery bearing the Ameritas letterhead used by the Watergate Five while at the Watergate Hotel had been utilized without his permission, and he knew nothing about the break-in incident.

Frank Fiorini, who had had his name legally changed to Frank Sturgis some years before, was found with a complete set of excellent false identification papers and a Mexican visa in the name of Edward Joseph Hamilton. Such identification can be gotten if you know where to get it, but the quality of Fiorini's papers indicated they may have been the work of a spook factory.

Investigative reporters in Miami turned up evidence that Barker had tried in 1971 to obtain a set of architectural plans

of the Miami Beach Convention Center, where the Democrats held their July convention. He also allegedly attempted to get plans of the center's air conditioning system, which would have furnished other information about the building's construction.

Police finally released a statement that included an accounting of the property seized from the break-in party at the time of their arrest. In their possession allegedly were teargas pens; \$2,300 in cash; jimmies and lockpicks; walkie-talkies; forty rolls of unexposed film, two 35mm cameras, a shortwave receiver; and two devices capable of picking up and transmitting oral and telephone conversations.

The members of the break-in party were indicted by a federal grand jury in September, 1972. What jolted the nation more than the actual break-in was the fact that the grand jury handed down seven, rather than five, indictments. It named Bernard Barker, Virgilio Gonzales, Eugenio Martinez, Frank Fiorini, and James McCord, plus E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy.

Liddy was an ex-FBI agent who had been attorney for the finance division of the Committee for the Re-election of the President. He was fired on June 28, eleven days after the Watergate break-in, because he refused to answer questions from agents working for his old Alma Mater, the FBI. When contacted at his home in Oxon Hill, Maryland, shortly after his refusal to enlighten the FBI, he told reporters, "I do not want to speak to any member of the press on any subject."

The grand jury claimed that Liddy was the man who allegedly accompanied Hunt out of the Watergate seconds ahead of police on the night the Watergate Five had bungled the break-in. The two were accused of fleeing the scene moments before police arrived.

Democratic candidate George McGovern, campaigning

in Baltimore, told reporters, “The indictments point up the seriousness in the matter. What now needs to be pursued is how it was funded and whether there are violations as there seem to be.”

President Nixon made no official comment.

Justice Department press spokesman, John W. Hushen, stated at that time that the break-in investigation was closed. “We have absolutely no evidence that any others should be charged,” he said.

He did reveal, however, that the department’s criminal division was at that time still reviewing the General Accounting Office report alleging irregularities in GOP campaign finances.

The grand jury indictments weren’t enough for McGovern. He called for a deeper probe, apparently hoping the trail would lead directly to Nixon, or someone a lot closer to him than Liddy or Hunt.

Said Larry O’Brien, by that time McGovern’s chief campaign strategist, “The only way for this entire case of political espionage to be laid to rest is for Mr. Nixon to order the appointment of a special prosecutor who is not politically beholden to anyone.”

In rebuttal, GOP officials pointed to the indictment and said it spoke for itself, demanding the aspiring presidential candidate make an immediate apology.

“As we knew all along, and as the grand jury has now determined, there is no evidence to substantiate any of the wild and slanderous charges McGovern has been making about many high officials in the Nixon Administration,” shouted Robert J. Dole, the GOP national chairman from Kansas. “Those Republicans so slandered, and the American people at large, are due an immediate apology from McGovern,” he added indignantly.



**Ed Arthur in 1964 just before he picked up a truckload of guns and ammo in California to take to Miami.**



Miami, April 20, 1966.

Mr. Edward Arthur,  
Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Eddie:

After the long talk we had on the telephone, I talked over with the rest of the boys and with Joe, and told them that you offered yourself to obtain for us the necessary information, which is the only thing that is holding us down here.

We need somebody to go up to Canada, to a place we will advise and advise us by telephone under a code, as soon as a Cuban freighter leaves port, giving us the details such as name, exact hour of departure, more or less a description of the vessel (length, color, etc.) etc.

This is all we need, the rest will be done by our boys down here.

For an American, it should not be difficult to obtain these details at the port of embarkation, and I know that it should be very easy for you. Of course, if this goes, we would have to arrange details with you.

Our economic situation is more than desperate, but if you decide to go and help us in this way, we will be willing to obtain at any cost the amount of \$100.00 which we could send you, when the moment comes. This is a sacrifice for us as we can hardly keep up with the burden of the payments and expenses of the boat we bought while you were here.

We were waiting for your telephone call last Saturday, but it never came through.

Eddie, if you believe you can help us in this way, I suggest you can do it by driving which will be the more economical way. Our main thing is to get your advice of the departure of the freighter as soon as it happens, so we can have time to act. There is a fairly good traffic of departures to Cuba, so I do not think you will have to stay more than a couple or three days.

Anyhow, please, think it over, and let me know your decision so we can know what steps to follow.

Please, receive my kindest regards, and give them also to Mrs. Underwood, and to Vernon too.

I expect your answer with anxiety.

Your Miami friend

Oscar

A copy of a letter received by Ed Arthur from Oscar de Tuya, Jr. requesting him to go to Canada to pinpoint Cuban ships (color, length, name, cargo, and sailing schedule) so they could meet them between Florida and Cuba and blow them up. This was to be done by code via telephone. This letter is dated April 20, 1966.

## COMANDOS "L"


P. O. Box 66  
RIVERSIDE STATION  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

November 17, 1964.

This is to certify that the arms, ammunitions, food and medical supplies were received by COMANDOS " L " on October 28, 1964, from Edward Arthur, representing American For Freedom at Columbus, Ohio.

The following items which were donated by the above mentioned organization are to be used for the sole purpose of fighting for the liberation of Cuba, thus removing the Communist threat from this Hemisphere.

- 1- 20 mm. cannon antitank gun
- 2- M-1 Garands rifles.
- 5- Springfields.
- 100- rounds armored piercing tracers.
- 5000- rounds of 30.06 and 9 mm. 45 caliber
- 2- Uniforms.
- Medical supplies.
- Food.



Pedro Muina  
Coordinator.

PATRIA Y LIBERTAD

The above document, dated November 17, 1964, is a receipt for weapons and ammunition received by Commandos L from Ed Arthur. This document was signed by Pedro Muina, Coordinator.



## **Comandos "L"**

P. O. BOX 66, RIVERSIDE STATION  
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33136

DIOS,  
PATRIA,  
LIBERTAD

Miami, December 8th, 1966.

PFC Edward I. Arthur,  
Viet Nam.

Dear Eddie:

I have written to you a couple of times, and never had an answer, of course I know that you do not have time to spend writing letters, so this is not a complaint.

On September 27th, we made an air raid over Huesvitas, Camaguey, dropping several bombs, and again on November 13th, we made another air raid over Matanzas, Cuba, dropping seven bombs over the "Commies".

On November 14th, our plane left for a second air raid in 24 hours, but evidently had some kind of a trouble as it never came back to our base.

Right now, we are preparing other attacks on Castro and its bloody followers. We shall keep you posted.

I know that you would have liked to be here and take part in these attacks, but, that's the way life is; Americans are not allowed to fight communists a few miles offshore their own Country, but they are sent thousands of miles away to fight them. I wish I could understand.

Pepe Rajor sends you his regards, and please, take care of yourself, as there is not many straight- anti communists with a clear vision of the situation nowadays.

I shall drop a line to you every once in a while to keep you informed.

Regards from the boys here.

Oscar

A letter above dated December 8, 1966, and sent to Ed Arthur in Vietnam describes combat actions carried out against Castro by Comandos L. The dates of these actions were September 27, 1966, when they dropped bombs from aircraft over Cuba. Again on November 13, 1966, another bombing raid. On November 14, 1966, another bombing raid was carried out — the plane never came back. This was signed by Oscar de Tuyá, Jr.



Ed Arthur in 1964 while a member of Commandos L. Note: the Cuban flag in right-hand corner.

## COMANDOS "L"

P. O. Box 66  
RIVERSIDE STATION  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

### WEAPONS AND AMMUNITIONS REQUESTED BY COMANDOS "L".

4 57 mm. Recoiless Rifles  
10 M-1 Grands 30.6  
12 Doz. Hand Granades  
2 Twins 50 c.  
4 50's 50c  
3 30's 30.6 c.  
6 B. A. R. 30.6  
6 MP-40's 9mm  
6 FAL's 7.62  
300 Lbs. C4  
6 P 38's 9 mm  
6 45's 45c.  
2 20 mm.  
6 M2's 30c  
2 3.5 Bazzoka

### ALTO

10,000 30.6  
7,000 50c  
5,000 7.62  
10,000 9mm  
8,000 30c  
50 Bazzoka r.  
300 20mm

4 Walkie Talkie



Pedro Muina,  
Coordinator.

PATRIA Y LIBERTAD

The above document was a request of arms and munitions from Commandos L in 1964. It was signed by Pedro Muina, Coordinator.

Fidel Castro  
 Ed Arthur  
 El Timón  
 El Cerebro  
 La Lengua  
 El Nudo  
 La Ola  
 Los Amigos  
 Miami  
 San José  
 Base Tica  
 Washington D.C.  
 Nicaragua  
 Panamá  
 Cuba  
 Comunistas  
 Rusos  
 Chinos  
 Enero  
 Febrero  
 Marzo  
 Abril  
 Mayo  
 Junio  
 Julio  
 Agosto  
 Setiembre  
 Octubre  
 Noviembre  
 Diciembre  
 Lunes  
 Martes  
 Miércoles  
 Jueves  
 Viernes  
 Sábado  
 Domingo  
 Ametralladoras  
 Rifles  
 Granadas de mano  
 Equipo más pesado  
 Explosivos  
 Jotes- lanchas  
 Aviones  
 Alimentos  
 Agua  
 Medicinas  
 La hora - el momento  
 Técnicos  
 Soldados  
 Mes  
 Semana  
 Día  
 La mañana  
 Tarde  
 Noche  
 Agentes

CODE

41 Fidel Castro  
 54 Ed Arthur  
 30 The Rudder  
 88 The Brain  
 75 The Tongue  
 91 The Knot  
 21 The Wave  
 45 The Friends (My boys)  
 44 Miami  
 86 San Jose  
 35 Tico Base  
 93 Washington D.C.  
 71 Nicaragua  
 73 Panama  
 49 Cuba  
 77 Reds  
 42 Russians  
 24 Chinese  
 14 January  
 17 February  
 15 March  
 16 April  
 39 May  
 37 June  
 94 July  
 96 August  
 56 September  
 38 October  
 95 November  
 55 December  
 11 Monday  
 09 Tuesday  
 10 Wednesday  
 08 Thursday  
 06 Friday  
 07 Saturday  
 05 Sunday  
 22 Machine-guns  
 29 Rifles  
 23 Hand grenades  
 25 Heavier Equipment  
 57 Explosives  
 27 Boats  
 31 Planes  
 33 Food  
 34 Water  
 32 Medicines  
 50 Time  
 46 Technicians  
 87 Soldiers  
 28 Month  
 26 Week  
 34 Day  
 43 Morning  
 51 Afternoon  
 52 Night - evening  
 47 Agents

...../////

This page and the following page show copies of a code that was set up in Costa Rica in January 1964 by Ed Arthur and some high-ranking Costa Ricans. #30 The Rudder - Col. Starke; #88 The Brain - Col. Donato; #75 The Tongue - Secretary Fernandez; #91 The Knot - Alfredo E. Piza Bufete Bonanos - viquez.

*Cope*

Saldre para...	48 I will leave for
Llegare	53 I will arrive
Recibido	70 Received
No recibido	53 Not received
Mandando - enviando	72 Sending
Mandé- envíe	74 Sent
Necesítase urgentemente	76 Urgently needed
Tenga cuidado	78 Be careful
Movimiento anti-Castrista	79 Anti-Castro movement
Movimiento pro-Castro	90 Pro-Castro movement
Enviando carta	89 Mailing letter
Llamaremos	92 Will call
Llámenos	59 Call us
No escriban	64 Do not write
Paralicen todo	60 Stop everything
Vigilados, hasta luego	69 Under surveillance, see you later
Venga	66 Come
Dólares	61 Dollars
Desembarco	62 Landing
Finalicen todo, peligro	63 Write everything off, danger

-----

**Numeros**

Brandy  
Ron  
Tequila  
Champana  
Scotch  
Vermouth  
Ginebra  
Vodka  
Pisco  
Vino

**Numbers**

1 Brandy  
2 Rum  
3 Tequila  
4 Champagne  
5 Scotch  
6 Vermouth  
7 Gin  
8 Vodka  
9 Pisco  
0 Wine

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

1-5; 12-13; 18-20; 36; 40; 58; 67-68; 80-85; 93; 97-100. Serán usados  
intercalados para despistar - These numbers shall be used inserted  
to mix up monitors.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

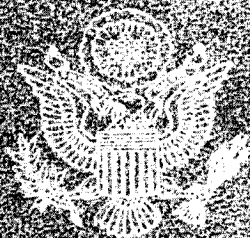
Necesitamos alimentos, medicinas      Need food and medicines in San  
en San José Octubre 26 a las 3 pm.      Jose October 26th at 3 pm.

7633328638rumvermouthbrandy scotchwinedouble      written

7633328638stoprumvermouthstopbrandy scotch wine double      spoken

oooooo-----oooooooo

PASSPORT



*United States  
of America*

The front of Ed Arthur's passport # E726805; issued August 26, 1964.



→ **WARNING**—ALTERATION, ADDITION OR MUTILATION OF ENTRIES IS PROHIBITED.  
ANY UNOFFICIAL CHANGE WILL RENDER THIS PASSPORT INVALID.

NAME <b>EDWARD IVAN ARTHUR</b>		NATIONALITY <b>OHIO, U.S.A.</b>	
BIRTH DATE <b>JUNE 15, 1935</b>		SEX <b>MALE</b>	
HEIGHT <b>6</b>	WEIGHT <b>0</b>	HAIR <b>BROWN</b>	EYES <b>BLUE</b>
MARRIAGE <b>X X X</b>		ISSUE DATE <b>AUG. 26, 1964</b>	
SIGNATURE OF BEARER <i>Edward I. Arthur</i>		PASSPORT RENEWAL	

→ **IMPORTANT:**

UNLESS OTHERWISE LIMITED  
THIS PASSPORT EXPIRES THREE YEARS FROM ISSUE DATE.  
IF RENEWED, IT EXPIRES FIVE YEARS FROM ISSUE DATE.

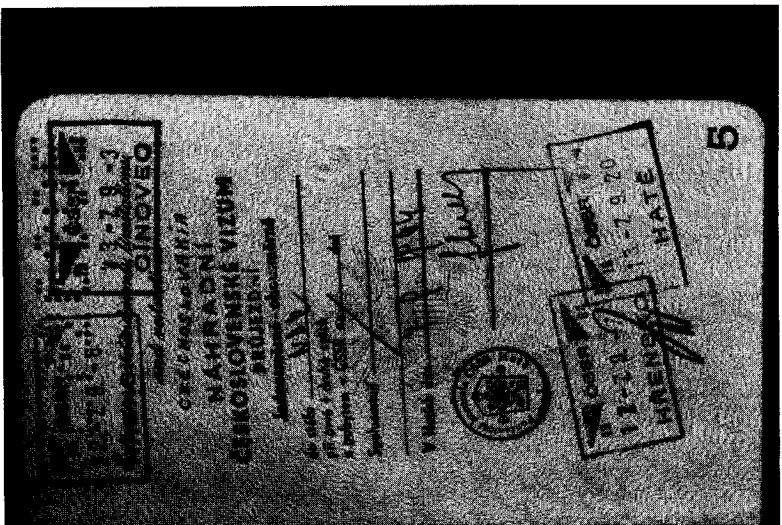


U.S. & CAN. SERVICE  
NEW YORK CITY  
ADMITTED

7 SEP 28 1964

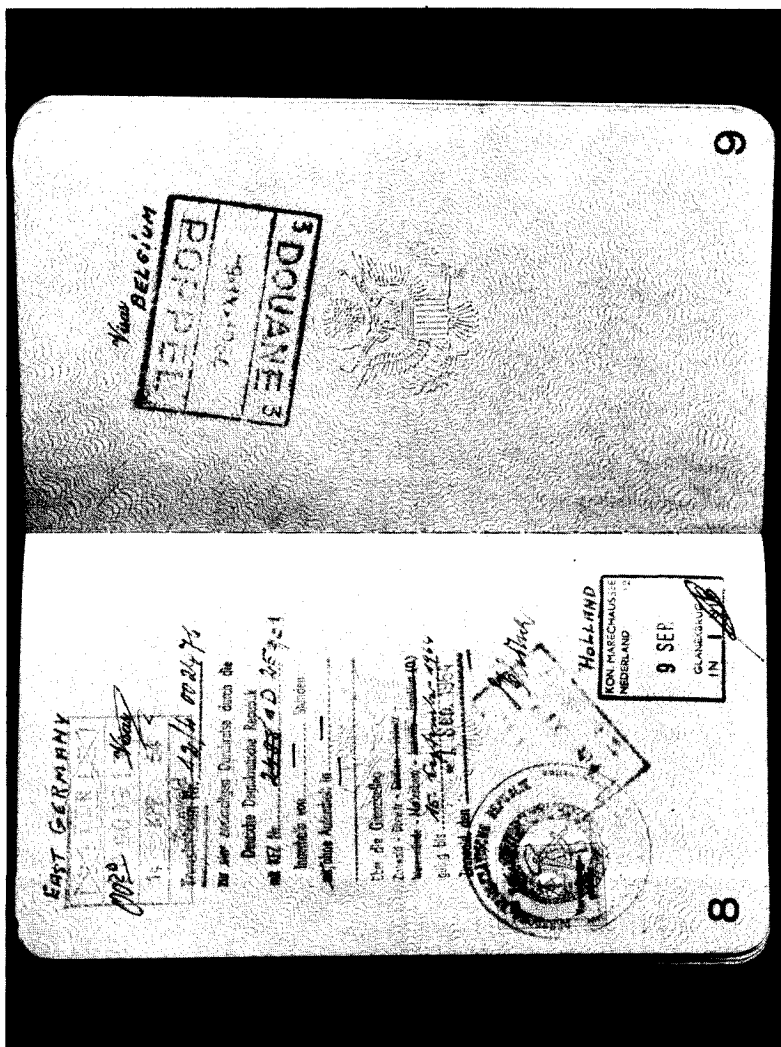
RECEIVED

The inside portion of Ed Arthur's passport, with picture and his personal signatures. He reentered the United States September 28, 1964, New York City from Europe.



Page 5 of his passport shows he was in Czechoslovakia.





Page 8 of same passport shows Ed Arthur in East Germany and Holland on the 9th of September 1964. On page 9 he was in Belgium.



## **Comandos "L"**

P. O. BOX 66, RIVERSIDE STATION  
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33135

DIOS,  
PATRIA,  
LIBERTAD

Miami, January 5th, 1967.

Mr. Edward I. Arthur,  
Viet Nam.

Dear Ed:

I received your letter about two weeks ago, and believe me that it made me and the rest of the boys here very happy.

I can imagine how tough the situation there is, but I am sure that with the help of God you should go ahead and be able to come home without any trouble.

I believe I told you in my two previous letters about the air raids we made over Cuba, Nuevitas, (Camaguey) and Matanzas. Afterwards, we lost a plane and two of our good men in another mission over Cuba.

Right now we are working hard again, and expect to hit the "butcher Castro" any moment with a new surprise.

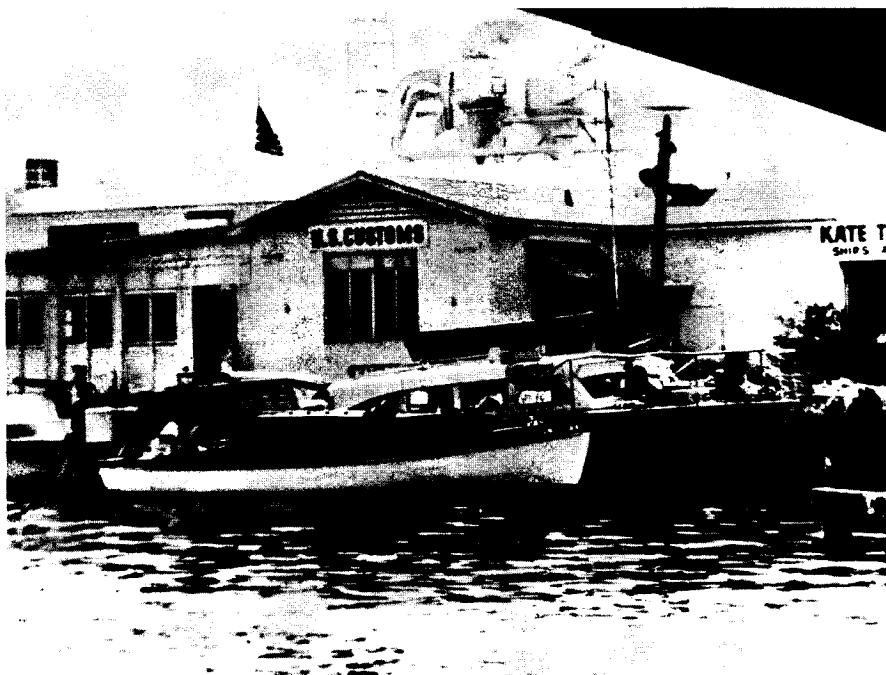
I am glad to know that you will be out or at least with a leave around September. We will be more than happy to see you back.

Enclosed, please find a Herald Servicemen's Newsletter" so you can be up to date with the news of Florida. Please, don't look too much at the girls in the picture with the bikinis, it might affect your blood pressure.

I know that you don't have time to write, but every once in a while drop us a short note to know that you are O. K. , and please, take care.

  
Oscar

A copy of a letter sent to Ed Arthur while serving with the First Cavalry Division in Vietnam. It describes the guerrilla activities by Comandos L that were being carried out against Castro.



Boats used by Cuban Exiles impounded by U.S. Customs in Miami. Photo taken in 1964 with hidden camera.



**Anti-Castro guerrilla fighters in the Escambray inside Cuba, whose plea for help from the United States was ignored. These people are now all dead. Photo taken in 1963.**



**Cuban Exiles in a Nassau court for taking part in guerrilla activities against Castro. As can be seen, the British government helped Castro all they could.**



**This photograph (taken secretly with a hidden camera) shows a priest giving last rights to a male Cuban citizen who disagreed with Castro philosophy. All he wanted was freedom for his country.**





**Cuban Exiles at target practice in preparation of forthcoming raids on Cuba. This was in 1963, most of these men are dead.**

**Below, photograph of the magnetic bomb used to blow up the Russian Ship Baku in 1963. Also in the photograph are part of the team that carried out the raid. Most of them are now dead.**



## COMANDOS "L"

P. O. Box 66  
RIVERSIDE STATION  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

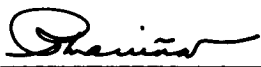
Miami, Florida, November 30th, 1964.-

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Mr. EDWARD I. ARTHUR is  
an active member of Comandos "L" in the capacity  
of "Army Intelligence" . - - - - -

This also serves as an authorization to act and  
speak in behalf of "Comandos L". - - - - -

Miami Headquarters.



Pedro Muina  
Coordinator.



Jose M. Gutierrez Jr.,  
Director.



Oscar C. de Tuya, Jr.,  
Director.

PATRIA Y LIBERTAD

This document, dated November 30, 1964, from Commandos L to whom it may concern, clearly identifies Ed Arthur as a member of said organization in the capacity of intelligence. He was also authorized to act and speak on their behalf. It was signed by two directors and one coordinator Pedro Muina, Jose M. Gutierrez Jr., and Oscar C. de Tuya, Jr.

## COMANDOS "L"

P. O. Box 66  
RIVERSIDE STATION  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Miami, Florida, November 30th, 1964.

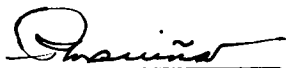
To whom it may concern:

We are in desperate need at this time and would appreciate any and all help from Patriotic American citizens who would like to see Castro overthrown and communism kicked out of this hemisphere once and for all.

As you know, Comandos "L" has and will continue to carry on this fight against communism.

We of Comandos "L" would appreciate any help and assistance. Any further information that you wish on this situation, Mr. Edward Arthur has been instructed to comply.

IN GOD WE TRUST



Pedro Muina,  
Coordinator.

PATRIA Y LIBERTAD

A letter from Commandos L seeking help in their fight against Castro. Dated November 30, 1964, signed by Pedro Muina, Coordinator.

U.S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540  
OFFICE OF THE CLERK  
U.S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540  
U.S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540  
U.S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540

SELECT COMMITTEE ON  
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN ACTIVITIES  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540

United States Senate

January 25, 1974

Mr. Edward Arthur  
Route 3 Box 173  
Cardington, OH 43315

Dear Sir:

Thank you for forwarding the recent news clips and the information concerning the bogus tape informant. This information was most appreciated.

I look forward to reading the coming book and extend best wishes for the pending publication.

Sincerely,

Howard S. Liebengood  
Assistant Minority Counsel

HL:be

United States Senate

SELECT COMMITTEE ON  
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN ACTIVITIES  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540  
OFFICIAL MAILING



Mr. Edward Arthur  
Route 3 Box 173  
Cardington, OH 43315

Letter sent to Ed Arthur from Howard S. Liebengood, Assist Minority Counsel Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, U.S. Senate.

SAMUEL L. DEVINE  
11th District, Ohio

Private Building  
88-400

Executive Office  
Federal Building  
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215  
667-4888

**Congress of the United States**

**House of Representatives**  
**Washington, D.C. 20515**

March 1, 1974

CHAIRMAN, SUBCOMMITTEE ON INVESTIGATION  
AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

COMMITTEE ON HOUSE  
ADMINISTRATION

VICE CHAIRMAN, INVESTIGATION  
SUBCOMMITTEE

Mr. Edward I. Arthur  
Box 173  
Cardington, Ohio 43315

Dear Mr. Arthur:

Congressman John Ashbrook has referred your recent letter to my office for reply since you are a resident of the 12th Congressional District. I have read your letter and the enclosed story from an unidentified newspaper, and I assume that you are the same person referred to in the news story. If this is true and you have first hand information that you would like to write and send to me I would be pleased to send it to either the Attorney General or whatever office would have jurisdiction of the matter.

It is no secret that the liberal press and news media have a great influence on activities in Washington. You might even recall the fact that a very prominent New York newspaper was an active participant in the Pentagon Papers case. There have also been television networks engaged in activities that were quite suspect. All of this is known by various personnel in Washington. This does not mean it is liked or accepted by all Congressmen and Senators.

Sincerely,

*Samuel L. Devine*  
Samuel L. Devine, M.C.

SLD/dag

**Congress of the United States**  
**House of Representatives**  
**Washington, D.C. 20515**  
Official Business

*Samuel L. Devine*  
M.C.  
POSTAGE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Mr. Edward I. Arthur  
Box 173  
Cardington, Ohio 43315

Letter sent to Ed Arthur from Congressman Samuel L. Devine pertaining to money offered to Ed Arthur by Rick Townley. Here too, nothing was ever done.

Assistant Attorney General  
Department of Justice

Department of Justice  
Washington 20530

JANUARY 28, 1978

Mr. Edward I. Arthur  
Route 3, Box 173  
Cardington, Ohio 43315

Dear Mr. Arthur:

We have forwarded your letter dated  
January 20, 1978 and the related newspaper  
article to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.  
You will be contacted by the FBI.

Sincerely,

*Henry E. Petersen*  
Henry E. Petersen  
Assistant Attorney General

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20530  
OFFICIAL BUSINESS  
PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE \$300

Mr. Edward I. Arthur  
Route 3, Box 173  
Cardington, Ohio 43315

POSTAGE AND FEES PAID  
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
\$4.91



Letter sent to Ed Arthur from Henry E. Petersen, Assist Attorney General of the United States. This was in relation to Rick Townley and the \$25,000 bribe made to Ed Arthur. To date absolutely nothing has been done.

LA SA 34041

014 17:34:04 10/12/73

FM: USA, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TO: USA, NORTHERN/OHIO, CLEVELAND

RE: FORTHWITH SUBPOENA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

TO EDWARD I. ARTHUR, ROUTE 3, CARDINGTON, OHIO,  
GREETING:

PURSUANT TO LAWFUL AUTHORITY, YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED TO APPEAR BEFORE THE SENATE SELECT COMMITTEE ON PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN ACTIVITIES OF THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1973, AT 11:00 O'CLOCK A.M., AT THEIR COMMITTEE ROOM G-308 DIRKSEN SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, THEN AND THERE TO TESTIFY WHAT YOU MAY KNOW RELATIVE TO THE SUBJECT MATTERS UNDER CONSIDERATION BY SAID COMMITTEE.

HEREOF FAIL NOT, AS YOU WILL ANSWER YOUR DEFAULT UNDER THE PAINS AND PENALTIES IN SUCH CASES MADE AND PROVIDED.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND, BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE, THIS 12TH DAY OF OCTOBER, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE, HOWARD BAKER, CHAIRMAN, SENATE SELECT COMMITTEE ON PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN ACTIVITIES.

The indictments alleged that a conspiracy beginning May 1 and culminating when the break-in came a cropper, had been gone into by the seven named defendants, and that the actual illicit interceptions of spoken and telephone conversations at Democratic headquarters occurred during a three-week period, from May 25 to June 16, the day before the break-in. That was the day that the alleged conspirators apparently discovered their planted bugs had run down and needed new batteries.

The indictment further revealed that the men had allegedly placed wiretaps and other electronic surveillance devices (including one disguised as fire detection equipment) in the Watergate Democratic offices and that conversations were then transmitted to a room in the Howard Johnson's motel across the street.

All seven of the defendants were also charged with entering the Democratic offices with the intent to steal property, and in a third count, with intent to illegally intercept telephone and oral conversations.

Said Bernard Barker at a news conference after his arraignment, "I'm not ashamed of anything I've done. I don't look at myself as a common burglar."

He was right. He certainly couldn't be labeled "a common" burglar.

Liddy, Hunt, and McCord were charged in one count with actually intercepting telephone conversations, primarily from the offices of R. Spencer Oliver and Ida M. Wells, his secretary. Oliver was executive director of the Democratic state chairmen's associations.

A total of twenty overt acts were listed in the ten-page indictment to show furtherance of the alleged conspiracy.

On the heels of the grand jury indictment, charges and countercharges flew about like confetti, as Democrats issued



sizzling statements accusing the GOP of widespread political espionage and the Republicans answered in kind, claiming McGovern and his supporters were “‘making a mountain out of a molehill,” and besides, their shirts weren’t clean either. The bombardment of verbal cliches by GOP supporters didn’t seem to have the power to penetrate the wall constructed from Watergate scandal materials by the Democrats. Still, the public continued to shrug off the entire affair as “‘just another one of those political hassles that those jokers in Washington are always getting involved in.” Nobody seemed to think that either the accusations of political espionage or the Watergate fiasco had much to do with whether Nixon or McGovern should reign in the White House.

## CHAPTER XVII

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### *What Kind of Men?*

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People in Miami who knew the six men — McCord, Hunt, Fiorini, Barker, Gonzales, and Martinez — have said all but Gonzales played larger-than-life roles in the Bay of Pigs operation.

Of the six, Hunt's background is probably the most interesting. When he allegedly retired from the CIA "in good standing" in 1970 and was hired by Mullen and Company, he listed CIA director Richard Helms, conservative columnist William F. Buckley, and White House special counsel Charles W. Colson as references. Colson was responsible for Hunt's White House consultant's slot, which he took over July 6, 1971. According to White House assistant, Kenneth Clawson, Hunt's duties as a consultant included an assignment to assist in declassifying Defense Department material after the Pentagon papers scandal broke, and to evaluate intelligence on drug traffic coming in from various departments.

A Washington contact told the author Hunt joined the CIA in 1949, one year after he had become an attaché at the

United States embassy in Paris.

An interesting sidelight of Hunt's history is a claim made by him, and listed in the 1969 edition of *Who's Who*, that he actually retired from the CIA in 1965 to become a member of the firm of Littauer and Wilkinson. The address claimed for this firm was 500 5th Avenue, New York City, but turned out to be a cover address. The company was not listed in the New York City directory, nor is there a listing for it in the 1969 telephone directory. Actually, Hunt was on a mission for the CIA during that period and part of his cover was to let it be known he had retired. The phony firm never existed, as many such cover firms manufactured in the minds of black room "dirty trick" specialists don't.

One of the most prolific fiction writers of his era, Hunt's books hold an interesting clue to where the Watergate Five came by the aliases they used during the caper and also indicate his partners may have read Hunt's stories.

Hunt's book, *Maelstrom*, featured a central character who used the alias Martin, the same alias used by McCord. Another book, *Bimini Run*, published in 1949, has as its hero a tough, ex-Marine gambler named Hank Sturgis, very close to Frank Fiorini's now legal moniker of Frank Strugis. A 1948 effort, *Stranger in Town*, has a French Resistance girl named Jeanne and yet another called Mathilde Valdes. Martinez used the alias Jene Valdes during the Watergate operation.

Hunt is an unassuming-appearing man about six feet tall, medium build, with light brown hair just turning grey, who dresses in a conservative manner and looks like everybody's Uncle Bob. He has an excellent reputation among his fellow spooks of being very good at his job and doubtless these same acquaintances are as puzzled as the author is on how an old "pro" like Hunt could so badly

blunder what was nothing more than a routine operation.

The ex-CIA man stayed away from his neighbors, hired only Spanish-speaking house help, living quietly on a two-acre plot of land dominated by a one-story, red brick house of rambling construction called by Hunt's neighbors, "Witch's Island," located in the Potomac estate area.

Bennett, Hunt's immediate boss at the Mullen Company, told newsmen Hunt was a Republican but could not pin down where he stood philosophically in the political spectrum, whether left, right, or moderate.

James McCord appeared the most unlikely of the group to have become embroiled in political espionage of such a blatant nature. His neighbors and fellow workers described him as a quiet, rational, and friendly man who devoted a great deal of time to his children and his neighborhood. He was born in Texas, graduated from Baylor University in Waco, and was known to have a wide-ranging background in the security field, most of it gained while working as one of CIA's highest ranking security officials.

Those who knew McCord were shocked at the revelations following June 17. A former security man told newsmen, "Usually you can spot fellows who will have trouble in the future. This guy moved up the ranks to higher and higher responsibility. He had good fitness reports, he was not a wheeler-dealer, he always made a nice appearance. People had a lot of confidence in him. He was liked and respected."

A word is in order here on the average citizen's evaluation of intelligence types. The very things people found so likable in Hunt and McCord were what made them valuable to the CIA. If a man looks like a ruffian he is of little use to an intelligence agency. He must blend; he must look like you and me; he must comport himself in a manner that will not draw attention from his neighbors, friends, or the authorities.

He must appear on the surface to be the model citizen. Such "model" citizens plotted the destruction of the Diem regime in Vietnam; went to Taiwan on a mission to assassinate President Chiang Kai-Shek; and have carte blanche to kill when and if it becomes necessary without permission from any superior. These same types of men have plotted and carried out some of the most bizarre schemes in the history of intelligence — and some of the most bloody.

McCord allegedly retired from the CIA in 1970 and founded McCord Associates Inc., a security agency, at Rockville, where he had his home. He became a security coordinator for the Nixon forces January 1, 1972, at a monthly salary of \$1,209.

During testimony in Miami he revealed he had gone to south Florida shortly before the break-in to check out security arrangements for the Republican Convention and at that time had rented two apartments in the city.

He may have made his final contact with the Barker-Fiorini group at that time too.

Virgilio Gonzales probably would have been considered as excess baggage in most operations similar to the Watergate Caper, but apparently the group felt they needed an experienced locksmith. It may have been Gonzales's error that got them caught. To tape door locks open in a building that is being regularly patrolled is the height of idiocy. It is difficult to imagine such experienced men as McCord, Fiorini, or Hunt making such a basic mistake. But Gonzales was not a "pro." He came to the United States from Cuba in 1952 with his wife, Celia, and daughter Maria, and his wife's son by another marriage. Shortly after his arrival in the States he took a job with the Missing Link firm and remained with them, except for a four-year stint when he was loaned to the Florida Safe Service. A neighbor described him as a quiet,

unassuming man who very seldom mentioned politics and “the last person in the world who would get involved in something like this.” That was a recurring theme sung by friends of Hunt and McCord as well.

Harry Collot, Gonzales’s boss, said the Cuban’s skills leaned toward repairing safes damaged by burglars and that his aptitude for the job was about average, but that he was “a very good worker with a natural mechanical aptitude and very capable.”

Friends of Gonzales have described him as pro-Nixon, anti-Castro, and hawkish in his attitude toward Communism and anything he considered anti-American.

Bernard L. Barker, the 54-year-old CIA pro, had a history of creep and crawl operations that made him ideally suited for the Watergate Caper. He was born in Cuba of American parents, spending most of his life on the island prior to Castro’s takeover. When he finally did leave Cuba it was to join the United States Army, where he moved rapidly up the ranks to captain and ended World War II as a prisoner of the Germans.

After a year in a prisoner of war camp he returned to the United States; then, he moved back to Cuba where he became a member of Batista’s Buro de Investigations, also known as the Cuban Bureau of Investigations, somewhat patterned after our FBI, but far more ruthless. Cuban refugees now living in Miami remember Barker as an operator of an underground railroad, sneaking Cubans off the island, after the Castro takeover. One of his star operations was to arrange the escape of Manuel Artime, who later became the civilian leader of the Bay of Pigs invasion. During that period Barker acted as liaison between the Cuba anti-Castroites and the CIA, as well as other intelligence groups involved in the invasion attempt.

During this period he also traveled frequently to Guatemala, where the Bay of Pigs invading forces were training, and supposedly took part in a number of hit-and-run raids against the Cuban island. It was during this rather hectic and action-filled period Barker also made his mark in the CIA and began to move up with that organization.

But after the Bay of Pigs invasion flopped Barker returned once again to the mundane practices of making a living — or at least that's the story his friends tell. Actually, Barker was still working for the CIA.

In 1963 Barker was using a position as a clerk in a Cuban clinic in Miami as a cover and it was there he first met Miguel Suarez, who was later to join Barker in a number of real estate deals in the Miami area after he obtained his real estate license in 1969. Suarez, a University of Miami law school graduate, also handled legal matters for Barker's firm, Barker Associates. The two men are well-known in the Miami area among developers, having collaborated in the construction of the Biarritz Towers, a 27-unit building in Normandy Isles, and the Sixty One, a 16-unit apartment building located on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach.

Eugenio Rolando Martinez once fought against the Batista regime supporting Castro. Later, like many of his fellow Cubans, he turned against the bearded leader and fled to the United States, where he continued his revolutionary practices, but against Castro instead of Batista.

In the mid-60s, Martinez was quietly running guns into Cuba under the auspices of the CIA and was known by some Cubans as a brave and daring operator and "one of the true heroes" who was not widely known.

In 1970 he obtained a real estate license and went to work for Barker, a position he held at the time of the Watergate Capers.

And then, there is Fiorini!

Much has already been written in this book about Frank Fiorini, (Sturgis). In many ways the dark-eyed gun-runner, soldier-of-fortune, Castro jungle fighter, a much-decorated Korean War pilot, was far more of an enigma than his five fellow defendants. Ed Arthur has described him as a "tough bastard who knows his way around." Others who knew him well have said he was "not very trustworthy" but everyone to whom the author talked about him was quick to point out that he was a "true patriot."

While the Watergate Caper had forced James McCord and E. Howard Hunt in out of the cold, Frank Fiorini had never been out there in the first place. Columnist Jack Anderson had made a living legend out of the husky soldier-of-fortune in a by-lined article published in *Parade* Magazine. *Parade* featured Fiorini's picture on the cover, gripping his trusty .45 and looking more angelic than deadly. With his curly hair, dimples, and large Italian eyes, he looked like anything but the swashbuckling tough guy Anderson had painted him.

Ask the CIA if Frank Fiorini ever worked for them and they'll either give you a "no comment" or a flat "no." However, after an abortive leaflet-dropping flight over Cuba, stage-managed by Fiorini, and resulting in the death of two men, one of the dead flyer's widows stated flatly that she knew her husband and Fiorini were working for the Central Intelligence Agency.

On December 14, 1961, a chartered Piper Apache, owned by Melbourne Airways, left the Fort Lauderdale Executive Airport enroute to the Bahamas. Aboard was Fiorini and two other men, Robert Thompson and Robert Swanner.

Thompson was piloting the small plane and landed later at Norman's Cay, a tiny Bahamian island forty-eight miles



southeast of Nassau, where the men rendezvoused with a 35-foot Cris-Craft, chartered out of Miami and loaded to the carlocks with propaganda leaflets destined for Cuba.

In the boat were three soldiers-of-fortune, William Johnson, Alexander Rorke, and Hazen Jones. Rorke, a pilot and photographer well-known among the anti-Castroites and probably a CIA agent, was later shot down over Cuba and killed. Jones was an Islamorada fishing camp operator who had been hired by Fiorini to deliver the load of anti-Castro leaflets to Norman's Cay. Fiorini remained on the small island with Jones, Johnson, and Rorke while Thompson and Swanner continued the flight. The flight ended in death for them in a sugar cane field inside Cuba, after they were shot out of the air by a Castro anti-aircraft gun crew.

Thompson's widow, Beatrice Maynard, since remarried, blew the whistle on the CIA by telling reporters she was aware that her husband was being sponsored by the CIA. She said she found out, three days after her husband's disappearance, that he had been killed, when Fiorini called her home in the middle of the night and informed her he had been lost at sea.

Years later, during a Miami court battle over who would pay insurance claims on the lost plane, the widow finally discovered what really happened to her husband. Two Cubans testified that they had witnessed the red and white plane blown out of the sky over Cuba.

But the CIA hadn't forgotten the sorrowing widow. Just before Christmas in 1961 she received a telegram saying "Merry Christmas" and accompanied by \$500. It was unsigned, but she said she "knew" it had come from Fiorini and the CIA.

"I knew the money had been sent by Fiorini and the CIA because it was the exact amount my husband would have

been paid for the trip if he had returned,’’ Mrs. Maynard said.

A telegram and \$500 alone would not be enough to prove CIA involvement but Fiorini took care of that in his usual outspoken manner. He threatened to squeal on the CIA and reveal details of its south Florida operations unless the government came up with more money for the widows of Thompson and Swanner. Apparently unimpressed by Fiorini’s threats, the CIA kept its counsel and Mrs. Maynard said the \$500 was all she ever got.

Anderson’s *Parade* article of Fiorini was flattering to say the least, and magnanimous in its between-the-lines praise to say the most. And well it should have been, as Fiorini had long been Anderson’s eyes and ears in south Florida. A strange relationship, considering most arch-conservatives have a tendency to place Anderson in the same muckraker’s nest occupied by Ralph Nader! Still, there is a good argument in favor of why Anderson maintained such a relationship with Fiorini. They were both sometime supporters of the Republican party — which raises a question. Why was Anderson so silent during most of the Watergate fanfare?

Shortly after the break-in, Anderson visited Fiorini in his jail cell in Washington and later told reporters the south Florida soldier-of-fortune had pointed the finger at Bernard Barker as the man who had “hired” him. The Washington columnist further informed reporters that, in his opinion, the ringleader of the bungled Watergate mission was Hunt, who at that time had gone underground and stayed there in spite of the fact that a reported 150 federal officers were searching for him both here and abroad. Maybe they should have dropped over into Maryland and asked Mr. Helms over a cup of tea if he knew where the elusive super spy was.

There is little doubt that Anderson at that time knew

exactly where Hunt was and probably also knew most of the details surrounding the caper itself. Considering the fact that his top sleuth, Leslie Whitten, is an ex-CIA operative with extensive contacts among Washington intelligence circles, one wonders why Mr. Anderson didn't reveal to the world via his column not only Hunt's whereabouts but the true story behind the Watergate break-in.

At the risk of alienating Whitten (a friend of the author's), it might be meet to question Anderson's silence in this juiciest of all scandals, a made-to-order bundle of grist for any muckraker's column, especially considering the muckraker's extensive contacts and his known relationship with one of the major principals in the break-in.

Perhaps this would be a good place to point out another lapse in Anderson's vigilance. Les Whitten had at least four prior contacts with Ed Arthur (arranged by the author), in which they discussed certain information possessed by Arthur which Whitten thought might be of use as material for the Anderson column. Why didn't Whitten contact Arthur after the Watergate incident? Whitten was fully aware that the Columbus, Ohio, man had been appearing on Channel 4, WLWC-TV, in Columbus. WLW's Hugh Dermody was scoring beat after beat on the nation's news media via Arthur, who was calmly revealing facts concerning the break-in that weren't appearing nationally until one or two weeks later.

In one broadcast, Arthur mentioned the relationship between Jack Anderson and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

In another, made almost a month before the rest of the media got hold of it, Ed said that the Watergate Five were allegedly removing, or replacing batteries, in the bugs planted in the Democratic National Headquarters offices. He also questioned why a brown panel truck, parked near the Watergate complex, was never mentioned. In yet another

broadcast, he mentioned Fiorini's close ties with friends in Mexico. This later came out when investigators discovered that \$89,000 had been allegedly funneled through a Mexican lawyer in a "cleaning operation" before the loot finally surfaced again in Bernard Barker's Miami bank account.

It would seem master digger Whitten — and his boss, Anderson — missed the boat by not questioning Ed Arthur as to his sources. Maybe they just didn't want to know.

Fiorini blew the whistle on himself when he revealed — via the Anderson *Parade* article — how he had run guns into Cuba to be used by anti-Castro forces still resisting on the island. But during the trial over who would pay for the lost plane used in the leaflet dropping flight, Fiorini denied under oath that he had taken part in the doomed raid, telling the court he had merely flown to Norman's Cay for a bit of innocent fishing.

Said Fort Lauderdale attorney Rex Conrad, who was representing the insurance firm involved, "Even though I waved his own magazine article under his nose in court, Fiorini still stuck to his fish story."

Fiorini did admit it was his picture on the cover of the magazine.

An embittered Conrad, whose client had to fork over \$16,000 for the missing plane, said he tried to get the Federal Aviation Authority, Border Patrol, or the Justice Department, to help him prove Fiorini had been running guns and dropping leaflets over Cuba, but those agencies remained mum.

Recently, after reading a newspaper account in which the Federal Aviation Authority admitted they knew all about Fiorini's clandestine activities, Conrad said, "I got mad. Where were they with the information when we really needed them?"

To make the court defeat even more galling, Conrad said that both Fiorini and William Johnson tried to sell him information he could use in the court fight. Johnson offered a suitcase full of photographs depicting the plane on Norman's Cay being mounted with a .30 caliber machine gun. Fiorini offered movies of his gun-running adventures which could be used as evidence at the trial. Conrad said Fiorini was asked for \$3,000 and Johnson \$1,000. He turned them down — a mistake which cost the insurance company \$16,000 — and instead, dredged up Hazen Jones, who testified for nothing.

During the first few days of the Watergate publicity, a federal agent told the author his agency had kept Fiorini under surveillance for several years and was well aware of his gun-running ventures and trips in and out of Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Mexico, as well as into Cuba.

Fiorini, who claims as his hometown, Norfolk, Virginia, has said he became involved in revolutionary activities when he traveled with his bride to Miami for a honeymoon and attended a rally by Fidel Castro, who was then beating the Florida bushes in search of support for his efforts to tumble Batista.

According to Fiorini's own story, he broke with Castro in mid-1959 (probably about the time he and William Morgan were tossed into prison by Raoul Castro). He also caught the eye of the State Department, which ordered him stripped of his citizenship in 1960 for "serving in the armed forces of another nation during a revolutionary action."

Fiorini denied it and wheeled out some large political guns in his defense, including Florida Senator George Smathers. He finally was restored his citizenship, but not until after the United States Immigration Department put up a game fight to deport him as an alien. They may not have known it, but they were bucking a stacked deck. Even then

Fiorini had friends where it counted.

It was after Fiorini had his citizenship restored that he changed his name to Sturgis.

*The Miami Herald*, quoting an unnamed acquaintance of Fiorini's, called him "a nice person, a fine person but he never got over being up in the hills fighting in Cuba — that's what he wants to keep doing."

During an eighteen-month period prior to the Watergate break-in, Fiorini, in his work for the Pan-American Aluminum Corporation, was supposedly a commission salesman. William J. Keefe, director of the firm's Miami sales staff, described Fiorini as "not one of our better salesmen," probably because he was rather deeply involved in other pursuits, among them helping organize a group of Cuban protesters who marched on the Port of Miami in protest when a Russian ship docked there.

Fiorini registered as a Democrat in 1962, shortly after his citizenship was restored. He lived at 2515 NW 122nd Avenue, in Miami, where he still lived at this writing. His wife worked for television Channel 23 at the time but managed to very artfully dodge reporters' questions by just not being available for comment.

## CHAPTER XVIII

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### *The Money Trail*

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Every clandestine operation needs money. The Watergate Caper was no exception to this rule, as federal investigators discovered when they began tracing the serial numbers of one-hundred-dollar bills found in the possession of members of the break-in team.

As they traced the sources of the funding, investigators turned up evidence linking some top Republican figures, as well as a couple of Democrats, to the break-in artists, leaving a wake of red faces and stammering tongues. Those named denied implication by innuendo, but failed to state flatly they had nothing to do with the whole mess, much to the delight of George McGovern, Sargent Shriver, and Larry O'Brien.

First, a "wayward campaign check," donated by a man with a passion for anonymity, turned up in Bernard Barker's bank account at the Republic National Bank in Miami.

The check, for \$25,000, was drawn on a Boca Raton bank (Boca Raton is in Palm Beach County, north of Miami and Fort Lauderdale) and later funneled through Republican Party contribution coffers until it finally mysteriously turned

up in Barker's account. That check was only a part of the overall sum allegedly paid out to the conspirators.

The "anonymous contributor" did not remain anonymous long, what with hundreds of reporters poking and prying at the stubborn lid clamped on the Watergate investigation. That lid had begun to spring leaks all over the country. One of those leads allegedly revealed that Dwayne Andreas, a former Minneapolis banker turned Texan, had given the check to Kenneth Dahlberg, the Nixon faction's midwest finance chairman, while the two were playing a round of golf on a Miami fairway. Andreas was a registered Democrat, it turned out, who had become disenchanted with McGovern and had apparently decided to place his bet, in the form of the \$25,000, on Nixon.

In addition to the "wayward check" for \$25,000, the loot found in the possession of the five break-in suspects was traced to four bank drafts totaling \$89,000 and issued in Mexico City in the name of prominent labor lawyer, Manuel Ogarrio Daguerre. Ogarrio was semi-retired but still represented, on occasion, large corporations needing interpretation of Mexico's strict and complex labor laws. Among his clients were a number of large American businesses.

The four bank drafts bearing Ogarrio's name were deposited in the Republic National Bank in Miami, in Barker's account. Ogarrio denied he had received, endorsed, or passed on the four incriminating drafts. He also denied knowing Barker, which may or may not be true, but there is an excellent possibility he did know Frank Fiorini and the two Buchanan brothers.

Federal investigators revealed, and the *New York Times* claimed, that each of the four bank drafts issued in Mexico City, to Manuel Ogarrio Daguerre bore the typewritten endorsement, "Manuel Ogarrio D." There was also allegedly a



signature on the back of each check, but the signatures were illegible, thus foiling positive identification and proof that it was Ogarrio who forwarded the checks.

The sequence of events revolving around the \$89,000 from Mexico is interesting inasmuch as it provides a number of clues to just how campaign money is laundered and funneled into places where it will do the most good without leaving a tell-tale trail.

It all started when facts in the investigation revealed that Maurice Stans, former Secretary of Commerce and, at the time of the Watergate Caper, finance chairman of the Nixon committee, had been keeping a neat little package amounting to about \$700,000 tucked away in his office safe. Where had the money come from?

Senator Wright Patman, the crusty Texas Democrat and chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, decided he wanted to find the answer to that question as it involved various banking transactions, which, he noted, came under his jurisdiction. Of course, the fact that he was also a Democrat might have had something to do with his zest for the job. While he tried to get the probe off the ground a member of his own committee, Rep. Garry E. Brown of Michigan, was maneuvering backstage to blow the budding investigation out of the water before even the first witness could be called. Rep. Brown claimed he had only the break-in defendants' rights in mind. He said he feared those rights would be "prejudiced" by such a probe, citing the fact that committee hearings of that nature were held in the public eye, accompanied with all the media fanfare inherent in strobe lights, grinding television cameras, bursting flash bulbs, and scribbling scribes.

Naturally Rep. Brown had the Republican members of Patman's committee solidly in his corner. He claimed, when

questioned by reporters, that there had been no White House directive to stop the probe, although he did say he talked almost daily with White House aides about a number of items, including the Watergate episode.

Although Patman was stymied in his efforts to air the Watergate Caper prior to the November 7 election, he did manage to leak to the press large segments of material gleaned during a preliminary investigation undertaken by sleuths working for his committee.

He revealed that, in the case of the \$700,000 that had been sitting so snugly in Stans' safe, at least part of the money came to its resting place from Mexico.

Investigation had disclosed that on April 14, 1972, Bernard Parker had deposited \$25,000 to his account at the Republic National Bank in Miami. Later it was learned that four more checks were deposited in Barker's account on April 20. These four checks totaled \$89,000.

The \$25,000, as has been noted, came from banker Dwayne Andreas, who sits on the same bank board as Kenneth Dahlberg and who allegedly profited from large grain deals between American wheat concerns and Russia. Since Andreas wanted his little gift to remain anonymous, Dahlberg allegedly "laundered" the money by converting it to a cashier's check at the Boca Raton bank in his name. The other four checks, which made up Barker's \$114,000 operating fund, came from the Mexico City bank. Senator Patman had been informed by Republican campaign officials that the \$89,000 came from Texas donors who wished to remain out of the limelight — probably because some of them like Andreas were registered Democrats — and so sent the money through Mexico and Ogarrio.

Said one of Senator Patman's investigators, "Contrary to the statements that have been issued by the Republican

finance officials, at least \$100,000 — not just \$89,000 — reached the finance committee from Mexico in early April.”

Patman’s diligent diggers then discovered that William Liedtke, president of Pennzoil Corporation had put together a committee of wealthy Texans to collect a big bundle of the green for the President’s campaign. One of the group, Robert Allen, chairman of the Texas committee, allegedly told Liedtke he could raise United States money in Mexico. Liedtke then told Patman’s investigators he checked with Stans for a legal opinion and said he was told on April 3 that it was all right to deliver the money to Washington.

At this point the operation turned “black,” or clandestine. On the afternoon of April 5 — two days before the effective date of a new law requiring full disclosure of contributors to political campaigns — a young Mexican arrived at Pennzoil’s elaborate offices in Houston carrying what was later described as “a large pouch.”

While Pennzoil’s Liedtke and his public relations man, Roy Winchester, looked on, the pouch was opened and onto the desk tumbled the \$89,000 in checks (which later went to Barker) and 110 one-hundred-dollar bills (\$11,000). Some of the bills were new and some were worn, excluding the possibility that this was the cash later discovered in the possession of Barker and his break-in crew.

When asked by Patman’s investigators if he had given the Mexican a receipt, Liedtke answered frankly, “In the fund-raising business you don’t deal in receipts.”

Said the Patman investigators, “At this point the sums destined for the Republican campaign started growing dramatically. By this time the Pennzoil offices had obviously become a major collection point for Republican contributions from Texas, Mexico, and surrounding areas.”

Patman’s people said they determined that the Pennzoil

offices were used as a drop for about \$700,000 (the amount that later turned up in Stans' safe).

The \$700,000 accumulated in the Pennzoil offices was finally tucked into a suitcase. Then Roy Winchester, with a Pennzoil employee riding shotgun, took it to Washington aboard a Pennzoil plane. Roy Winchester, (Liedtke public relations man), told investigators he handed it over to Stans' treasurer, Hugh Sloan, at 10 P.M., April 5. That was in time to beat the deadline for the new disclosure law, which went into effect April 7.

Winchester did not ask for a receipt, but did give Hugh Sloan's secretary a partial list of the donors. The General Accounting Office claims this list was destroyed after the Watergate burglary case probe.

Apparently Winchester and Liedtke were confident they had managed to mask the real donors of the \$100,000 by running the money through Ogarrio. It should be noted here that the Mexican attorney had a long — and profitable — association with Dwayne Andreas, who was one of his more important clients.

Patman's committee investigators revealed they had questioned Maurice Stans August 30 and at that time he had flatly denied knowledge of the transfer of any campaigning funds from Mexico, adding that if such a thing happened it was strictly on the decision of the contributors who wanted to remain anonymous. When Patman later began to lean on Stans, he finally said he recalled having been "informed by our Texas chairman of a possible contribution of \$100,000 in United States funds in Mexico." The Patman committee also said Stans changed his figure on Mexican money from \$89,000 to \$100,000 (the actual amount) between August 30 and September 5.

As Stans continued to deny he knew or could reveal the

names of the Texas donors, White House insiders were inclined to doubt that, as chief GOP fund-raiser, he would not know the names of such large contributors.

Angered by the continuing probe, Stans charged that the Putman committee report had "obvious political purposes," adding that investigators broke a promise by Patman that Stans would be shown a copy in advance of its distribution.

Of course he was right when he labeled Patman's investigation political, but it did not eliminate the fact that Patman had caught Stans in a lie, as had the General Accounting Office.

When Patman kept pushing for the right to subpoenae John Mitchell and Stans, Rep. Garry Brown, R-Mich., said bitterly, "Publicity resulting from such a hearing would make it impossible to convict any of these idiots" involved in the break-in of the Democratic offices.

## CHAPTER XIX

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### *Barker's Miami Trial*

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Hector Reynaldo, a vice-president at the Republic National Bank in Miami, was having a routine day April 14 when Bernard Barker walked in and presented a \$25,000 check bearing the signature of Kenneth H. Dahlberg, the United States President's chief midwest fund-raiser. From that moment on Hector Reynaldo would never be the same.

He said Barker wanted the check cashed immediately but he refused, telling Barker "it can't be done this way." Barker insisted the check was good and urged Reynaldo to call the First Bank and Trust Company in Boca Raton — where the check was drawn — and ask for authentication. Reynaldo then xeroxed the check, called the bank, received verification that it had issued such a check, but was still nervous about accepting it. He told Barker he couldn't cash it without his endorsement, in spite of the fact it was a cashier's check to be paid on demand.

Barker refused to endorse it.

"What if the signature proved false?" Reynaldo wanted to know.

Barker left in anger.

Shortly thereafter he returned and again presented the check, this time with a notarized statement declaring the Dahlberg signature genuine.

Barker had merely walked outside the bank and notarized the check himself, with Dahlberg's signature. By that action, Barker got himself cross-hatched with Florida law.

Richard E. Gerstein, Dade County's state attorney, running hard for re-election on the Democratic ticket and never a man to pass up an opportunity to snatch a little free publicity, latched onto the tailgate of the Watergate wagon and rode it — and the unfortunate Barker — right into court, where he won a conviction.

Acting mysterious and issuing loaded statements to the press, Gerstein sent his sleuths loping around Dade and Palm Beach counties trying to unravel the trail of the rambling \$25,000 check. He claimed that Barker had illegally notarized that check. In Florida, that was a felony.

Gerstein said his interest was solely the possible violation of state laws, such as banking procedures, and the possible purchase in Miami of equipment used in a felony such as walkie-talkies, surgical gloves, bugs, and other surveillance paraphernalia, all used in the Watergate break-in.

The actual route of the \$25,000 check had little bearing on Gerstein's final findings, other than the fact that it was the instrument bearing the allegedly illegal notary seal. Morgan Zook, president of the First Bank and Trust Company in Boca Raton, hastily told newsmen he had no idea who wrote the check. Dahlberg simply stated he spends his winters in Boca Raton, had been given the \$25,000 in cash by an anonymous donor, and had turned it into a cashier's check at the bank.

Said Dahlberg, "The next morning after I turned the money into a check I attended a meeting of the finance committee and gave the check to Maurice Stans."

Stans, Nixon's chief Republican fund raiser, then allegedly gave the check to Barker, who supposedly cashed it and returned the money to Stans. It was then funneled back into the general campaign fund and used to defray election expenses, according to the Republican campaign director Clark MacGregor. Gerstein wasn't inclined to believe that story. He, and other Democrats, claimed the check was given to Barker to help him finance the Watergate Caper.

General Accounting Office investigators said they had found no record indicating the wayward \$25,000 had been spent in the Nixon campaign. One defense made by the GOP wheelhorses was that they had established a special "security fund" to be used to thwart demonstrations at their convention in Miami Beach, August 21.

But Clark MacGregor was vague, refusing to respond to some questions tossed his way by Washington reporters, informing them he was trying to avoid jeopardizing the rights "of persons who might be questioned or even indicted" in the case. Winding up his press conference, he labeled the Watergate Caper "idiotic, absolutely unauthorized, and bizarre."

But the public still hadn't found out how the \$25,000 check found its way into Barker's hands, or what it was actually earmarked for.

Said Morgan Zook, when asked about the check and the role his bank played in the transaction, "The bank definitely didn't make the donation. The bank does not make political contributions," he added, rather stiffly.

He refused to discuss it further, citing customer-banker privilege.



One wonders why Dahlberg, a wealthy Minneapolis electronics manufacturer, didn't simply run the cash through the American National Bank and the Sunrise American National Bank in Fort Lauderdale.

He was a director of both banks. One reason Dahlberg may have decided to use the Boca Raton bank was because he lived there, at 236 Key Palm, and may have decided to get rid of all that cash as quickly as possible. But if that was what happened, why bring it from Miami? (He said he received the cash donation while playing a round of golf on a Miami link.)

MacGregor, playing the artful dodger, told reporters he knew nothing about the wandering twenty-five grand as "these events took place before I came aboard. Mitchell and Stans would presumably know."

A rather neat way of hanging the rap on his predecessor, John Mitchell, who gave up the chief campaign slot to MacGregor July 1.

Neither Mitchell or Stans was available for comment at that time.

Investigators later discovered that the four checks totaling \$89,000 that originated in Mexico were also deposited in Barker's account April 20, making a grand total of \$114,000 operating capital. The same amount was withdrawn on three separate dates — April 24, May 2, and May 8.

A reporter with a nasty and suspicious turn of mind remarked during the Dahlberg revelations, "Doesn't Dahlberg own an electronics plant? And weren't those clowns caught in the Watergate loaded down with electronic gimmicks. . . .?"

But at this writing there has been no evidence to substantiate such a speculation, although nobody seems to know where the Watergate Five purchased — or who allegedly furnished — the sophisticated equipment used in the caper.

Gerstein's chief investigator, Martin Dardis, discovered that Dahlberg met with Republicans in Boca Raton, April 11, the day after Dwayne Andreas gave him the \$25,000.

It was then he apparently turned the \$25,000 check over to Stans.

MacGregor continued to insist that the check was "properly accounted for," that it had finally ended up in the GOP campaign treasury after a detour through Barker's Miami account, a somewhat farfetched explanation, considering that some of the money found on Barker and the other four suspects was actually traced to the Florida bank.

MacGregor continued to refuse comment on the \$89,000 of Mexican origin which had also turned up in Barker's account.

Meanwhile Senator William Proxmire, the Wisconsin Democrat with dove leanings, urged the appointment of former Republican Senator John J. Williams of Delaware and former Supreme Court Justice Arthur J. Goldberg, a Democrat to a special commission to investigate the incident.

In a speech prepared for the Senate, Proxmire said, "All the facts now known by the investigating officials should be turned over to these men to make certain that the administration, which has an overwhelming conflict of interest, does not sweep this matter under the rug or delay it until after the November elections."

He was completely ignored, but the Watergate Caper did not end up being swept under the rug even though the trial of the Watergate Five was delayed until after the election.

On September 12 Barker startled newsmen when he freely admitted his part in the break-in during an interview with a *New York Times* reporter. He flatly refused to discuss the background of the Watergate affair but told the *Times* that

he, like most Cubans, believed Senator George S. McGovern's election "would be the beginning of a trend that would lead to socialism and communism or whatever you want to call it."

He added, "I was caught in National Democratic headquarters at 2:30 in the morning. I can't deny that."

The *Times* also pointed out that their sources indicated federal authorities had attempted to inveigle one of the suspects into accepting immunity for his testimony in an effort to get to the reasons behind the break-in but all five refused to cooperate. They apparently picked on what they thought was the weakest link in the chain, Virgilio Gonzales, the Miami locksmith, but he turned a deaf ear, probably preferring prison to death in a swamp somewhere, a fate that he could expect as a reward for betrayal.

While the *Washington Post* continued to rave and federal investigators kept on turning over rocks to see what would crawl out, Gerstein told newsmen he had delayed filing charges against Barker because he did not want his campaign opponents to misconstrue it as a pre-election-day charge which was exactly what it was.

"He's only trying to serve the interests of justice," a Miami reporter cracked, tongue in cheek.

Gerstein said he was confident he could prove Barker misused the notary seal, a felony that could have netted him five years in Florida's Raiford prison. Gerstein hung his case on the allegation that Barker swore (via the notary seal) that he knew Dahlberg. Dahlberg denied it, leaving Barker hanging.

Sounding somewhat bitter but ready to play the martyr, Barker announced, "Just because I get in trouble, I don't want nobody else to get in trouble. I'm 55 years old, I'm old enough to know what I'm doing, and I have always faced up

to all my responsibilities. And when the time comes, I will face up to whatever responsibility I have, and I won't cry in my beer. And that will be the end of it."

"And like I said, if I have to go to jail and so forth — well, I did 16 months in a German prison camp, and this sure as hell isn't going to be as bad as that."

With his attorney, Henry B. Rothblatt, at his elbow, the old spook remarked rather wistfully, "I always dealt with the paramilitary, the intelligence movement, the people who lived by their word."

He said he found being described as an "alleged burglar" repulsive, pointing out that he had worked for most of his life in some phase of law enforcement — or at least on the side of authority — and felt and thought like a cop.

Interestingly enough, Barker, though a registered Republican, told *New York Times* reporters he had little interest in politics — a rather common intelligence view — noting, "I don't even trust the politicians, to be quite frank."

He couldn't have been franker than that.

And Gerstein continued to push, officially charging Barker on September 15 with feloniously misusing his notary seal to cash a \$25,000 Republican campaign contribution. The Dade County State Attorney waited until after his win in the primary to press charges but the pre-election publicity didn't hurt his chances. He won by a neat margin.

On October 13, Dade County Criminal Court Judge Paul Barker rejected defense motions to dismiss the charges against Barker, ignoring Rothblatt's plea that pretrial publicity generated by Gerstein "poisoned the atmosphere against his client."

Judge Baker ruled there was no basis in law for a dismissal of charges based on pretrial publicity. While at it, Barker rejected a defense motion to postpone the trial,

scheduled for October 30.

Pushing hard, Rothblatt then contended charges should be dismissed because the state had failed to provide defense attorneys with a copy of the \$25,000 check (which should have been almost worn out by then) and alleged the state charge was faulty because no one was damaged by Barker's notarized verification of Dahlberg's signature. He also claimed statements by Gerstein to newsmen violated Barker's constitutional rights.

"I am prepared to show a deliberate course of conduct by the state in extra-judicial statements poisoning the atmosphere of this area," said Rothblatt bombastically — and was overruled by the judge.

To point up his argument Rothblatt had subpoenaed news accounts of the case from the Associated Press, United Press International, thirty-three radio stations and six television stations, Judge Baker remained adamant in his stance.

It was at this period in the hearing that Gerstein said he had traced the wayward check through high-ranking GOP campaign officials, including Dahlberg; Hugh W. Sloan, Jr., treasurer of Nixon's finance committee at the time of the break-in; G. Gordon Liddy; and Maurice Stans. By then everyone involved in the case was so confused that some even began to doubt the check existed.

But Judge Baker, apparently feeling the spotlight of publicity shining upon his courtroom, and well aware that to leave a stone face down in anything involving the Watergate would be folly, promptly issued subpoenas for Dahlberg, Sloan, and Stans, ordering them to appear at an October 26 pre-trial hearing in connection with the state charges against Barker.

During the pre-trial maneuvering Eugenio Martinez and Frank Fiorini sat solemnly in the court room as watchful

observers while their colleagues endured the agony of stage center.

Hugh Sloan tried to beg off appearing, claiming he was still looking for a job after having resigned from Nixon's campaign organization, vowing during extradition hearings he had never known Barker or talked to him. He did admit to being aware that a \$25,000 check from Dahlberg had gone through Stans to Liddy but added he couldn't testify that it was the same check that later turned up in Barker's Miami account.

In Washington, a judge overruled Baker's extradition order aimed at Stans, deciding he did not have to appear in Miami for the hearing if he didn't want to. Stans maintained "my presence isn't necessary in the case," pointing out that his wife was in the hospital with a blood disorder and such a trip would work a hardship on him.

Apparently not wanting to appear in Miami was catching. Sloan had copped out on a plea he was looking for a job and Stans couldn't go because his wife was in the hospital.

Said Stans, "The extradition order was merely a political ploy on the part of the state attorney down there."

Shot back Gerstein, "Maurice Stans would go to Siberia before he would testify here."

Barker's attorneys continued to file motions for dismissal — which various judges continued to refuse — until finally, United States District Court Judge Peter T. Fay ordered the case back into court October 27 for more pre-trial motions.

Noting he would then do some thinking about the case he said, "I'll hold everything in abeyance."

And Judge Baker granted another postponement.

Rothblatt accused the prosecution of "bad faith," "evil motives," of poisoning the "fountains of justice" and

“malicious and political harrassment,” all in what he labeled “a minor, insignificant, frivolous case with obviously no legal merit.”

Judge Baker, unimpressed, did nothing to alter the impending trial.

Gerstein, not one to mince words, stood in state court and slung verbal labels at Rothblatt, calling him an “unmitigated liar, a fool,” and said that before his office went to work on the case “they described it (the Watergate Caper) as a prank in the White House. They called it a joke in the White House.”

Judge Baker was no more impressed by Gerstein’s rhetoric than he was with Rothblatt’s.

But Gerstein continued to rave.

“The Watergate was a nefarious scheme that disgusts most thinking people and the people of Florida didn’t invite Mr. Barker to use the Florida banks for it,” Gerstein caroled.

Rothblatt then contended Gerstein was trying the case in the press, claiming the state attorney’s actions in Florida were jeopardizing his chances of winning for his clients in Washington.

Said Assistant State Attorney David Goodhart, “The trial date here was set before he was even indicted in Washington.”

Rothblatt joined in and described the charges as a mere technicality never before enforced in Florida, which was accurate. Questioned by reporters as to how many similar cases had been tried in the state, Gerstein put a battery of secretaries to work trying to find out. They checked criminal court records back to 1954 — and found no such case had ever been tried.

In a move to head off the Gerstein trial Barker, Fiorini, Gonzales and Martinez had filed a \$2 million suit in Miami

Federal Court, seeking to prohibit federal and state criminal prosecutions against them. The case was assigned to Fay, a federal judge, a staunch Republican and recent Nixon appointee. The suit claimed the men were "victims of a conspiracy to obstruct justice and deny them equal protection of the law." Barker charged that Gerstein initiated the investigation against him during his campaign for re-election and "manipulated the communications media" to make it the "major issue of his renomination and re-election campaigns."

It may have helped Gerstein but as the people of the United States now know, it certainly didn't help Senator George McGovern.

Barker further charged in a lengthy legal document that Gerstein and his chief investigator, Martin Dardis, "released or caused to be released to the mass communications media, reports, photostats and details" accusing him of being guilty of federal charges.

Barker's charges were superfluous as far as the media was concerned. It had stayed just about one jump ahead of official investigators from the very inception of the Watergate incident, in some cases actually furnishing leads to various investigators.

Barker and his three partners also named Harold H. Titus Jr., United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, and Earl J. Silbert, his assistant, in their suit, alleging the two federal prosecutors attempted to interfere with the group's right to have counsel of their own choosing.

During one particularly wild court scene during Barker's pre-trial hearings in Miami, Judge Baker, a rather modish type, cracked, "Just because my hair is long and covers my ears doesn't mean I am deaf."

Then he suddenly stopped, stared at Gerstein's bald



pate, and hurriedly added, "I meant no offense, Mr. Gerstein."

Gerstein gave a slight bow.

But as the hearing progressed it became evident that even if the judge had worn a hearing aid he would probably have been able to hear the arguments, which waxed loud and bitter as Rothblatt and Gerstein continued to blast away at each other while Barker sat in morose silence staring first at one then the other as if he considered their antics rather childish and immature.

"You are poisoning the atmosphere by these out-of-court statements," Rothblatt shouted.

Countered Gerstein, "It was Mr. Rothblatt who conducted a press conference outside this courtroom and said what great patriots he represented."

When Rothblatt argued that there was no crime because the \$25,000 check in question was "a valid instrument" carrying a valid endorsement, Judge Baker noted tonelessly, "The issue is the fraudulent use of a notary seal."

"We want to take a public opinion poll," Rothblatt cried.

"You are making this into a circus," shouted Assistant State Attorney Goodhart.

Cracked the judge, "I have heard from a lot of people who hired public opinion polls and lost elections."

He added, still deadpan, "The next step would be to conduct a poll — guilty or not guilty."

When Rothblatt asked Baker for permission to put into the record testimony about the Watergate news coverage from newspapers, United Press International, six television stations, and 33 radio stations, the judge, still with a tongue tucked smugly in cheek, remarked, "We'll get around to the country and western stations in a minute."

On November 1, Judge Baker took two hours and twenty-two minutes to hear testimony; then he found Barker guilty of mis-using his notary seal.

Gerstein called Barker a "scheming hired burglar and a nefarious no-good who should go to jail."

Rothblatt said his client was "courageous, honorable and a great American."

Judge Baker said, "Sixty days, suspended."

Barker remarked, "I'm glad he suspended the sentence," and left the courthouse.

While Barker sat glumly in the Miami court listening to his attorney fight word battles with Gerstein, Senator George McGovern was neatly alienating every Cuban vote in south Florida and most of the nation's arch-conservatives.

In a letter dated July 21, and sent to Frank Calzon, a Cuban student at Georgetown University, he said, "I would support our conferring diplomatic recognition on Cuba."

The letter somehow found its way into the hands of a UPI reporter.

The Democratic presidential candidate — who seemed to have a penchant for sticking his foot into his mouth and leaving it there — argued that such a move "would no more imply support for Castro than our recognition of Czechoslovakia implied support for the overthrow of (Alexander) Dubcek."

It was not a new stance for McGovern, who had said before that the United States "can and should end the policy of isolating Cuba."

Such a proclamation could do nothing but enrage Cubans in the United States.

In an effort to mollify the anti-Castroites, McGovern stated, "I am sure that ever since Castro came to power, the American people have overwhelmingly joined me in outrage

at the repression, the denial of due process, the abridgment of basic freedoms that has taken place under his regime.”

How conferring diplomatic recognition of Cuba would end Castro’s repression McGovern did not say.

As an argument in favor of recognizing Cuba the presidential aspirant said, “We should recognize that our policy of isolating Cuba has made a martyr of Castro and increased his influence in the hemisphere.

“It is America’s policy of isolating Cuba — as if it were a major threat to hemispheric security — that gives Castro his best platform.” It is ironically the policy of isolating Cuba which is the strongest single force behind Castro’s lock-step relationship with the Soviet Union.

“It is because Cuba is isolated in the hemisphere that Castro is dependent on Russia and has submitted to a Soviet military presence,” McGovern said.

He wrote in his letter to Calzon that recognition of Cuba “would make it a little difficult for Castro to rally Latin-American support when he denounced ‘U.S. imperialism’ and a little bit easier for us to identify ourselves with the constructive alternative to Castro throughout the hemisphere.”

Castro, safe on his island fortress, remained disdainfully silent.

During the Miami Barker Trial two unrelated incidents from the past surfaced, proving that the world is indeed shrinking.

During the Republican Convention in Miami Beach, Martin Dardis (Gerstein’s investigator) took a statement from Kenneth Dahlberg about the \$25,000 check and, while walking to Dahlberg’s car later, Dardis said, “I understand you were an ace in the war,” referring to World War II in which Dahlberg was in fact a triple ace, having shot down 15

Nazi planes.

"I flew 51s and 47s," Dahlberg said.

Dardis then noted that he was at the Battle of the Bulge and that his unit had occasionally picked up downed fighter pilots.

"I remember one that came down in a 47 and the son-of-a-bitch pulled a .45 on me," Dardis said. "I had to yell at him and tell him we weren't Germans but Americans."

Said Dahlberg later, "As he told that story I just stood there in complete awe. It couldn't have been a coincidence."

A week later Dahlberg called Dardis from Minneapolis and the two men compared notes. It was in late 1944 or early January 1945; the last German effort was being attempted by a dying Nazi regime in a breakthrough attempt at Belgium. Dahlberg was flying a P47 Thunderbolt and Dardis was a tanker with the Fourth Armored Battalion. The men of his unit wore long overcoats to ward off the bitter cold and in the dark, or during bad weather, they resembled the uniform coats worn by the Germans.

Dahlberg drove his 47 toward what he thought were German tanks and almost opened up on them before he realized his mistake. But he was too late and American ground fire knocked out his engine, sending him to a skidding snow landing. He had been too low to bail out. As he climbed from the wrecked Thunderbolt a figure loomed out of the snow and he drew his .45 and started to fire, thinking it was a German infantryman. It was at that moment the soldier shouted he was an American.

It had been Dardis.

"In a case like that you shoot and ask questions later," Dahlberg said. "I almost shot him," he added, then remarked as an afterthought, "Maybe I should have shot."

At that point a reporter asked him about the Watergate and he cracked, "Watergate? Isn't that a reservoir?"

The second strange incident also involved Dahlberg.

In 1943, Elionne Hosford, a college girl, was sitting in a drug store in Tallahassee. It was during the height of World War II and servicemen were everywhere. Suddenly, an Army Air Force pilot stopped at her table and said, "You look like you have an honest face."

He then took a blue-stone gold ring from his finger with the inscription "U.S. Army Air Force" engraved on it and handed it to the girl, jotting down his address as he talked, and asked her to send it to his folks as he was shipping out. The pilot had written the address on a paper napkin and somehow the girl lost it. That occurred 29 years prior to the Watergate break-in.

That girl became Mrs. Harvey A. Gardner Jr., of 7300 SW 115th Street, Miami, the mother of three children.

She still had the ring.

Then she read that Dardis-Dahlberg account and stopped in amazement. "That's the man! I've found the man!" she cried.

Checking the ring again she read the inscription; "Kenneth H. Dahlberg," it said.

Later Dahlberg said he vaguely remembered the incident, pointing out that he had at that time been stationed at Dale Mabry Field, not far from what used to be Florida State College for Women.

And so, twenty-nine years later, Dahlberg got his ring back and Dardis realized how close he had come to death at the hands of a fellow American in the dark woods of the Bulge.

## CHAPTER XX

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### *Some Film Turns Up*

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Bernard Barker walked into Rich Photos, 1600 West Flagler Street, Miami at 12:10 P.M. on June 10, 1972.

It was a Saturday.

He approached clerk Jenero Perez and explained he needed a special developing job on some 35mm film. Perez called over his boss, Michael Richardson, explained Barker's request. Barker then introduced himself, using his own name. Richardson told Gerstein later he did not know who Barker was until June 19, when he saw his picture in the *Miami Herald* walking from the courthouse in Washington after his arrest for allegedly burglarizing the Watergate.

"That's when I knew I was sitting on a bomb and went to the FBI," Richardson said.

The "bomb" was two rolls of 35mm, black and white Tri-X film, Eastman Kodak.

Richardson said at first all Barker asked for was a proof sheet of black and white contacts. "I told him it would cost \$10 and would take me about a half hour to process the stuff," he said.

## 200 Glory No More

Handing Richardson a \$20 bill and the two rolls of film, Barker then used the firm's phone to make a local call. After the call, he said he had decided that instead of the contacts he wanted 8-by-10 blow-ups. "I told him that would cost him \$40 and he said he'd have to double check," Richardson said.

Barker then left the store and returned in a few moments with Frank Fiorini, a man Richardson also failed to identify until he saw his picture in the paper. When he did see Fiorini's picture he exclaimed, "That's him! Same hair style. He had glasses on and off, on the top of his head."

When he quoted them the \$40 price for developing and printing the blow-ups, Richardson said "they didn't blink an eye."

Richardson later told Martin Dardis, Gerstein's chief investigator, that the two men described the film as pictures of legal documents and notes. "They gave me the impression they had been taken with available light," Richardson said.

Found with the Watergate Five in the Democratic National Headquarters offices were stand-up lights with strobes on them, a rather clumsy method of lighting but probably used to avoid flash, which has more of a tendency to attract attention than a steady light.

Assuring them he would get right on the developing job, Richardson watched the two men cross the street to the La Domingo Restaurant, where they waited nervously for the results.

In the dark room, Richardson printed 7-by-10 prints on 8-by-10 paper, then cropped the prints down.

"That was when I saw the official letterhead," he said. "Across the top was 'chairman' and underneath were the words 'Democratic National Committee,'" Richardson said.

An odd thing about the film, he noted, was that it had been held in bundles by somebody wearing rubber gloves. "At first I thought the hands in the photos were deformed," he said, noting, "I figured it was none of my business — what was on those prints — or official Democratic business."

Richardson also noted the documents were lying on a "deep shag rug."

In Washington, Stanley Greigg, a Larry O'Brien deputy, said he knew of no shag rugs in the Democratic headquarters but across the street, in the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge, there are such rugs, according to a man who stayed there in 1971.

The FBI, apparently way out in front of Gerstein, had questioned Griegg about shag rugs months before the revelations regarding the film were made public. "I had no idea why they asked at that time," he said.

There had been widespread speculation that documents may have been filmed inside the Watergate prior to the June 17 break-in and the Miami incident involving film bore out that it had been more than just speculation. Watergate Hotel records indicated Barker was registered there May 26-29 and the Democrats had announced shortly after the break-in they believed the offices had been broken into once before, possibly on May 26.

When Richardson was asked if he could remember any of the names that appeared on the filmed documents, he said, "O'Brien, Kennedy, and there was a woman's name on two of the copied documents. I believe it was the head of the woman's part of the Hubert Humphrey campaign.

But he did not recall the name, only noting there was contained on film a complete dossier going back over a year. When a *Herald* reporter tossed the name Patricia Roberts



Harris, then co-chairman of the Democratic Party, at Richardson, he said excitedly, “Yes! That’s the name! I hadn’t tried to remember the name until now. There was this dossier about how good she was at the job.”

Pat Harris had supported Humphrey until his defeat in the September primary. She was a former envoy to Luxembourg and chairman of the Credentials Committee for the Democratic Convention that year.

Most of the O’Brien documents were correspondence, according to Richardson, and most started with the salutation, “Dear Phil” and ended with a simple “Larry.”

About ninety percent of the documents were hand written, “primarily correspondence; evidently between Mr. O’Brien and different parties and all were signed with a first name,” Richardson said.

It was his opinion that whoever shot the photos was anything but an amateur. He noted, “These people definitely didn’t want the two rolls of film to get damaged or ripped, so they shot only 34 exposures and then changed to another roll to avoid the possibility of winding the film too tight and tearing it inside the camera, which would have ruined it.”

He also noticed there were two different sets of hands holding the documents while they were being filmed.

He said that Barker, sitting across the street in the restaurant, called him three times to ask if the film was processed.

Said Richardson, “I finally told him if he would quit bugging me I’d get the job done sooner.”

When the prints were finally ready Barker and Fiorini, accompanied by another man, drove behind the photo shop and Richardson said he hand carried the prints out to them. The third man, he assumed, was the photographer because he was the most eager to take a look at the results.

“He was the most anxious to see the prints and the guy who wants to see the photos the worst is usually the photographer. If he’s messed the thing up, he wants to be the first to know it,” Richardson said. He described the third man as probably Cuban, 33-to-35 years old, 5-foot-8 to 5-foot-10, lanky and wiry, 150-to-160 pounds, with very distinct strawberry blond hair, which was “curly, almost kinky-type hair.”

“All three were speaking Spanish and English combined right outside the back of the shop and — I understand some Spanish — they were saying they were pleased with the pictures, and that somebody was going to be happy to see them,” Richardson told Dardis.

He said Barker then paid him the \$40 service charge plus 85 cents a print — which came to \$32.30 for 38 prints, — and a dollar for the development, then tossed in a \$10 tip.

Barker drove away with the other two men, leaving behind his original deposit, which brought the total bill to \$93.30. Fiorini drove the late-model Chevrolet with Barker in the front passenger seat and the red-headed man in the back.

Later Dardis subpoenaed the cash register from the photo shop and verified the sale. “It was accurate,” he said.

It is interesting to note that Richardson did not volunteer his information to Gerstein’s office. It came in the form of a tip from an unknown third party.

Said Gerstein, still running hard for office, “This dramatic disclosure shows the extent to which this conspiracy has been put into action.

“Certainly there is need for immediate response at the federal level to investigate the situation and prosecute the wrongdoers. This type of activity totally corrupts our democratic system. It makes a farce of election laws.”

So spoke Gerstein, his eye on the investigative ball, his ear attuned to the whirring of the political machine and his shoulder to the wheel of campaign expediency.

The 29-year-old Richardson later said he thought Barker may have been up to some “hanky-panky” but that he thought that “it might be legal. Our policy is to give the best possible quality for the money — and I didn’t know — I thought those guys might be Mafia or something. Then when those joker’s pictures appeared in the paper I went right to the FBI. When I saw something wrong I did something about it.”

While Richardson basked in the media limelight, one of the clerks in his store was preparing to turn off the light switch. Jenero Perez told reporters the day after Richardson had been investigated by Dardis, his boss was “confused” and that it wasn’t Barker or Fiorini at all who came into the shop.

“I know Frank (Fiorini) and Barker and Frank is too smart to do something like this,” Perez said.

He told investigators he had also worked for the CIA in 1964 and 1965 “giving information” and that he had been in the anti-Castro training camps in Nicaragua prior to the Bay of Pigs but hadn’t taken part in that calamity. He said he belonged to the P.R.C. Autentico and the Jovenes Cubanos Revolucionarios, organizations in Miami during the Water-gate episode period, then offered to take a lie detector test, saying the CIA had taught him how to beat the machine and it wouldn’t do them any good anyway. He finally qualified the offer by saying, “I will take the test if my lawyer will let me.”

His lawyer said nothing.

Perez caused some doubt in the minds of his interrogators when he admitted he occasionally attended anti-

Castro political meetings at a shopping center at 2301 NW Seventh Street.

When told that Barker had an office at that address, Perez, the picture of innocence, said “Oh? He does?”

## CHAPTER XXI

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### *Segretti*

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Another name recorded in the tale of Watergate and its offshoot stories is that of Donald H. Segretti.

On October 15, 1972, *Newsweek* magazine and the *Washington Post* both announced that Dwight Chapin, President Nixon's personable 31-year-old appointments secretary, had hired Segretti "to subvert and disrupt Democratic candidates' campaigns."

*Newsweek* accused the President's personal lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, of paying Segretti \$35,000 from September 1, 1971, until March 15, 1972, to undertake espionage against the Democrats.

The White House and the Nixon campaign committee were quick to deny the allegations, but avoided comment on specific allegations.

Said White House press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, in an impassioned denial to the Washington press corps, "I will not dignify with comment stories based on hearsay, character assassination, innuendo, and guilt by association."

But Segretti wouldn't go away.

So, Clark MacGregor, Nixon's campaign director, hastily convened a news conference in an attempt to head off the exploding story. He told reporters, "The *Post* has maliciously sought to give the appearance of a direct connection between the White House and the Watergate (bugging case), a charge which the *Post* knows and half a dozen investigations have found to be false."

Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, Republican national chairman, claimed the GOP was the "victim of a barrage of unfounded and unsubstantiated allegations by George McGovern and his partner-in-mud-slinging, the *Washington Post*."

The *Post*, apparently unconcerned over this double-barreled verbal broadside, continued to follow up the Segretti angle.

None of the GOP officials bothered to deny specific allegations and studiously avoided attacking the prestigious *Newsweek*. The magazine and the newspaper attributed the stories to the FBI and Justice Department files, but did not bother to mention just how they had come by the files, or who in the FBI had leaked the Segretti information.

When Clark MacGregor called his hasty press conference, he laid down ground rules by letting the reporters know there would be no questions allowed, thus setting the tone for a stormy session.

He was promptly challenged by Clark Mollenhoff, a Washington correspondent for the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* and himself a former aide in the Nixon White House, who demanded of MacGregor, "What credibility do you have? What documents have you seen: Because if you can't tell us, you have no right to stand there."

Fired back MacGregor, "That will be a matter you will have to determine in consultation with your editors."

Segretti may well have gone unnoticed in the roar and bang generated by the Watergate affair if Lawrence Young, a California lawyer who once served in Vietnam with him, hadn't tootled the whistle loud and long, pointing the finger at his one-time comrade in arms and bringing the questing media hounds howling down upon him.

The *Washington Post* alleged that Lawrence Young said in a sworn statement that Segretti had tried to recruit him to sabotage the Democratic campaign.

The *Post* quoted Young as stating that Segretti revealed his orders came from E. Howard Hunt.

Meanwhile, Segretti had gone into hiding. Then telephone records surfaced, disclosing that twenty-eight calls from Segretti's Los Angeles home, or charged to his toll card, were put through in the spring of 1972 to Dwight Chapin's home or to the White House, or to Hunt's home or office.

With Dwight Chapin's name came speculation that Bob Haldeman may have been the man behind the man. Haldeman, the President's chief of staff, was not only Chapin's boss but had been his mentor and teacher of political savvy for ten years, first at the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency, and then at the White House.

Said a former Nixon aide, "Dwight didn't do anything without Haldeman's authority or approval."

Segretti first became involved in big-time politics when he worked with Chapin and Ron Ziegler on Nixon's unsuccessful gubernatorial campaign in California. The elusive Segretti had the usual stereotyped background of the young man on his way up. He had gone to England for a year after graduating from the University of California. When he returned, he took his law degree at Berkeley. In 1968, he joined the army for a three-year hitch, ending his service with a

posting to the Judge Advocate General's corps in Vietnam. He returned to the United States in February, 1971, while still on active duty, and was invited by a White House official to lunch at a restaurant near the State Department.

It was there that he allegedly met a former CIA agent, whose job it supposedly was to check out Segretti for a role in a political intelligence operation being put together by Administration aides. Even though the CIA man was not impressed with the young attorney, Segretti apparently got the job anyway.

So began a series of leap-frogging trips which put Segretti in Portland, Oregon; Albuquerque, New Mexico; New York City; Manchester, New Hampshire; Knoxville, Tennessee; Tampa, Florida; and in Washington, D.C., during the last half of 1971.

*Newsweek* stated he then sought recruits in the Middle West and found there one Charles Szihlik of Indianapolis, a former Young Republican leader, and at that time a state deputy GOP chairman.

Szihlik, according to *Newsweek*, told friends Segretti, using the cover name Simmons, had called him in early February, giving the name of Szihlik's friend Thomas Visny as a reference. Visny had allegedly been hired by Segretti to work campaign "dirty tricks" in Illinois but was killed in a car crash before he had time to accomplish much.

The meeting between Szihlik and Segretti had all the earmarks of a spook meet. Segretti used a cover name. The meeting took place in a motel in downtown Indianapolis. There the phony Simmons asked him if he would be interested in such projects as disrupting political rallies, or planting people in Democratic headquarters and getting stationery from Democratic headquarters. The object was to swing the convention to McGovern and to destroy candidates



like Muskie. Szihlik said later he agreed for the pure kick of doing it.

Simmons allegedly gave Szihlik two phone numbers, one in Los Angeles and the other in Alton, Illinois where he could always be reached. In keeping with the clandestine nature of the operation, Simmons also supposedly furnished his fledgling political spy with a box number in Los Angeles which could be used as a mail drop. Simmons cautioned Szihlik to be very careful how he went about recruiting other political espionage operatives. He must make certain to follow the single contact rule, in which each man was to know only the man that hired him. Simmons then informed his new recruit that money was no object nor would he have to account for it. Only use it.

Then Szihlik recruited his sub-agent and went to work. His efforts were anything but spectacular but he did manage to produce a number of dossiers on Indiana's Democratic convention delegates. The stuff wasn't worth much but allegedly could have been embarrassing to some of the delegates. Sexual misconduct was included as were facts about bank accounts and financial enterprises.

The political disrupters also used a number of old methods to tear up the Muskie camp, sending out such delightfully-misleading items as a poster which informed the electorate, "A vote for Muskie is a vote for busing." This was a sure-fire method of alienating most of the voters in Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin where the flyers were distributed. The forced busing of children to bring about integration was one of the stickiest political issues of the 1972 campaign, and tremendously unpopular with Middle Americans.

In April, Szihlik allegedly collected \$2,000 in payoff money from Simmons during a meet in Chicago but Sim-

mons was apparently none too happy with the results being obtained by his network of political espionage agents. They just weren't producing.

Then Szhlik started to get cold feet, telling Simmons, "You're messing with the very political party structure of this country."

Szhlik said later he did not know who Simmons was until he saw Segretti's picture in the paper.

When he had finished his canary serenade and effectively damned Segretti and Chapin, Szhlik then informed friends that he would gladly testify if subpoenaed.

On Tuesday, October 23, another lawyer, this one from San Francisco, fingered Segretti as a recruiter.

Gary Hultquist, a former Army friend of Segretti, said he had been approached by Segretti and asked to participate in the political game, but refused. He was the fifth person to point the finger at Segretti.

Hultquist said Segretti visited him in September or October, 1971, at his office at Sixth Army headquarters, Presidio of San Francisco, while he was still in the service. He and Segretti had served a hitch together in Vietnam, Hultquist said.

"Don said he was working as a political organizer and asked if I was interested," Hultquist said. "He said he was trying to develop an organization to prevent a sweep of the Democratic primaries by any one candidate and that he wanted to set up sources of information inside the Muskie and Humphrey camps."

Apparently Segretti, while serving in Vietnam, had left the impression with Hultquist that he was a liberal Democrat. Said Hultquist, "From our days in Vietnam, my impression was that Don was very liberal in his outlook, both in law and politics. I considered him a liberal Democrat. When he tried

to recruit me, I thought he might be working for another Democrat.”

Hultquist was hasty in pointing out that Segretti’s approach to him had been perfectly honorable with no mention made about political espionage, such as Szihlik claimed was made to him.

Then Washington correspondent Thomas W. Ottenad, working for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, released a story alleging that phony telephone calls had been made to AFL-CIO President George Meany and CBS newsman Walter Cronkite. The *Post-Dispatch* quoted unidentified Democrats as saying the telephone calls were intended “to do direct political damage to McGovern’s campaign, to put him in an embarrassing spot, or to obtain inside information about the Democratic presidential drive.”

The article also hinted the sabotage unit — allegedly directed by the White House — may have been responsible for leaking the medical history of Senator Thomas F. Eagleton, which led McGovern to dump him as a running mate.

The call to Meany was allegedly made by someone using the name Gary Hart, McGovern’s campaign director. The caller demanded that Meany immediately drop everything and come to New York City to sit down with McGovern — a demand that was sure to enrage the crusty union head, who was notoriously bullheaded about being ordered to do anything. The call to Cronkite was allegedly made by someone claiming to be Frank Mankiewicz, McGovern’s national political director, complimenting Cronkite on an interview he had done with Mrs. Eleanor McGovern, but then pointing out that some people might consider his interview evidence of leanings toward the McGovern faction. Cronkite exploded at the intimation he might be biased, then became suspicious and called Mankiewicz the next day, only to be told Man-

kiewicz had not made the call.

In late October, news media sleuths were still trying to uncover more facts about the \$700,000 slush fund held in Stans' safe and, according to investigators, allegedly used to finance various kinds of political espionage, including the Watergate break-in.

The Washington Post, still trying to bell the President as the villain in the Watergate drama, told its readers only five men had the authority to spend funds from Stans' \$700,000 stash. It claimed that these were Robert Haldeman; former Attorney General John Mitchell; Stans; Jeb Stuart Magruder, former White House Assistant to Haldeman and later deputy director of Nixon's reelection campaign; and Herbert W. Kalmbach, the President's personal lawyer. These men were allegedly named in testimony to the grand jury by Hugh W. Sloan Jr., former treasurer of the Nixon campaign, as authorized to disburse funds from the secret hoard.

Sloan allegedly told the grand jury that among those receiving money from the fund was G. Gordon Liddy, one of the seven men indicted in the Watergate Caper. Investigators claimed he withdrew \$50,000 from the fund. The fund was also supposed to have been used to pay for Segretti's clandestine endeavors.

"Expenditures of hundreds of thousands of dollars — all approved by either Haldeman, Stans, Mitchell, Magruder, or Kalmbach — were made from the secret fund to pay for an extensive undercover campaign aimed at discrediting individual Democratic candidates, according to federal investigators," declared the *Washington Post*.

The newspaper, however, failed to note who the federal investigators were or how it managed to get information given in testimony before a grand jury, a violation punishable by law. Under both federal and state statutes, no person

appearing before a grand jury may divulge to any other person what his testimony has been. One wonders who leaked Sloan's alleged grand jury statements to the *Washington Post*.

The *Post* claimed that the only record of the secret fund was a single sheet of lined yellow ledger paper. On this paper was a list of the names of about fifteen people who withdrew money from the secret fund, alongside a running total of their withdrawals.

The *Post* further alleged that the list was destroyed by a Nixon campaign official after the Watergate Five had been arrested.

Said a Nixon campaign spokesman, "There have been and are cash funds in this committee used for various legitimate purposes, such as reimbursements for expenditures or advances on travel."

"However," the spokesman qualified, "no one employed by this committee at this time has used any funds for purposes that were illegal or improper."

The key words in this statement were "employed by this committee at this time." Liddy and Hunt were no longer with the committee.

One Nixon committee official said the secret fund was in part used for legate entertainment and travel expenses that might prove embarrassing if made public.

Clark MacGregor, Nixon's campaign manager, neatly pinned the espionage tail to donkey Liddy when he said Liddy, the former committee finance counsel, had spent campaign money on his own initiative.

Said MacGregor, "Some funds were used on the initiative of Liddy for the purpose of determining what to do if the crazies made an attack on the President (at the Republican Convention). Liddy decided to spend money to determine

what the crazies planned.’’

Not a very good explanation when one considered that thousands of law officers, not to mention the dozens of Secret Service agents, whose job it was to make sure the President was not harmed, were doing exactly the same thing and spending the taxpayers’ money to get the job done.

The scenario went something like this when the alleged facts concerning the Stans’ fund were finally brought into public view:

On August 26, 1972, the General Accounting Office, the investigative arm of Congress, revealed the existence of a \$350,000 cash fund which, it alleged, was kept in Stans’ safe, and was a possible violation of the new campaign finance disclosure law that went into effect April 7, 1972. Five checks from the fund were allegedly deposited April 20, 1972, in Bernard Barker’s Miami account. The total of that series of deposits was allegedly \$114,000.

Then a confidential report by the House Banking and Currency Committee (whose chairman was Wright Patman, a Democrat) said Stans personally approved a possibly illegal transfer through Mexico of \$100,000 of campaign money that then went into the secret fund.

On September 17, 1972, two days after the Watergate Five-plus two were indicted, it was reported by a number of major news media that principal associates of John Mitchell controlled the secret fund. The following day it was reported that Magruder and Herbert L. Poster, the campaign scheduling director, each withdrew more than \$50,000 from the Stans’ stash. Magruder promptly denied the charge but did admit federal officers had questioned him concerning the fund.

On September 29, it came out that Mitchell, Stans, and Magruder were three of the five men allegedly in possession

of the combination to Stans' safe. At that time the *Washington Post* again quoting unnamed federal sources, alleged Mitchell controlled disbursements from the fund for nearly a year while he was attorney general and only later did the other four gain access to the bundle. Mitchell and Stans both denied the allegations, claiming they knew nothing about disbursements from the fund.

On October 16, Kalmbach gained the national spotlight at stage center when he was named as the fourth person with the authority to spend from the secret fund. *Time* magazine later reported that Kalmbach paid \$35,000 to Segretti.

Haldeman, considered the man closest to Nixon, stated, "Your inquiry is based on misinformation because the reference to Bob Haldeman is untrue," when questioned by newsmen.

As more information concerning Segretti's activities continued to surface and the waves tossed up by the *Post's* allegations began to hammer away at the GOP pilings, yet another small cry of "political espionage" was heard, this time from Florida.

In Tampa, a pretty, 26-year-old legal secretary admitted she had been recruited to infiltrate the campaign operation of Senator Edmund Muskie during his unsuccessful presidential primary campaign in Florida.

Patricia E. "Peg" Griffin, a Republican, said she was recruited by Robert Benz, allegedly one of Segretti's agents.

She admitted she obtained the serial numbers from typewriters and other equipment in the Washington offices of Rep. Sam Gibbons, D-Fla. These were reputed by later use in a phony news release, charging the equipment had been sent into Florida by Gibbons for use in the Muskie campaign. The purpose behind the ploy was apparently an attempt to link Gibbons to the liberal Muskie, a charge that was sure to hurt

the Florida Democrat.

To compound the issue, the release to news outlets was purported to be issued by the staff of Senator Henry Jackson, D-Wash., another primary contender, a gimmick which would be bound to enrage and confuse both the Muskie and Jackson camps.

Then the campaign started to get very mucky. Another letter appeared accusing Jackson and Hubert Humphrey of sexual misconduct, a charge that finally sent federal investigators on the hunt only after Jackson demanded an investigation in an attempt to turn up the author of the scurrilous document, an effort that Patricia Griffin flatly refused to accept credit for, an understandable position which any young lady of good breeding would take.

The saga of Segretti was finally detailed in fine print by his ex-Army buddy, Lawrence Young, who claimed Segretti tried to recruit him as a member of a team of over fifty undercover operatives engaged in political sabotage against the Democrats in 1971 and 1972.

Young also pointed the finger of accusation at Dwight Chapin, who quickly answered by telling newsmen, "As the *Washington Post* reporter has described it, the story is based entirely on hearsay and is fundamentally inaccurate."

"For example, I do not know, have never met, seen, or talked to E. Howard Hunt. I have known Donald Segretti since college days, but I did not meet him in Florida as the story suggests, and I certainly have never discussed with him any phase of the grand jury proceedings in the Watergate case.

"Beyond that, I don't propose to have any further comment."

But Lawrence Young was commenting all over the place. He told reporters — and signed a sworn deposition to



back it up — that on August 19, 1972, two days before the Republican National Convention, Segretti went to Miami Beach where presidential aides showed him copies of two interviews he had had with the FBI, including one that was not yet twenty-four hours old. The aides allegedly briefed him on what he should tell the grand jury when he appeared before it.

The money for Segretti's activities, including his \$20,000 annual salary, was paid from a "trust account in a lawyer's name, a highly-placed friend of the President. "He was instructed to guard the name zealously," Young said.

Later, federal investigators said Young's description of Segretti's statements were essentially accurate.

Young said Segretti told him he reported frequently to Dwight Chapin, filling him in on the progress he was making in his underground political sabotage war. Young noted that when the FBI first talked to Segretti it threw him into a panic and he sought, and received, assurances from Chapin that he would not be abandoned as a "sacrificial lamb" by the Nixon forces.

Young said Segretti called him ten days before the Republican National Convention, asking advice as to what he should do. "He (Segretti) was in an absolute panic because the FBI had questioned him and he had received no prior warning," Young said.

Young said Segretti, apparently considerably rattled by the visit from the FBI agents, told him he had met several times with Hunt and had been asked by Hunt to organize an attack by demonstrators on the Doral Beach Hotel, GOP headquarters during the Republican Convention. The attack was to take place in the name of supporters of George McGovern. Young claimed Segretti, the agent provocateur extraordinary, drew the line at the request, flatly refusing.

One wonders why. Considering the number of activities in which he was alleged to have been involved, that were either downright illegal or bordering on illegality, Segretti should have had very few qualms about mounting a little disturbance.

Segretti told Young during their telephone conversation that he feared appearing before the grand jury without first having been briefed by his employer and that he knew nothing about the Watergate break-in. Segretti maintained all he was involved in was some "legal" sabotage and spying activities against the Democrats, ordered by Hunt.

Said Young, "Don said he knew Hunt by a different name, but that he knew he was Hunt. Hunt would always talk in a very whispery, conspiratorial voice, and seemed to add even more intrigue than was already there."

Young said later he received another call from Segretti in which the alleged political spy told him he had made contact with his employers and that he was on his way to Miami to sit down with them.

"He never told me whom he had contacted," Young said, "but he was relieved. When he informed me about the Miami trip he wasn't in a panic anymore, because he had been told not to worry about it."

According to Young, when Segretti reached Miami he was briefed by Presidential aides on what he should tell the grand jury. They allegedly assured Segretti he would be asked only simple questions, which would not be designed to put him on the spot. They also rehearsed him on his testimony. Young said Segretti was assured by his Miami contacts he would not be asked about his sabotage activities or his alleged connection with Chapin.

Young added, "He was told to tell the truth and not perjure himself, but merely to repeat what he had already told

the FBI.”

Young said Segretti stated over and over that he was not a volunteer spy but had been recruited by the Nixon forces.

Later federal investigators discovered that Segretti and a number of other operatives were paid from the Stans’ fund through middlemen. The purpose of the undercover effort, they said, was to discredit individual Democratic presidential candidates, create confusion in their campaigns, and disrupt the Democratic primaries to the extent that the Democratic Party could not re-unite after choosing its presidential nominee.

If that was indeed their plan it worked admirably. The Democratic Party was totally shattered after the primaries and further scattered following the Democratic convention and McGovern’s ascendancy to the running spot.

The covert activities allegedly included following members of the Democratic candidates’ families and assembling dossiers on personal details of their lives; forging letters and distributing them under the candidates’ letterheads; investigating potential donors to the Nixon campaign before their contributions were solicited; leaking false and manufactured items to the press about candidates; throwing their schedules into disarray; investigating the lives of dozens of Democratic campaign workers, and planting provocateurs in the ranks of organizations expected to demonstrate at the Republican national convention.

At least three attorneys who served with Segretti in the Army stated in depositions that the espionage activities outlined above actually took place under the guidance of Donald Segretti.

When the *Washington Post* blasted Segretti’s statements on its front page, White House press secretary Ron Ziegler accused the *Post* of engaging in “character assassina-

tion” and “vicious abuse of the journalistic process.”

Added Ziegler, “This is a political effort by the *Washington Post*, well conceived and coordinated with the aim of discrediting this administration.”

Ziegler was only half right. The *Post* slanted its material outrageously but the material at hand was factual. However, it shouldn’t have been available in the first place.

Said Ziegler of the failure by the *Post* to identify its sources, “I personally feel this is shabby journalism — this effort on the part of the *Post* — and is getting to the point of absurdity.”

The *Post* was the special target of the administration, while such prestigious publications as *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines continued their own flailing without drawing more than an occasional shot from White House spokesmen, most of them pointing to the *Post* as the catalyst that started it all. Undoubtedly it was not what the *Post* published that enraged its targets. It was the newspaper’s apparent glee with which it published the material.

The *Post*’s editorial pages were a special target for Ron Ziegler, Clark MacGregor, and other White House spokesmen, who resented the downright vicious attacks mounted by the editorial writers.

Ziegler accused the *Post* of “building hearsay upon hearsay” and, in subsequent editions, turning rumor into fact on its editorial page.

McGovern had told the nation the *Post*’s report of Haldeman’s alleged involvement in sabotage and espionage “places the whole ugly mess — right squarely in the lap of Richard Nixon.”

When Ziegler was asked to explain what he thought motivated the *Post* in its attacks, he replied that the newspaper’s executive editor, Benjamin C. Bradlee “is a

firm supporter of George McGovern.”

Bradlee’s only comment was; “We stand by the story,” the time-honored comment of every editor set upon by foes. Until someone proves the paper is wrong in a court of law and the company is forced to hand over a large settlement, the editor’s only recourse when a story is challenged is to stand fast — and that’s what Bradlee did.

Ziegler was joined by the GOP national chairman, Senator Robert J. Dole of Kansas, in the Republican attack upon the *Post*, but both were woefully short of ammunition.

Said Dole, “*The Washington Post* is engaged in a desperate last-ditch effort to prevent the political humiliation of its radical friend, Senator McGovern.”

Dole called the *Post*’s Haldeman story “phony from beginning to end.” He also said the story that the President’s assistant had allegedly been given access to Stans’ secret \$700,000 slush fund had been “floating around town for more than a week” but that the *Post* published it hours before McGovern was to deliver a paid political broadside on the corruption issue.

Good timing, if nothing else.

Dole continued to hammer away at the *Post*, claiming that Bradlee traveled the country as a “surrogate for McGovern.” He then revealed that one of McGovern’s daughters was married to the *Post* economics writer, and that McGovern’s campaign manager, Frank Mankiewicz, was a former *Post* columnist and “fair haired boy of the publisher.”

Clark MacGregor also attacked the *Post*, alleging that its story that Segretti had made twenty-eight calls to White House aide Dwight Chapin was “an exaggeration by twenty-eight times,” and that the calls were made to the White House switchboard, not to Chapin directly. He said

only one Segretti phone call could be directly traced to Chapin's office.

The White House did not state to whom the other twenty-seven Segretti calls went, or even why he made the one call to Chapin.

And Ziegler continued to deny that a secret fund — earmarked for espionage — even existed in the Nixon campaign or that White House aide Haldeman ever “had access to the fund as reported in the *Post*.”

*Time* magazine shot MacGregor from his lofty saddle of disclaimer one week later when it published a story alleging that Chapin admitted to the FBI he hired Segretti to mastermind a scheme to disrupt the campaigns of Democratic presidential hopefuls.

Americans have a tendency to support the FBI and very few conservatives were willing — or foolish enough — to accuse the famous bureau of political support for any candidate — Democratic or Republican. Bureau agents merely dug out the facts and stated them. Let the nation draw its own conclusions. The nation did — in favor of Nixon.

MacGregor plastered egg all over his own face when he had earlier stated flatly, “Dwight Chapin just simply had no knowledge of this and was not involved in any way.”

*Time* said: “Justice Department officials say that Chapin admitted to FBI agents that he hired Segretti to disrupt the Democratic campaigns. Chapin had also told the FBI that Segretti's payment was set by Nixon's personal attorney, California lawyer Herbert Kalmbach.”

“Justice Department sources say that Kalmbach, too, admitted to FBI agents the money he paid Segretti came from cash kept by the Committee to Reelect the President in the office of its finance chairman, Maurice H. Stans.”

MacGregor was conspicuously silent as this wave broke

over his credibility and washed it down the drain.

Chapin also remained silent and Segretti continued to stay hidden.

Meanwhile, McGovern's campaign director Gary Hart, and Mankiewicz, his national political director, said the Democratic presidential aspirant from South Dakota was slicing into Nixon's lead in the polls because the issue of alleged corruption is "getting around the country and sinking in."

The Democrats were not standing still. They had hired Walt Sheridan, one-time NBC investigative reporter. Sheridan, with Richard Townley, wrote the famed NBC White Paper that debunked the Garrison New Orleans probe of the John Kennedy shooting. Both Townley and Sheridan are noted liberals, although both have excellent credentials as investigative reporters.

It is interesting to note that Richard Townley spent a considerable time in south Florida, working for Channel 4, once owned by Louis Wolfson, multi-millionaire jailed after a conviction for an alleged violation of Securities and Exchange Commission laws. Wolfson did eighteen months in a federal prison.

While Townley, later employed as manager of a television station in Oklahoma City, worked for Wolfson, he did some investigative work for the millionaire, supposedly in an attempt to prove Wolfson innocent.

In 1970, Townley flew to Colorado to talk to Ed Arthur. Arthur had agreed to the meeting, requested by Townley and arranged by the author. At the meeting, Townley confided that he had been authorized to purchase any information possessed by Arthur that might help the Democrats and discredit the Republicans. Instead of dealing with Townley, Arthur played cat and mouse with him for two days and gave

him nothing.

Wolfson was jailed during Nixon's tenure in office and it was the administration that put him in jail, via the Securities Exchange Commission.

Prior to being jailed, Wolfson had the reputation of playing both ends against the middle by contributing money to both Democratic and Republican candidates.

On October 19 the Harris survey revealed that a substantial 76 percent of the voters reported they had followed the events in the Watergate incident. By a margin of 70-13, the majority perceived the alleged wiretapping of Democratic national headquarters as a case of political spying. By 84-9, voters agreed it was a basic violation of civil liberties and individual freedom. But by 50-25 percent, the voters did not feel White House aides ordered the bugging. Most of them considered it a "common occurrence," not worth worrying about. And so a whopping 62 percent of the voters polled dismissed the Watergate incident as "mostly politics."

It was a hard pill for Senator George McGovern to swallow, but on November 7 he had to choke down a much bigger, and harder, pill — that of defeat.

Richard Milhouse Nixon returned to the White House, carried there on a vote wave that made political history as he racked up the largest majority ever polled by any presidential candidate in the history of the nation . . . in spite of the Watergate Caper.



## CHAPTER XXII

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### *Ed Arthur's Summing Up – January, 1975*

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A book must end. The previous chapter concluded with the presidential election of November, 1972.

Watergate, on the other hand, goes on and on. It has become a national pastime.

The Watergate Seven were tried, convicted, and went off to jail. Of the seven, only G. Gordon Liddy is not yet free. He had received the stiffest sentence — twenty years. Through planning an appeal, the United States Supreme Court has refused to let him remain free on bond, pending appeal. Of all the participants, Liddy alone has remained loyal to the credo of the intelligence community; impart information only on a need to know basis.

There are still questions that worry politicians and tantalize the public. What *were* the Watergate operators looking for? A specific? Or where they just fishing? Why ransack the Democratic national headquarters office, the least likely place for incriminating information to be stored?

Throughout this book, Frank Fiorini (Sturgis) has been mentioned often. Ed Arthur has consistently rated Fiorini as a

patriot, with unremittingly strong anti-Communist feelings. Ed believes that Fiorini would not have been entangled in Watergate unless he felt the welfare of our country warranted such action.

“Frank and his associates in the Watergate episode *knew* what they were looking for. It was not trivial!”

That is not an astounding comment. Others have said essentially the same thing. But ponder this further statement by Ed Arthur: “They missed it by *one day*.”

Did they get *anything*? “Yes they got something. But not enough to be conclusive proof.”

Why did they *not* find conclusive proof — if they knew that a certain type of information existed and was stashed in the national headquarters office of the Democratic party?

“It is my opinion,” Ed spoke carefully and deliberately, “that they were set up. Someone knew exactly what they were planning, and stayed a step ahead of them.”

If Ed's opinion is correct, it means that someone is probably walking around this country right now with frightful information in his noggin, or maybe jammed into a cardboard box in his basement! Not a comforting thought.

How does Ed Arthur know so much? Ask him that question and he'll grin. But he isn't afraid of confrontation.

How did he know that a brown panel truck was parked near the Watergate complex during the attempted burglary? How did he know, long before the national news media drubbed it out, that the men were apparently removing planted bugs, rather than installing them?

Tidbits of this nature were going out over WLW-C-TV in Columbus, under the questioning of newsmen, Hugh Dermody. Local public reaction to Ed's appearances on WLW-C were strongly threaded with disbelief. “But I ran a check on him,” says Hugh, “just as I do on anyone I

interview. He was who he said he was!"

Recently, just after the disclosure that the CIA had engaged in domestic spying, WLW-C-TV contacted Ed Arthur. Again, one of the interviews which Hugh Dermody taped with Ed was sent to the National Broadcasting Company, with the thought that the network might be interested in putting Ed's knowledge and views before the national television audience. To date, there has been no response from NBC.

That the CIA has engaged in domestic spying is old news. There is a chapter in this book titled *The Mysterious CIA*. Here is a quote from that chapter.

Just what are the CIA's prerogatives? Congress has mandated that they are not to operate clandestinely within the continental United States. The CIA paid about as much attention to this directive as the FBI paid to the one confining its operation to the United States. The FBI has agents in many foreign capitals, while the CIA has offices in a great many United States cities.

This book has been highly critical of the CIA. It dropped thorns in Ed's path many times. Still, he defends its value to our country. "We need both the CIA and the FBI," he says. "Without our own intelligence agents, we have no internal national security."

"We need the CIA and the FBI to give us a degree of protection against the Russian KGB, which actually has a kill squad operating in this country."

How is this possible?

"It's easy," continues Ed. "The United Nations is used as a front for Communist subversive activities. The FBI has the names of hundreds of such agents. However, these foreign agents have political immunity, even though they

hold the lowliest jobs available at the United Nations. If they are caught by our people, they can not be prosecuted. Their government simply sends them back home, debriefs them, and sends them out again."

"As for CIA domestic spying, this was used by President Lyndon Johnson during the Vietnam war. He ordered domestic surveillance of anti-war agitators, out of great fear that they were directly linked to Communist intelligence apparatus."

"Our intelligence agencies are no better than the politicians who attempt to regulate them. Give the CIA and the FBI room to clean up their own houses. Let the politicians keep their hot hands off for a while. Believe me, we need the CIA and the FBI!"

During this month (January, 1975), the trials of John Ehrlichman, Robert Haldeman, John Mitchell, Robert Mar-dian, and Kenneth Parkinson were ground out in a courtroom in Washington, D.C. There, the prosecution admitted, at long last, that President Nixon did not plan the Watergate break-in, did not know about it before the fact, and did not direct it.

With that exoneration on the record, and acknowledging that President Nixon did then participate in "cover-up" and "obstruction of justice," how does Ed Arthur evaluate the Watergate extravaganza?

"Well, first of all, 'obstruction of justice' is nothing but rhetoric. Our courts, in attempting to mete out 'justice,' trample on the rights of others. I have very strong feelings about our court system. The Supreme Court, I believe, should be elected, for terms of six years. But if I get started on that subject, this book will last longer than Watergate."

So much on obstruction of justice. What about "cover-up"?

“Cover-up is as old as the presidency itself. It has been used by every President who preceded President Nixon. One of the classic cover-ups of all time concerned the Bay of Pigs fiasco, during the Kennedy administration. *Glory No More* explores that subject well.”

“Cover-up,” continued Ed, “has also been used, and is being used, by others in government, including those who participated in Watergate investigations and impeachment-directed proceedings. Some of these men have ties with big business. Others are slaves to the unions. They have to cover-up! It’s their means of survival.”

“Wire taps are not new, either. Reputedly, the Kennedy administration had wire taps on some newsmen, and on Dr. Martin Luther King!”

“Tapes? That wasn’t the good idea it seemed to be.” Still, the tapes were President Nixon’s personal property. In my opinion, he should have piled them up and put a lighted match to them.”

“An overall evaluation of Watergate? Well, here goes. For three years we have had virtually no Congress. Our senators and representatives have been paid for not attending to the needs of their constituents, and more millions of dollars of taxpayers money have been poured into the Watergate investigations.”

“During these same years, while we had a do-nothing Congress, the energy shortage has sharpened into a crisis, which, realistically, will be with us for many years. The recession has deepened. Worst of all, this land of plenty is fast becoming a land of short supply. Who ever thought, several years ago, that we would face, as we are now, depleted food supplies?”

“Perhaps the greatest tragedy of the past three years is that a President of our country has been made out to be a

villain. That was not only torture for him, but bad for our country."

"During touchy international negotiations, there was always fear that vital information would find its way into the wrong hands. This was a well-founded fear. The Pentagon Papers, as an example, were in the hands of the Russian embassy before they were deposited with the *New York Times*."

"An attempt to "cover-up" the Watergate break-in was not such a big thing."

"The cry (mostly from national news media and politicians who think they are on to something 'hot') that 'the American people have a right to know' everything, is a pain in the ass. The American people do *not* have a right to know anything that would jeopardize our national security."

Ed himself was not untouched by the Watergate investigation. Both he and the author were subpoenaed to appear before the Minority Counsel of the committee, in October, 1973. They testified in relation to a bribe that had been offered to Ed for information that would be "embarrassing to President Nixon."

When Ed was still an instructor at the Recondo (Reconnaissance Commando) School in Fort Carson, Colorado, the author informed him that Rick Townley was willing to buy information that he believed Ed had. Ed consented to a meeting with Townley, at which time, the author was to be present.

Rick Townley is an investigative reporter. At one time he worked for a television station in Miami that was owned by Louis Wolfson. Wolfson, a multi-millionaire, had been jailed after a conviction for an alleged violations of the Securities and Exchange Commission laws. Townley's trip to Colorado was financed by Wolfson. He carried Wolfson's

telephone credit card.

“According to Townley,” Ed Arthur says, “President Nixon had stated that there were no military installations in Cuba. I knew there were military installations there. If information could be established to the contrary, then President Nixon would have been caught in an untruth, and thereby: embarrassed.”

“I do not know whether or not the President ever made that statement. If he did, he was wrong. But since the responsibility for the existence of Russia’s military might in Cuba goes back to the Kennedy administration it could hardly have been of great detriment to President Nixon.”

“The amount offered me was \$25,000. I was at that time an employee of the federal government . . . soldiers are federal employees. Offering a bribe to a federal employee is a felony.”

“What Richard Townley and Louis Wolfson did not know is that I don’t ‘sell’ information. I get it, I keep it, and sometimes I use it. Why do I know so much? Because I look and I listen. My mind registers data photographically, and I don’t forget it. And I dare! I dare to do things that others will not. So I dared to talk to Richard Townley, and I found out a lot.”

The author verifies the fact that he was present at the meeting, that Arthur played “cat and mouse” with Townley, but gave him no information.

Sometimes, when the story of the Mafia’s \$90,000 offer to Ed is told, people wonder why not?” Here is Ed’s explanation:

“I love my country. The Mafia is associated with murder, dope, prostitution, suppression of human rights — everything that is bad for our country. I will not debase myself or my country by working for the organization.”

There is no doubt that Ed Arthur has put love for his country into action. Three army enlistments add up to a hefty record. His Vietnam experiences, told by Ulf Goebel in a book titled *Sgt. Ed Arthur's NAM*, has been well received by Ed's peers. Of this he is very proud. It was reviewed in *The SABER News*, the newsletter published by and for the veterans of the famous First Cavalry Division. The reviewer wrote, "Ed Arthur pulls no punches; he tells it like it was; he names names. . . ."

Two of those names were Jane Fonda and Ramsey Clark. "When he was attorney general, Ramsey Clark made a shambles of the office. As a Vietnam veteran, I want to puke when I hear his name."

One of the things that mystifies Ed Arthur, and probably every other soldier who fought in Vietnam, is how the Jane Fondas and the Ramsey Clarks could be so tenderly touched by the deaths of Viet Cong, while organizations such as the SDS, and the Black Panthers were killing people at home. They planted bombs in school buildings and government buildings, killing innocent people. Policemen were killed in rioting. "Perhaps murder by another name is sweet to them."

In this, there is glory no more.



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## *Epilogue*

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The world now knows what happened to Nixon and all the king's men and a great deal of what the *Post* — and other newspapers — said about and of the Watergate Caper has come to be proven in various courts of law.

And what of Ed Arthur? Since the Watergate incident he, the author and Rick Townley all were called to Washington, D.C. to give testimony behind closed doors to the Minority Counsel of the Committee investigating the break-in.

Meanwhile, Jim and Jerry Buchanan and Mitch Wer Bell have not even been mentioned by federal authorities. All the king's men have gone off to jail and many of them are now out and planning new — and hopefully — honest ventures. G. Gordon Liddy remains behind prison walls at this writing and of all the participants in the bizarre incident he has remained silent and loyal to the credo of the intell community; impart information only on a need to know basis.

Hunt's wife has since died under strange circumstances when a plane she was a passenger aboard crashed in flames in Chicago, killing a number of persons.

After his wife's death Hunt seemed to waver then finally

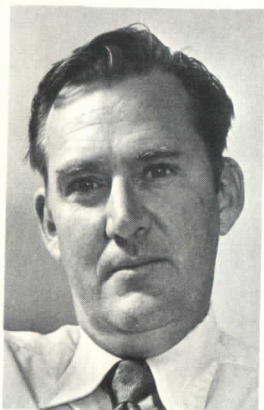
crack. During his last public appearance he showed the strain through a drawn face and trembling hands.

Frank Forini Sturgis, ever the swashbuckling adventurer, is back in south Florida and probably plotting again with the Cuban underground, as more than likely is Barker, who was labeled in a *True* magazine account written by Andrew St. George as the tightwad of the century, according to Sturgis.

And thereby hangs the strangest tale of all. Sturgis claimed in the interview with St. George that it was Barker who came up with the plan to tape the doors of the Watergate Complex during the break-in, and in fact was actually bragging how he managed to solve the problem of the doors with a 39¢ roll of tape.

You might say that it was that 39¢ roll of tape that led to the resignation of a United States president.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Mike Wales has been around newspaper offices for many years. He worked for major newspapers in the east.

His forte has been investigative reporting. While he was working in that capacity for the Hearst newspapers in upstate New York, he won the Hearst award for the best investigative story of the year.

When he was with the *Colorado Springs Sun Newspaper*, Mike met Ed Arthur and did several stories on him at that time. Later, Mike became a general assignment reporter for the *Pompano Beach Sun Sentinel*, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He did most of his research and conducted interviews for this book at that time.

He is now in semi-retirement, in the west, where he edits a magazine for a small newspaper.

He notes, "I spent a long time doing investigative work and wearing the black hat. Now, I'm happy where I am, just doing the routine work."

Mike Wales was the only legitimate newsman to testify to members of the Watergate committee. This happened as a result of some of the stories that appear in this book.

*Jacket design by Jane Davis*

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*Photograph by Warren Motts*

## ED ARTHUR

Born in Columbus, Ohio, Ed Arthur has been a soldier most of his life. When he was only thirteen he got into the Ohio National Guard. At fifteen he joined the regular Army but was discharged when his age was discovered. He served the Cuban exiles in Florida as gun runner, organizer and guerilla fighter. When the Vietnam conflict threatened he reenlisted in the Army and put in for combat duty in Southeast Asia. He was seriously wounded when his helicopter was shot down in the Central Highlands, where he served with the famed First Cavalry Division. After his wounds healed he became an instructor at the famed Reconnaissance Commando (Recondo) School at Fort Carson, Colorado. Since his discharge he has served with distinction first as deputy and then undersheriff in Teller County, Colorado. Ed Arthur now resides in Morrow County outside of Fulton, Ohio.